# The Musical quarterly



LEJAND STANFORD JVNIOR VNIVERSITY



LELAND-STANFORD-JVNIOR-VNIVERSITY

# The Musical Quarterly

O. G. SONNECK, Editor

#### TITLE-PAGE

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### TABLE OF CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS .

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# THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

# O. G. SONNECK, Editor

VOLUME VI	II CONTENTS	1922
		PAGER
ANTCLIFFE,		
	Some Notes on Coleridge-Taylor	180-192
BRENNECKE	e, Ernest, Jr.	
	The Two Reger Legends	<b>3</b> 84-396
CASELLA, A	LFREDO	
	What is Art?	1-6
ELLIOTT, G	ILBERT, JR.	
	Our Musical Kinship with the Spaniards	413-418
ENGEL, CAI	RL.	
	Views and Reviews	206-311
		611-632
GALE, HAR	LOW	
	Musical Education	96-107
GATTI, GUI	no M.	
	The Academy of St. Cecilia and the Augusteo in	
	Rome	323-345
GEORGE, A	BTHUR	
	Notes versus Tones	256-264
GREW, SYD	NEY	
	Some Conversations	555-565
GURNEY, I	VOR	
	The Springs of Music	319-322
HARPER, E	DWARD E.	
	Apercus of an Adjudicator	7-22
HARRIS, CI	LEMENT ANTROBUS	
	On the Divine Origin of Musical Instruments in	
	Myths and Scriptures	69-75
HOWARD, J	OHN TASKER	
	The American Composer: the Victim of his Friends	315-318

# Contents of Volume VIII

	PAGES
ISAACSON, CHARLES D.  Musical Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy	84-95
ISTEL, EDGAR	
Is the Marseillaise a German Composition?	213-226
Wagner and Shakespeare	495-509
Jachimecki, Zdziblaw	
Karol Szymanowski	23-57
Jennens, D.	
Eskimo Music in Northern Alaska	877-883
LAWRENCE, W. J.	
Early Irish Ballad Opera and Comic Opera	397-412
MANCHESTER, ARTHUR L.	
The Small College as a Factor in the Development	
of a Musical Nation	595-604
MANSFIELD, OBLANDO A.	
Mozart's Organ Sonatas	566-594
MARKEL, HOWARD	
An "Instrumental "Æsthetics of Music	199-212
MARTENS, FREDERICK H.	
Music in Chinese Fairytale and Legend	528-554
McAlpin, Colin'	
On Hearing Music	419-434
OLDS, W. B.	
Bird-Music	242-255
OLIPHANT, E. H. C.	
Poetry and the Composer	227-241
Parker, D. C.	
Music and the Grand Style	161-179
PEYBER, HERBERT F.	
Some Observations on Translation	953-971
PHILLIPS, HAROLD D.	
The Anomalous Place of Mozart in Music	372-376

# Contents of Volume VIII

	PAGES
PINCHERLE, MARC	
The Social Status of French Violinists prior to the	
Eighteenth Century	193-198
Рвор'номме, J. G.	
Correspondence of Cosima Wagner with Victor	
Wilder	44-52
Camille Saint-Saëns	469-486
RUDHYAR, D.	
The Relativity of our Musical Conceptions	108-118
Saminbry, Lazare	
The Music of the Peoples of the Russian Orient	846-859
SCALERO, ROSARIO	
A Contribution to the Pedagogy of Composition	487-494
Silva, Giulio	
The Beginnings of the Art of "Bel Canto"	<b>53-6</b> 8
Sonneck, O. G.	
Heinrich Heine's Musical Feuilletons (transl. by	
F. H. Martens)	119-159
	279-295
	435-468
TWEEDY, DONALD N.	
The Approach to Music	76-83
VAN VECHTEN, CARL	
Back to Delibes	605-610
Welch, R. D.	
Shakespeare—Musician	510-527
WHITE, ELISE FELLOWS	
Music versus Materialism	38-43
WHITTAKER, W. G.	
A Reply to "Tonic-Sol-Fa; Pro and Con"	265-272

TIT	USTR	ATTO	MIC
Link	ALICUM	$\alpha$ $m$	כוניוי

	Facing	Page
Karol Szymanowski		23
Chart of Musical Notation of Upper and Lower Partials		116
Coloridge-Taylor		180
Facsimile-page from original manuscript of Coleridge-T Violin Concerto	l'aylor's	184
The Augusteo in Rome		323
Conte Enrico Valperga di San Martino		326
The Mausoleum of Augustus		884
Bernardino Molinari		343
Max Reger		<b>384</b>
Pr. Liszt (in his youth)		436
Camille Saint-Saëns (1893)		469
The "Weaving Maiden," seventh daughter of the Jade Ki	ng	531





# THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1922

NO. I

# WHAT IS ART?

# By ALFREDO CASELLA

"Disinterested art, like pure speculation, is a luxury,"
—(Bergson, "L'Evolution Créatrice," p. 49.)

ISREGARDING all past definitions of art, be they religious, moral or philosophic, let us postulate that art is LIFE in the highest sense of the word, seeing that it is a pure creative activity of the human spirit.

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Art draws its living force from its own peculiar life—and the innumerable spiritual and material concepts which go to make it up, derive their strength, each to the same degree as the others, from an autonomous existence. As a matter of fact, certain elements of the work of art grow old and die soon; others, on the contrary, stay robust and bear fruit for years, even for centuries. There is, moreover, a striking analogy between the artistic concept in its embryonic stage and the human spermatozoid, in which is latent the whole future development of the individual-to-be. The vitality, more or less potential, of the æsthetic germ, is directly proportioned, just as in the biological germ, to the energic possibilities of its creator. This explains why, just as with individuals, certain works of art (the majority, in fact) are still-born or nearly so, while others (few in number), on the contrary, are born with a vitality capable of resisting the ages.

Art, viewed as an evolution, appears to us as an immense consciousness, whose existence must be illumined and studied in

the light of the same metaphysical and scientific criteria as the human consciousness.

The scientific axiom: "In Nature nothing is lost, nothing is created," holds good for art also; for in art there are no "revolutions" but only a constant development, an incessant "becoming," the principal periods of which are marked by the appearance of the great men of genius. And yet no artisan, however humble he may be, is entirely useless in this gigantic spiritual labor. Thus we see that mediocrity and impotence exercise, in accordance with a higher law, their well-defined, parasitic function in the evolution of art, the function, namely, of accelerating the decomposition and the disappearance of concepts which have become sterile, the only concepts of which these "eunuchs" in art can make use.

Æsthetic beauty is indefinable. Being of an order "superior to that of Nature" (Hegel), it is absolutely impossible to establish precisely its origins, its reasons, its intrinsic or its relative values, etc. For innumerable human beings, incapable of independent thought, the celebrity, the diffusion, the popularity of a work of art, are unfailing criteria in the determination of its æsthetic worth. Others look upon the emotive force of the art-work as the principal basis for critical investigation. But, here again, nothing is more arbitrary and uncertain. Artistic emotion is a psychological and personal phenomenon, infinitely variable according to the individual, to sex, age, culture, race, climate, civilization, etc. Moreover, if true beauty is at times independent of emotion, it happens, often enough, that certain works of art entirely devoid of esthetic value are, on the other hand, rich in strong emotive qualities, for example, patriotic music, family portraits, novels, feuilletons, etc.

Nevertheless, "esthetic beauty" exists. This is an undeniable fact. One might conceive of it as a sort of immaterial geometry, as a supreme and perfect equilibrium of the intellectual "atoms" which make up the work of art. But it is evident that its own peculiar, mysterious, its divine essence, so to speak, forbids all arithmetic evaluation.

Very probably, absolute beauty is a resultant of a purely energic order and corresponds to the sum of cerebral "calories," the sum, in other words, of the ideal and unreal riches stored up in the work of art. This, of course, does not constitute a very exact æsthetic criterion, but it suffices, for want of a better, to explain why the masterpieces of genius alone resist the power of time. And furthermore, this hypothesis agrees perfectly with the principle enunciated above: that the work of art is an abstract emanation of life, and that, according to the genetic powers of its creator, the work of art is born, just like the individual, with a very elastic endowment of vitality.

. .

Art, in one way or another, signifies "variation." And every artist "varies" his predecessor. Gounod very ingeniously remarked that "every genius in art is a parricide."

\*

One of my French friends once uttered to me this profound truth: "In art there are no precursors, only 'retarders.'"

\*

Just as in the evolution of ordinary life, environment and fortuitous circumstances (not excepting purely mechanical factors) exercise a powerful influence upon artistic creation.

\* \*

All art rests upon a basis of physical and natural phenomena and of mechanical artifices which man employs as the material vehicles of his own fancy.

. .

The work of art, being an emanation of the quintessential life, is necessarily unforeseeable.

A formidable error underlies the opinion, universally prevalent, that art, being more or less directly derived from the life of Nature, ought to be an imitation of natural life. On the contrary, all true art lies in the life created by the sensibility, by fancy, by the particular vision of the artist, and consequently it leads an existence by itself, an existence correspondingly more independent of reality as the faculties of its creator are raised to higher powers of moving in an individual world. And the principal "imitative" arts (Hellenic, Renaissance, etc.) were great in spite of and in direct opposition to this error.

\* \*

We fall into a further sad error when we attribute to art any social or moral function whatever. Art is not religion, nor is it patriotism nor socialism. Still less is it a daily chronicle or veristic chromo-lithography. And the notions of good and evil (themselves conventional and ever variable) have nothing to do with the artistic quality. Art knows no morality beyond its own beauty; and pure beauty is essentially amoral.

• •

Instead of a painful and sterile assimilation of numerous fossilized and paralyzing theories, the study of art should be a rigorous, scientific, and above all a living criticism of the principal sesthetic values. It should be a subdivision, as far reaching as possible, of the various contemporary art concepts, viewed as worn out, rips or embryonic.

If I were required to formulate a comparative distinction between science and art, I should say (and Oscar Wilde would surely not contradict me): "Science is the art of truth, and art is the science of deception." If we were to consider in a comparative conspectus the diverse activities of the *intelligence* and *instinct* in science and in art, we should find that:

In SCIENCE instinct (intuition) instantaneous and unforeseeable discovery of a new truth, which is thereupon analyzed by the intelligence (the critical, theoretical sense).

	intelligence=	culture, knowledge of pre-existent esthetic values, their evaluation, esthetic sense, taste, possession of the technical means.
In ART	instinct = (intuition)	instantaneous and unforeseeable discovery of new combinations of sesthetic values, of new associations of forms, colors, sounds, etc., which are thereupon analyzed by the intelligence (the critical, theoretical sense).

To sum up: intelligence constructs and criticises; instinct (intuition) discovers and creates.

In art as in science intelligence culture, critical sense, i. e., the Past. instinct invention, inspiration, i. e., the Future. (intuition)

Ordinarily, intelligence and instinct (intuition) are called TALENT and GENIUS respectively.

The most perfect art results from the most profound equilibrium, the best eurhythmic relation between these two spiritual forces.

For the work of art is nothing else than a compromise between the dream (vision, intuition, etc.) of the artist and the materiality of its realization (elaboration, technique, intelligence, etc.)

It is not always easy in art to establish a line of demarcation between genius and talent, between true invention and imitative assimilation.

Just as chemistry operates not only with organic syntheses, but at times even succeeds in effecting artificially the indirect division of the cell from the protoplasmic circulation, so also talent is at times successful in producing a momentary illusion of genius.

So true is this, that (though profound and intrinsic originality is an exclusive faculty of genius) certain talents attain to an external personality, and insofar assume a characteristic physiognomy of their own.

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Just as our intelligence has not a clear conception of the solid, the immobile, so, for the same reason, the immense majority of men grasp only the art that is past, that is to say, art "crystallized," "solidified," and ignore the environing and genetic ferment which proclaims and contains the future.

\* \*

In art, tradition means perpetual renewal of sensibility, a continual "becoming," and can never signify "an arrest of evolution," as the academic or reactionary mentality would have it.

• •

It is foolish to believe that the consciousness of art—identical in this case, as is the consciousness of human life—can ever pass a second time through the same state. A new Beethoven, a new Michelangelo, would be as absurd as a second Christopher Columbus or another Galileo.

\*

Degas has very correctly said: "The arts should be discouraged." In effect, the history of the arts, like the whole history of human thought, is a struggle between the idle and inert mass which "retards," and the individual genius who outdistances the ideas and notions of the moment. And, in attempting to throttle the voice of this individual, mankind in its mediocrity, on the contrary, merely increases its power, and instead of retarding, it accelerates the evolution of history.

#### CONCLUSION

Art is a very different matter from the industry (called by the same name) which is generally taught in the official schools and which encourages and sustains so tenaciously the intellectual baseness of the masses, of the critics, of the publishers, etc., etc.

(Translated by Otes Kincaid.)

# APERÇUS OF AN ADJUDICATOR

# By EDWARD E. HARPER

N looking back over a somewhat lengthy period of adjudicatory work in the celebrated singing county of Yorksbire, England (after long years of choral conducting), and later in the Canadian East and Far West, it seemed to me that some few words upon the experiences gained might interest other musicians, whether amateur or professional. When the task of adjudication is undertaken seriously, there are both trials and tribulations, joys and pleasures. For his own guidance, at least, it becomes necessary on the part of any adjudicator to crystallize his views (or cognise their crystallization subconsciously), and the following notes are offered and are to be understood from this approach. The world of music, in some of its aspects particularly, comes to look rather different under public auspices from what it does in the studio of an adept and his entourage.

#### THE KNOWLEDGE OF NOTES

Seven names only are used in music, and, commencing anywhere in the realm of tone, these occur alternately on lines and spaces. Amongst piano-players one finds quite a large number who embroider their performance with notes not found in the printed copy. This, on occasion, may be done artistically and pass muster, as related to the reduction of an orchestral score. In such cases harmonic agreement and correct melodic outline are found; but in the instances referred to both these qualities are wanting. An insufficient acquaintance with staff-notation seems the true explanation, accompanied, as it mostly is, with extreme carelessness of the aims of an item. Students, when asked to define precisely the actual staff-position of a low or high note, especially if they belong to this group, show diffidence and want of smartness, or actual inability. Asked, for instance, to define precisely and beyond question all the A's of the staff as related to the A's of the keyboard, they will give quite impossible answers. Now, as each one has a different real description, how can such nonconformity with fact produce anything but false results in performance? Practice of the eye and brain on this

point alone would secure advance both in correctness and in that pleasure which always follows the feeling of having done a thing correctly and well, that is, knowingly well. The trouble with those who cannot through lack of practice do this, is, that they do not, as a rule, seem to perceive that they make any wrong notes. Tried out, this method will dispel both hesitancy in naming and faultiness in playing notes, wherever they are on the staves fact, good readers are just those students and amateurs whose performance emphasises their ability in these respects know the seven notes in the seven octaves by sight instantly: indeed, the staff-position leads their fingers at once and unhesitatingly to the keyboard-position. Good ability to define may. therefore, be considered worth working for, as it cannot fail to add value to output, private and public. More, if notes are sounded as played, the practice will tend to establish a sense of Absolute Pitch, and in time (with a sufficiently musical nature) complete Aural Perception. "Ear" is simply, when all is said and done, ability to define instantly (quicker than the eye sees) various notepitches, whether in combination or singly. To leave piano-players, the fact has been brought roughly home to me many a time that singers, despite their having to learn fewer notes for the range of the voice they possess (unless of course they are practised keyboard people, too), seldom prove themselves closely familiar even with those few. As a class, they are (or have been) by far the worse readers. Usually, choir and chorus singers are better readers than solo-singers, and unquestionably have a cleaner feeling for "parts" on the average. It ought to be the other way about, one would think; but I do not know the locality where it is so, and have never heard of one. No adjudicators I have ever met. disagree with my experience. Yet there surely is no need for this state of things.

# THE QUESTION OF INTERVALS

The leap a melody or part makes in its horizontal progress on the music-page, including any combination from a semitone to many semitones, is another particular of commanding interest. If the power of definition has been thoroughly developed (to the A-B-C stage of facility, say) ease in this respect will almost assuredly follow. It will indeed be practically in direct proportion to that development—in so far as correctness characterises it. One of the leading causes of false definition by the voice of the rise and fall in melodies appears to be the simple mathematical

relation of a second octave to a first. Everybody recognises that octave means eight, but how many singers go further (as they should do) and realise that two octaves do not make a sixteenth? The fact that the note called octave is both a completion of one series of eight notes forming a scale, and also the starting-point for a second series, so that the second octave is a fifteenth, does not come home to them. Leaps of a ninth, tenth, and so on, have consequently a wrong meaning for them, and there is no wonder if a first reading comes out badly. There is to be noticed also the fact that, if one note is on a line, its octave cannot but be in a space, and vice versa. Similarly, 3rds, 5ths, 7ths and 9ths, to go no further, cannot but occur on lines where the base is a line, and on spaces where the base is a space. Correct apprehension in these respects not only produces interval-correctness. but makes for correctness in the succeeding leap, which of course cannot possibly eventuate if attempted from a false new base.

#### GOOD READING

But good reading will seldom be acquired with these two valuable acquisitions alone. They are simply initial to that eyeskill which enables a person to visualise ahead of performance. It is the double-action, so to speak, that every literary specialist such as a class-teacher or professor in a College or University must possess to secure finished presentation. That is, one must see what is coming, as well as do the thing nearest. No reading aloud acceptably in the home, for instance, is possible without this acquired faculty, and it is also its application to music that makes a really good music-reader. Perfection in it, as with the actor, senses beforehand requirements of special features of oratory as they follow in the natural course of performance, and takes exact care consequently of climacteries. In short, it comes to a plain equation: brainwork first equals correctness. This is not surprising, if put into simple language, as a query. How can one do anything well, if one does not know actually what one is going to attempt? Yet so many expect to do well without knowing; yes, even without the trouble of learning. So few have I found who make a practice of it that I will mention one further magical aid: the study of items away from the keyboard, or without the voice, on the knee quietly no sound whatever, but an endeavor to figure results mentally. For those who desire memorisation (and who does not, who has to face the public often?) this is the greatest aid of all; and singers in particular should emphasise its usefulness

by making themselves more conversant with accompaniments, for it is distressing to listen to a performance that in many respects is good, but irretrievably spoilt by non-cognizance of the accompanimental complement, and the creation of distress for the accompanist when he has to skip a bar or more. Contrariwise, accompanists should never fail to get a grip on the solo-part, whether vocal or instrumental, as no performance can possibly become acceptable and artistic which does not combine unanimity with zeal of interpretation. The spirit-satisfaction that goes naturally with higher musicianship of this class is by no means to be despised: there is no mortal happiness, possibly, that surpasses it, nor perhaps any that equals it.

#### ACOUSTICS

With notes, intervals, speed, dynamics and nuances cared for, there yet remains the consideration of the auditorium. Some rooms possess certain qualities that others lack: fast items may come out well, slow ones drag, or the reverse. Despite ordinary directions in the music (as normally conceived) it will never pay the artist to neglect auditorium peculiarities. How can it? One cannot, either, imagine any composer objecting to clarity of presentation under such conditions, as against cloudiness and jumble of sounds. An audience will also appreciate attention in this matter, and "come again."

Occasionally, an auditor might well reason that a performer seemed possessed of convictions that his musical selections were to be accepted as "feats of arms," so many notes every second, whether they then mean anything or not. But surely no man or woman ever in reality sat down to the drudgery of penmanship for such a debased purpose? There must, at the least, have been some idea of a higher type regulating the conception, and it is that message to one's better nature which should rule the rendition, not pyrotechnics. A long experience has taught me that a message delivered with due regard for clarity of sound or speech (in song), void of all disfigurement, blur, or excessive dynamics unindicated, appeals most to an audience. It carries conviction, arouses appreciation, and more likely than not does the composer best justice. His message, thus delivered, is more likely to go from the performer's heart to that of the listener, and produce automatically, as it were, the impressions ruling its creation. The rendition of a simple song, under these impulses and attentions,

has been observed to have magical effects too often to need further remark. How much more so, then, when the message is of so gorgeous and complex a nature that musicians by profession are fully occupied during performance in equably connoting its sublimities and majesty? There is one thing more.—the delivery of melodies and harmonies with varying strength of tone, such as characterizes the interpretation of every genius, either of instrument or voice. This quality is so little acquired in general that one cannot too strongly advocate more devoted attention to it. Only recently, I myself sat out a recital by one of our leading pianists that was pitiable from this standpoint, disappointing to the audience possibly as much, and (most of all) not elucidating so far as composers were concerned. And it was not because the performer could not vary his tone more, it was simply and solely that he did not. And many young people would go away that night with firm convictions that, because he played his chosen items as he did, that was the way for them to imitate. Think of the awkward position such rendition creates for a genuinelydevoted teacher. The responsibility of a public recitalist on this point is great, and I look back to the days of Rubinstein, comparably, with regret that his example is forgotten already; and, with more regret still, to the days of the giant, Franz Liszt, who never neglected this outstanding feature all his life either as performer or composer. Of singers, one may say broadly that no one of our great ones ever gained cosmopolitan renown who had not at least as many differing grades of power in tone as there are keys to sing in. One needs to press the point no further.

#### THE USE OF THE BRAIN

Amongst the interesting things in life, to a musician, are those cases where untaught ability manifests itself spontaneously. A child, it may be for a few years, has been allowed to pick out tunes and thrum accompaniments to them on the house-piano. Or, on the contrary, never has done that, but has unconsciously assimilated quite a lot of melodies and their words, far beyond its school-grade as to education. Under the régime of modern "movies" there are hosts of quite little children who can be heard carolling tunes and words that are altogether beyond their admitted powers of understanding. Some call this power a "gift," yet adults who have spent time in acquiring like facility would hardly agree to have their energy of application so accounted, because it would not be true. Why should we then say it of the

child? Is it not rather the other way—the same in the child as in the adult, viz., pure acquisition, and of a rare and skilful order. too? The little ones mentioned have of themselves begun an elaborate memorizing process without actually being aware of it. They have not only, let it be noticed, memorized things they have heard, but they have re-produced them more or less correctly,-correctly so far as the example they imitate made impressions on them. The child at the piano has gone further even than those students considered in the opening of these notes: it has not only made a mental record of tunes and what it feels as something under the tune (on the piano), but it has associated sounds heard with keys on the instrument, elaborately (without knowing it) analysed the report its ears made to its brain, and adapted that evidence to the keyboard, going even on occasion so far as to grumble that the piano was out of tune in a certain place, and did not make the right note. The child with the adapted voice-results has done similarly without a keyboard, and the child who has begun playing the violin sometimes comes forward with proofs of parallel assimilation,—the ear taking messages to the brain, and reproducing them through the fingers on the fingerboard. Analysis in each case, not gift, because the songs, nine times out of ten, are new ones, not written when the kiddie was born. To give true answers to these manifestations, what are we to say or think? Do they not drive us back on the fact that it is the action of the brain that should be contemplated, without reference to a gift? And is it not important, especially from the teaching viewpoint, to attach value in that direction rather than in the other? Mostly, if a child is given to understand that its elders think its young endeavours are nothing out of the common, or a gift, it will begin to trade on that admission or statement, and in course of time stop its efforts, thinking it can do that kind of thing correctly and easily and naturally. In reality, of course, it cannot, and will soon develop inaccuracy and a false confidence; ultimately losing its acquired skill. This, I take it, has often happened with precocious children, peculiarly with those set forward for public performances; and that accounts for the blighted promise of a brilliant career. The fatal information for them has been that they "had the gift": their equally fatal deduction, that consequently they need not practise like those not so blessed. These latter, if similarly instructed, will argue to themselves that there is no use in close application for them because they are not gifted, and if it is desired that they practise nevertheless, will do so with an unthankful heart, to say the least. I have met any number of both kinds in my life of forty years' teaching experience, and have always counselled both kinds in the exactly opposite direction, never (so far as I have noticed) with any but good results, the ungifted often proving the more-gifted in the long run. The energies of the former seem to become impoverished under the strain of years. and of the latter the opposite generally holds true. Where musical physique in the former runs equably with perseverance, we get a genius (maybe); in the latter, we get sometimes a genius also, but at any rate a conscientious, reliable performer who is seldom unacceptable on the concert-platform. In all cases of pronounced success it is brain to outcome that rules, and if that be the gift, well and good; but it is unwise to coach children, just as much as adults, on such destructively enervating lines. Work alone produces effects in nature, and the same is true of the human unit. "Man, help thyself!" is unquestionable advice. When one remembers how instantaneous the brain is in its action, nothing of this ought to surprise us, especially if, by any chance, we have had to do with the blind. They have no recourse but to memorize (and that through finger-sense) everything musical that they wish to perform, and many of them do this most admirably as well as correctly. Whatever artistic faculties they show, they evince a sureness of definition in direct attack on the keyboard that is admirable, and as a class they make fewer wrong notes in playing than persons with excellent sight. As brainwork, this result is again worth emphasising, for the blind expert is almost always good at extemporisation, evincing clearly to the unprejudiced that his method tends to produce an absolute ear, and facility in the use of music as a language. The blind, indeed, perform actually and alone through memorisation; and, if really expert, can amplify a reduced score with enough acceptance to remind one of orchestral fulness. Thus, often in less time than it takes a person with eyesight, they are ready to play correctly any piece they take up to learn. Those who wish to excel in pianism. therefore, cannot do better than remember that what finger-sense does for the blind, eye-work can do for them-away from their instrument. Singers can follow suit in learning by heart their words and accompaniments, and will sing all the better for it. I do not of necessity mean that they play them from memory. though that will do nothing but good, if it is a real brain-act: but I do mean that they learn them so as to know always where the accompanist is-by hearing his share of the composer's work.

#### ANALYTICAL FUNCTIONS IN MUSICIANSHIP

Extemporisation, when it is worthy of the name, signifies power to use all the scales, chords, oratorical emphases, melodic devices and part-conception which go to make up an item worth writing or listening to. It implies, on the part of the exponent, use of music as a language, and always, I think, goes with analytical power as applied to listening to performances and to reading music without performance, as one reads correspondence. There are people who express stern disbelief in the very idea that anybody is able to hear music through the eyes, but I have never known any of them who disbelieved in their power thoroughly to digest a love-letter without reading it aloud. What constitutes the difference in their minds between one act and the other I know not, but I suggest it to them to try and find out. Familiarity with music as a language enables anyone to tell what key is in use when music is performed, every note sounded, and even those not sounded that ought to be, and to judge of tune, time, tone, and all the other accessories, with music that is not previously known as with familiar music. There is no avoiding results, satisfactory or otherwise, any more than the ordinary individual can avoid hearing an insult or compliment if either is uttered within hearing distance. For the musician, his ear acts, the brain receives its testimony, and analysing it, informs his entity of the facts. Experts of this quality cannot listen wrong; and it is therefore of no use for outsiders to call in question their judgments. There would be just as much use in denying one had asked for salt to be passed at table when one knew one had. Consequently, and by its inherent nature, this is the highest form musical memory is capable of assuming, especially when it is applied in extenso to works like a symphony of Beethoven. by the conductor who knows not only the harmonious whole intimately, but the very orchestral parts themselves, with their places of entry. As a musical equipment, this analytical functioning of musicianship is commandingly worth while striving for, since its testimony is so reliable after sufficient training in the detail of instrumental and vocal desiderata. Most desirable surprises lie in wait for the really efficient; for example, a full score may be read in the quiet of the study, conclusions felt and climaxes noted through the eyes by the brain, all just as though actual performance were taking place; then, when the rehearsal comes to be held, incorrectness or inefficient detail among the performers will be noted that much quicker and more authoritatively. There is also the correspondingly undesirable surprise of hearing

a performance with which one has nothing to do but listen, and finding no clear reflection of the score in the orchestra. is, of course, no fault of the mind-equipment, and anyhow common to everything human, so the only loss is in the expert's personal sense of disappointment in the performance, reading the score as he reads it. On the other hand, under the baton of a specialist, there may even be beauties brought out that he has insufficiently sensed for himself, making his enjoyment that much keener. Compensation seems to be an invariable law of nature wherever we look, and high flight of human powers is subject to it both as to ecstasy and nausea. When we add to all this the different keyknowledge for various instruments in the brass and wood-wind sections, drums, etc., and the realisation of combined effect of bar after bar, taking a whole page instead of a small portion of two staves, we arrive at some slight approach to what a thoroughly capable conductor has to do, and is expected to do, or make way for another. For him, too, all this is merely technical equipment in its turn, as what he is at his desk for is the artistic presentation of the score to the public, to get which he must be in knowledgeable sympathy with all the players no less than with their instruments' capacities and peculiarities.

#### THE CANTABILE TOUCH

The predominance of the melody, as a prime necessity, means more than simply striking notes (keys) harder. Light and shade in the tone, alteration in the time, and penetration as to true expression, demand such differentiation in quality of touch that continual watchful skill is a sine qua non. Inner parts moving as secondary melodies, but with less importance than the melody itself, demand proportionate adjustment in the general scheme. Outer parts, in particular the bass, which not a few players get too soft to support properly the superstructure, need accurate balance: while accompanimental passages and chords running subordinate, need to be cared for so that they do not obtrude themselves at the expense of chiefer features. When grace and soul have been added to elegance in these main features, interpretation assumes that form which constitutes appeal, and this specialisation as to preparedness is what amounts to fluent cantabile. Performers whose tone-strength seldom varies from a stolid mezzo-forte are hopeless in it. Its ever-present need is abounding facility in varied quality of keystroke, passage-management and that intimate expression which travels with justice to the composer's ideas. Certain modern songs, sometimes reduced from an orchestral score, give ample scope for every ounce of knowledge an accompanist can show in cantable playing, and all the later masters in composition nowadays use its features in all departments of an orchestra and chorus, no less than in their smaller pieces for instruments, and in songs.

#### **PORTAMENTO**

In singing, we have what is nearly a parallel under the oldfashioned designation "portamento." At one time this was almost a mystic word. People found definition astonishingly difficult, although any who had heard really well-taught vocalists use it, knew what to expect, and expected it Woe to the pretender! The original and legitimate meaning probably had reference to simple purity of tone, unaffected, that is, by any pronounced use of the organs of production (teeth, nose, and throat; possibly, very occasionally, lips too). This was equivalent to saving "well-balanced, uniform, or equal management of the voice." But there were those who said it meant more than that; and likely enough it did, too. Then it was defined as a medium between staccato and legato, but singers themselves scoffed (or coughed) at that idea. Later still, it was referred to as the agility of the voice in passing from a high to a low, or from a low to a high, note with complete vocal steadiness, security, and satisfaction,—something like the glissato on the keyboard; but this description, too, failed to meet with general acceptance. Anyway, skilfully used by the Italian masters, and incorporated in the vocal equipment of their pupils, it "came to stay." Naturally, as some think (and others do not), in its perfection it is less suited to Anglo-Saxon words, for the asserted reason that their vowelsounds do not lend themselves equally well to its genre as do the smoother and softer words of Italian. Some people considered it an affectation (generally, it is to be suspected, because they could not acceptably catch the trick). Not a few folk to-day look upon the vibrato similarly, but, if it is a question of the wobbling-vibrato, which, like the portamento, possesses attraction for immature vocalists, they are not far wrong, for that questionable ornament has been overdone to nausea. The portamento, at its worst (if it ever had one), was never inimical to purity of tone and tune, as the badly-done vibrato only too often is. In modern lyrical items the abbreviation ten., found above a single

note, carries with it a suggestion of portamento, though originally signifying just "sustained." But that is precisely what its practice came to, coupled with some other clusive quality, of course: a beautifully perfect manner of sustaining purity of tone, correctness of tune, and absolute command of vocal movement throughout a passage written for its use.

#### AIDS TO YOUNG COMPOSERS

Listeners love a new vein of thought in music, and look for charm of expression, though very possibly it would never occur to them to recognise that trait in themselves. But the fact is immediately manifest, if some performer introduces unknown items full of interest and fluency. They will begin to hum, whistle, or sing the tune—where they can get at it. All of which goes to show that a telling composition holds points of appeal in the natural case and freshness of its musical thought. To compose so that these results will follow rendition is to secure appreciation and provide deep pleasure: and to achieve them is to deserve more than mere credit. It is an indication of that supreme usefulness in life which is the aim of every earnest, honest (would every one were honest!) artist.

#### WRITERS AS LISTENERS

To the young aspirant for musical honors, then, practical suggestions must be ever welcome. Now, it is not always that the divine afflatus (the spirit for composition) is able sufficiently to detach itself from appreciation of its own emanations as to be desirably empirical. Well, there are those workers (would there were more of them) who put aside their items after first finishing them, and labor at something else having by preference a quite different objective, so as to escape from the groove in which they have been creating, returning to a close critical perusal from a distance of time. This is an excellent plan without doubt, as it places writers more in the position of listeners; for, if the interval be long enough and they have gone on working busily meanwhile, they will thus approach old work again more as they would that of a stranger, or nearly as much so as is possible. There are some surprises for them in this method, for what has beforetime seemed perfectly satisfactory, may seem either more or less so.

#### BEGINNING A COMPOSITION

A plan in sections, providing opportunities for contrasted material and style, cannot be a mistake. Whatever motive is decided upon for any given section, it will serve no eclectic purpose to continue its use overlong. This holds true for everything in life, for the matter of that. Equally faulty will be its reintroduction in an unchanged form, as it will, upon repetition, surely lack its original appeal. If it is so written that no rests. chord-interruptions with rests on either side, or other means of breaking monotony feature it, a good final result cannot follow. Our bodies, even, quickly tire of too-long continued muscular movement of any one particular kind, and our ears no less tire of musical similarities. Last century this was not so true as it is to-day, for items dating back so far show scant attention to this point, and-have been relegated by the knowing (or feeling) public to those shelves that are high up, out of reach, in many a publisher's stockroom. Songs that acquire by peculiar means a sudden popularity get placed upon these shelves mainly through neglect of the same fact. What is in them is too flimsy, too apparent, to have a hold on general interest beyond the ephemeral stage On the contrary, a song or piano-piece which avoids this pitfall, and yet contains other essential elements, is likely to have a long life. And, in a similar ratio to that by which composers of to-day have advanced upon last century's methods, so also have listeners unconsciously kept pace with the movement towards better style. No longer do items that satisfied our fathers and grandfathers, as a general thing, find acceptance on a modern platform. It is right they should not; for when a fact has become cosmopolitan in its acceptance, it emerges with no uncertain voice so far as the question of recall is concerned. The works of onetime great masters have fallen into oblivion mainly from this cause. Every young composer, therefore, has here a cue that will. if followed, of necessity give him superior chances from the very first day he adopts it.

#### A WELL-WRITTEN PIANO SOLO

Here is a description, not technically analytical, of one of the most popular numbers of a man who laid his plans, and whose name is known perhaps wherever there is a piano. Grateful and effective to play, pleasant to listen to, and tuneful enough to make one mentally hang-on to bits of it long after performance has ceased,—how did be arrive at all this?

#### VARIED DESIGN

Well, even to an eye that is more accustomed to the morning mail than to music-pages, the piece gives immediate evidence of varied design. No two pages look alike: no two separate lines look alike either. Yet, as it is performed, the piece does not sound so particularly chromatic anywhere; so it is deducible that the composer practised the art of concealing art (ars celare artem). He hides his moves and changes skilfully: passes from one species of rhythmic impulse to another in a manner that makes one seem to belong to the other.

#### KEY-RELIEF

Not only that, but his key-changes are so deftly introduced that the ear is carried forward, of its own impetus almost, to receive them gratefully. His motif-devices spring naturally out of one another, or just as readily revert to each other; hence, without too great a plenitude of material. In all this we perceive blood-relationship, as it were, between the sections, or the sequences could not produce such instantaneously satisfying results.

#### GENIUS OF THE INSTRUMENT

The writer also kept clearly in mind the genius of the instrument itself. It requires not only close acquaintance with pianoliterature to secure this outcome, but personal skill in using the keyboard. There are people who talk as though they believed non-pianists can write well for the piano. It is questionable if that ever was true. Every good opus-number gives its author away, so to speak, in this matter,—proves he knows experimentally what is suitable and what not This item we are considering was certainly, absolutely, not written for an organ, and could not presentably be either played on one or transcribed for one. There is in it too intimate a knowledge and use of what sounds best on the piano-keyboard; and that is often what sounds worst on the organ. The dictum of Anton Rubinstein was: "Make the plano sound well." He referred to the genius of the instrument. the piano can sound well, and-it can sound ill, unfortunately for those near by.

To continue, in this piece a right use is made of the sustainingpedal, and the author obtains practically orchestral effects with very little exertion of his pen: he knows so well what to do. His tenderer effects are most soothing and delightful, but he is clearly acquainted with those dynamics which give point, value, and meaning to a solo. Then one sees, too, how familiarly and gracefully he goes-a-visiting through the complete realm of the seven octaves. But he does not use the expanded right hand in octaves all the time, any more than pom-pom vertical chords, after a single bass-note, for the left. No; he suitably varies the work for the two hands; in other words, gives attention to what low notes, for successful acoustic effects, require, as well as high notes

Moreover, he yet asks for no special technical facility, though painting his canvas so it is attractive to a degree. He touches both the mind and the heart, all the time writing from a loving acquaintance with the qualities and powers inherent in the instrument. He bears in mind the capacity and position of both hands, nowhere showing amateurishness in his call on the black keys. As he is writing a popular piece, musical material demanding depth of knowledge and advanced feeling finds no place on his staves. Though it is good and sweet, full and artistic, in parts even dainty, as a whole it is easy to follow, for intensity of method nowhere outweighs charm of appeal. He does with the piano what voice and accompaniment together do for a song when they are happily balanced.

#### LOW BASS-NOTES: ERRATIC EYE-USE

New masters of composition find new ways of doing things. and of doing them well, too. In this respect notes below the stave of the bass-clef have come into greater individual use and prominence. One of the great ones of the last century, for example, to find whether a song were worth much, covered from sight the accompanimental middle material, and looked at the melody and bass alone. If they were good, the rest was likely to be! He was but anticipating future custom among writers of discernment. These fundamentals, besides constituting bases for vertical harmonic structure, if wisely written musically, supply a melody of their own. Conjointly then with the upper melody this low bass-melody acts as a binding-hoop to the complete body of the music. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance it should have as clear and influential a rendering as the soprano or highest melody receives,-the melody as oftenest regarded. Players who are uncertain about low notes risk upsetting this artistic balance, because, when they strike a wrong one, they not only introduce a fundamental that is foreign vertically, but

spoil the low-melody's fluency, as (ten chances to one) the wrong note is a note afterwards required, which would otherwise have come in freshly but now enters stale. Many listeners, not outspoken and possibly not considered musical, can and do notice these low-pitched errors. When a bass is correctly played, in a proportionately forcible manner, they feel its influence also, powerfully.

Added to this feature of the bass-part is another fact,—that occasionally it rises considerably in pitch, touching the notes on the treble stave. Sometimes indeed it forms a high pedal-

point before descending to its normal regions.

#### THE FAIR SIDE TO COMPOSERS AND PUBLISHERS

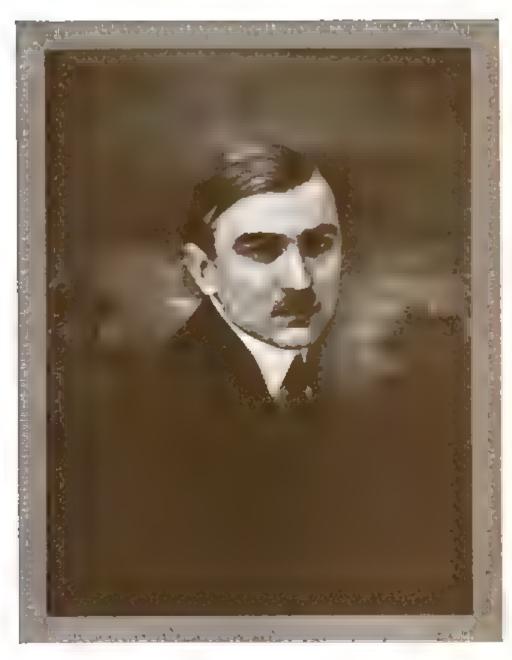
Conformably with all this comes the fact that listeners to a new item may receive such an impression (if low notes are not played as written) as to decide not to buy and learn it. To this side of matters, the fair side, a duty is owed both to composers and publishers. It cannot be supposed that anyone devoting life to the strain and hand-labor of composition does so to have work treated cavalierly; yet many score-readers are guilty of bad faith to both parties. More care and (one might call it) courtesy amongst these sight-readers would very largely help in placing America and American musicians on a higher musical platform in the world. Even if the music sold is of the pot-boiling genre, it is still worth playing as written. Perhaps indeed it needs the most careful playing possible to bring it into the sphere of acceptability! The word "bass," by the way, in old theory books is spelt "base," and when the new spelling came into vogue (probably as a lazy form of writing the Italian "basso" by eliding the final) for a time both forms of spelling interchanged amongst writers.

There is this to be said for the old spelling,—it gave the student a literary suggestion of the nature of the part in music it stood for, more so than bass does to non-singers.

#### PLAYING FROM A COPY

Whether reading at sight or playing a learnt piece, there is (in view of the foregoing) only one correct way to perform. That way is the opposite to the one most generally in use on this continent. It is useless for pianists to aver that they play reading upwards, when the fruit of their efforts shows they do not, —that

is, when the upper melody receives so much attention and innerparts get so muddled a rendering that the bass-notes are either missed out in places, played out of place in others, or not introduced No reader following the structural upward-glancing method can do half the things commonly fault-creating in the opposite class, the downward-glancing folk. Not only that: it is absolutely necessary to acquire also the horizontal forwardlooking method to secure correct bass-melody, just as it is to secure upper-melody correctness. The horizontal glance also puts a player in touch more immediately with inner-part work, a supremely constant feature in all moderns of the best class. As these inner parts are melodies, too, especially in items from men like Tschaikowsky, they have their own points of individual entry, and these cannot with surety be treated except by a united use of the upward and horizontal methods simultaneously. In every case, moreover, these melodies depend on the low-bass as a fundamental: if it is maltreated, their own balance is upset and their purpose nullified. Horizontal movement and influence need concentrated study and the utmost care, and neglect of them is sure to emphasise itself in results, to the immense detriment of interpretative outcome. Practising accompaniments with vocalists and with instrumentalists calls for attention to all these points, and those who follow out the methods suggested will find not only surety in notework, but a wonderfully increased appreciation both of structural features in a composition and of spiritual values. The blessing of cultured listeners will also rest on them!



Karol Szymunowski

# KAROL SZYMANOWSKI

# By ZDZISLAW JACHIMECKI

**OREMOST** among the musical compositions written in Poland within recent years are the works of Karol Szymanowski. He first appeared before the public as a composer in 1905, but at that time fourteen unpublished works had accumulated in his deak. His productive period, accordingly, runs back about twenty years from the present day. In 1900 our composer began to write his first poems for the piano, without the guidance of a master and unprepared by serious schooling. The young man had grown up in a truly artistic atmosphere in the house of his father, a country gentleman, where none but the best classical and romantic composers were given a hearing. And there, removed from the narrowing influence of any particular school, and in close and continual contact with nature, his mind was formed, like that of Walther von Stoltzing, by the study of the works of the great composers of the past. The great beauties of nature, the broad landscape of his native country, were the inspiration and the background for his first lyric essays. These works were the musical expression of that landscape. Left to himself Szymanowski mastered, unaided, the technical means involved in the utterance of his subtle impressions.

The first piano preludes portrayed with absolute faithfulness the spiritual profile of the youth of eighteen. The nine short pieces of this Opus 1 were written from 1900 to 1902. As we have remarked, the public in Poland first became acquainted with the new talent in 1905. The lyric sincerity of these works, the charmingly poetic ideas, the beauty of melodic invention, the harmonic variety and, finally, the elegance of technique and fineness of form, commanded universal admiration. Scarcely a trace of reminiscence, hardly an echo of another's phrase, appear in this music. It is filled with melancholy and longing. Its habitual mood is sad and tender, but at times it bursts into full flame and becomes dramatic. It is clearly expressive of the highly cultivated spirit of its author and is a true exponent of his personality. While it is thoroughly Polish in its character, it is not always in the popular vein. Since the days of Chopin, Polish music has not

again reached the high level attained by Szymanowski in his nine Preludes.



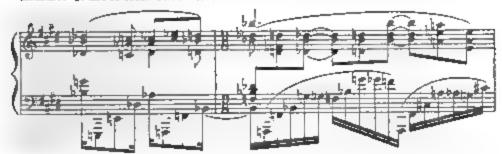
From the very beginning Szymanowski disdained the vulgar. The sonorous qualities of some of his preludes are an evidence of the composer's skill and refinement. There is not one banal idea. The sixth prelude is an early manifestation of the child of this splenetic and decadent century. Extremely complicated in melody and harmony, it stands out among the other preludes with its Tristan chromatics.

After these little piano poems Szymanoswki began to write songs. His technique did not yet suffice for larger works. In 1901 and 1902 he wrote his first six songs to verses by Kazimierz Tetmajer. They are not as valuable as the preludes. In the field of instrumental music, Szymanowski's melodic invention was very personal and original. But he could not accommodate it to the human voice. He had not yet solved the mysteries of vocal art, had not mastered its technical problems, its power of expression, its authoric significance. Like many German and Russian composers he was unwilling to subject himself to the limitations of the voice. He endeavored to conform his vocal writing to the conditions of abstract musical expression. His first songs have not the individual character of his piano preludes. There is more of intellect than of inspiration in them. Their organic defects are due also to the feeble character of the poetry. Vocal music of this kind is more suitable for private contemplation. than for public concert performance.

In 1903 Szymanowski began to devote himself to the regular study of the theory of composition. Zygmunt Noskowski, a Polish composer of note, was his teacher. The result of this schooling soon became evident. The extremely talented pupil began his course with the construction of fugues and variations. He entered upon his studies with a clear perception of the meaning of forms and of logical ideas. Early in this period under Noskowski he wrote the piano fugue in C-sharp minor, which bears no opus

number. In 1909 the composer added a prelude and with this work won a prize in a competition instituted by the Berlin musical journal, "Signale für die musikalische Welt." The fugue subject is quite mature. It shows no trace of the school atmosphere. This fugue appeals to the emotions through its underlying lyric substance. Here excellent counterpoint is wedded to the poetry of music. The prelude, written six years after the fugue, was acknowledged by the judges of the competition as one of the boldest harmonic essays of the times. We look back to-day upon the year 1909 with an indulgent smile, so great, so rapid has been the evolution of ideas on harmony since then. But Szymanowski's prelude will ever remain interesting in its harmonic conception.

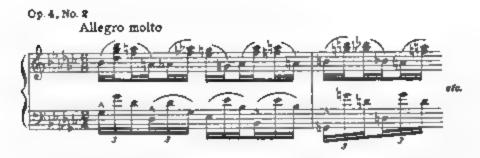
Measures 47 and 18 from the Praciodium



The composition of 1908 was the beginning of a series of masterly fugues. We find them in a number of Szymanowski's works. His constructive technique in this form is incomparable.

While still under the guidance of Noskowski, Szymanowski wrote his first piano variations, Opus 3, in B-minor. The theme is characteristically Polish. The variations that follow are good examples of the modern style in this musical form. In the first variation the theme retains its original form, but it is hidden in an inner voice under garlands of skillful figuration. In the later variations we can barely perceive the original theme in the general contours of the music and in the rhythmic scheme. The rhythms vary greatly and are often quite emancipated from the basic theme. The element of virtuosity becomes more and more brilliant. The ninth variation is an example of salon music of the highest type. This truly distinguished Tempo di Valse shows how easily Szymanowski could have acquired renown as a composer of clever piano pieces, had he followed in the footsteps of Schütt or Chaminade.

Although not a piano virtuoso, Szymanowski mastered thoroughly the secrets of his instrument. He began to transcend the style of Chopin, Liszt and Brahms, at times even ignoring the physical capabilities of hands and fingers. In some of the studies of Opus 4, especially in the second, which is like a development of Chopin's No. 10 and No. 21, he has presented to the player problems which are not easy of solution.



The third study, B-minor, in modo d'una canzona, shows the influence of Scriabine. It was written in 1904. At first this Russian influence is merely sporadic. In fact, up to Opus 15 Szymanowski inclines more to the German style. To it he owed much, both as to the forms and as to the spirit of his works.

Following the three vocal works written in 1904 the development of Szymanowski's talent proceeded gradually and normally. In 1905 he composed his first piano sonata, Opus 8. Five years later this sonata was awarded the first prize in a competition held in connection with a Chopin festival in Lemberg. It is hard to understand that a work so great and so deeply felt should be the exercise of a pupil in composition. Its form and disposition are quite classical, but its content breathes the romantic spirit and rises to full dramatic expression.



The ideas are clear; the contrasts striking. The second movement is a melodious song for the instrument; the third, a dainty minuet; and the last, a splendid double fugue. The theme of the fugue is clearly connected with the main theme of the first movement, which appears in full in the fugue. This sonats, with its virile frame, throbs with the warmth of young blood and sparkles with color.

For a musical intellect like Szymanowski's it was not difficult to adapt the sonata form to the intimate dialog of music for the chamber and the home. In the same year, 1905, our composer wrote his first sonata for violin and piano, Opus 9. Although less personal in its style than the piano sonata, it is quite mature and has a style of its own. The violin part demands the skill of a virtuoso. Though the composer was not a violin player, his knowledge of the instrument fitted him for great achievements in

this field of composition.

Szymanowski's first compositions after the conclusion of this preparatory schooling were the variations for piano on a popular tune, Opus 10, in B-flat. The theme has a melancholy charm, which it brought with it down from the Tatra, the mountains of Poland. In itself it was too short to serve as a theme for variations, and Szymanowski completed it with a few measures of his own. The way in which he sang to its end the melody of the simple Polish mountaineer, Sabata, is marvelous. It is the surpassingly tender answer of a true artist's heart to the soulful fragment of a popular song. The whole work dazzles one with the splendor of the virtuoso. This style of variation, a representative example of the composer's work, exhibits the highest degree of freedom in the treatment of the theme. In their remarkable excellence these variations may be counted among the best modern works in this form, worthy of a place beside those of Brahms and Reger.

In 1905, after a renewed period of song-writing, Szymanowski made his first attempts at orchestral composition. He wrote the Symphonic Overture in E-major, Opus 12. At that time orchestra music in Warsaw was strongly influenced by the works of Richard Strauss. The symphonic poems of the great German master had fascinated all Warsaw, composers and public alike. His admirers outnumbered the adherents of the classical and romantic schools and all the other contemporary European composers together. Szymanowski learned much from the scores of Strauss. He adopted Strauss' orchestral technique and to a certain extent borrowed the spirit of his musical ideas. The sweeping theme of the Overture,



its transformations, the polyphonic web of orchestral voices in this assuredly splendid composition, are such as to warrant our looking

upon them as an imitation of Strauss. A revision to which the composer subjected his score in 1913 made it still more effective. But there could not be much change in the development of ideas

nor in their musical quality.

New songs in 1906 continued the progress in the evolution of Szymanowski's art. The five songs of Opus 13 are among his best lyric works. Two of them: The Christ Child's Lullaby and Zuleika, are to be ranked high in modern song literature. They are distinguished by the beauty of their melodies and their colorful accompaniments. The melodic line is quite original. From this period onward Szymanowski devoted much attention to song writing, but whithersoever his Muse may have led him, we shall always look upon these two songs as the classic instances of his lyric inspiration. We might even go so far as to pronounce them the classic songs of our age.

In 1906, when the composer lived for a longer period in Berlin, we may observe the first revolution in Szymanowski's matured style. At that time he wrote his first symphony, Opus 15, a complicated and over-elaborated work. This was followed by twelve songs, Opus 17. In the vocal compositions the young

Funk - chen dort o - ben fern hin-auf

Op. 17, No. 1, measures 16 and 17

composer showed his willingness to reach the utmost limit in the heaping up of dissonances. He outdid all the experiments of his contemporaries. Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Reger, Debussy, even Scriabine and Schönberg, who at that time were, comparatively speaking, quite modest in their use of dissonances, were surpassed in these songs of Szymanowski's. Personally I believe that the principles of true art and the true conception of the song form are violated in this style of vocal writing, in which the voice must force its way through the thorny brush of dissonances,

and instead of presenting a really beautiful and expressive melodic outline, gives us merely a painful contortion of melody. Perhaps future generations will not bear me out in this opinion, but at present there are few singers who manifest any inclination to sing Szymanowski's Opus 17. The vocalist's instinct does not lead him to thrust upon the public works which seem unnatural

In two instances in this collection Szymanowski overcame his desire to overwhelm his hearers with the shock of dissonances, which is the most marked characteristic of their style. In these cases the desire to astound made way for true lyric inspiration. They are the songs: Annunciation and Love Night. Annunciation enchants us with its thematic work and its fire of expression. Tense nervous excitement pervades the erotic atmosphere of Love Night. These two songs weigh even in the balance with the other ten of the collection.

After Penthesilea (1907-1910), a short, incomparably delicate and well rounded composition for voice with orchestra on a text by Wyspiański, Szymanowski rose to the climax of musical inspiration in 1909-1910 with his second symphony for a large orchestra, Opus 19, in B-major. Without exaggeration we may pronounce this magnificent work the finest flower in the field of symphonic music in its day. After the few years which have elapsed since then, this is very clearly to be seen.

The fate of pure symphonic music after Brahms (whose symphonies were posthumous children of the classical style), Bruckner, and Tschaikowsky with his masterpiece, the Sixth Symphony, clearly foretold the end of this form. Strauss wrote program music only. His symphonic poems do not belong in the class of pure symphony. Mahler, after his second symphony, did not publish the programs of his later colossal productions, although these programs were integral parts of the works; and he went over more and more to the form of the cantata. In 1910 accordingly, the way into the temple of the symphony lay quite unobstructed and it was open to anyone to seek to win laurels as a successor of Beethoven, Brahms, Bruckner and Tschaikowsky.

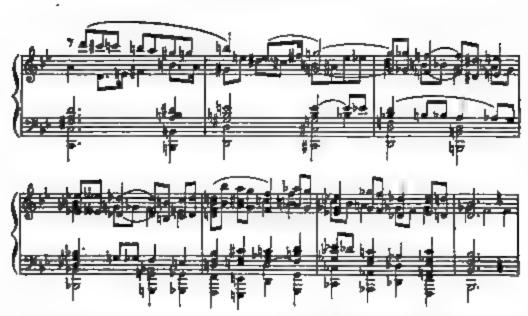
One needed merely a spark of genius to utter to the world thoughts that were new, great and beautiful, in a medium apparently exhausted. Szymanowski's second symphony disclosed the genius of its author in all the majesty of a real masterpiece. The modern musical world was at last enriched by a work which was exceptional in its melodic flights, in its immaculate purity, in the holiness, as it were, of its episodes. The crowning glory of the work is the theme with variations in the second movement, the creation of a marvelous sweep of inspiration. No commentary, however detailed, would suffice to convey its whole emotional content.

In the first movement Szymanowski preserved the classical form. It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast than that existing between the first and second themes. The first has an ineffable charm, light as the breath of Spring—a delicate violin solo accompanied by several other instruments.



In its very beginning this symphony is unusual both in its orchestral color and in its lyric poetry. In expression the second theme is directly the reverse of the first, steeped in the depths of melancholy musing. The later movements of the symphony are disposed strictly according to the classical sonata form. They include a series of variations and end with a fugue on five subjects, rising proudly like a magnificent Gothic cathedral tower over this great structure. A mysteriously beautiful theme with variations introduces this musical poem.



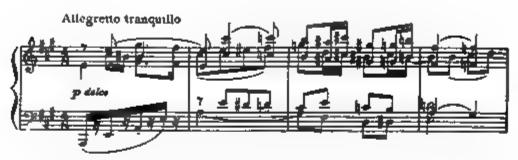


It has no programmatic significance, but it is filled with characteristic ideas and forcible contrasts—a masterpiece in every respect!

Immediately after this work Szymanowski wrote his second piano sonata, Opus 21, in A-major. Like the symphony it is in the classical form. This work also stands in the first rank among modern piano compositions. None but Szymanoswki could so well adapt the old principles of form to new resthetic ideas and to the needs of the day. If Beethoven had written a piano sonata in 1910, he would have written it in the same way. The influence of the mighty classic master is evident throughout the work. It has a depth and a majesty of idea which bear comparison with the style of the immortal genius. And they can be compared with nothing else. There is in this work something of eternal beauty, and although it is intensely modern in spirit and in its material, it reflects none of the conventions in vogue in 1910. A great personality speaks in every measure of the sonata. It is evident in the magnificent first theme of the first movement as well as in the lyric poetry of the second,



in the dainty tracery of the theme of the variations,



in the pathos of the Sarabanda, and finally in the variation which precedes the introduction to the fugue. In this final variation the composer offers up what is perhaps the profoundest sacrificial gift to divine inspiration which we could name in our generation. Such wonderful burnt-offerings of heart and soul can come only from the greatest creative talents. And I consider Szymanowski such a talent.

The year 1910 was the period of lowest ebb in Szymanowski's productive activity. Still it witnessed the creation of one of his most valuable works. This is the Romance for violin and piano, Opus 23. This composition, overflowing with the noblest poetry, is unique in the intensity of its fervor of love. I can think of no other contemporary work which burns with such fire and is so lofty in its musical conception. Here the form coincides with the content. Its melody is characterised by extreme beauty, its harmony by richness and sonority.

In comparison with those of Opus 17 the Songs of Many Colors, Opus 22, show a marked clarification in Szymanowski's vocal style. Each has a characteristic melodic outline of its own and a characteristic accompaniment. Here, once more, the composer finds his own atmosphere, and easily discovers a dis-

tinctly musical garb for the poems.

Shortly after this, in 1911, Szymanowski wrote six songs, Opus 24, to poems by the Persian, Hafiz. What a difference between these and the songs which immediately preceded them. The songs of Opus 22 are more descriptive. They are what we might imagine to be the musical expression of Dionysiac intoxication. In Opus 24 the music changes, if we may use the figure, into the smile of the rose in which the Persian poet first saw his beloved. It is the fever which torments the poet, unhappy in his love. It breathes the melancholy of the tomb. The unparalleled subtlety of every motive in the voice and in the accompaniment, places these songs among the finest in modern vocal music.

In 1012-1015 Saymanowski wrote his first opera, Hogith, to a libretto by Felix Dörmann. The author of the libretto has gone the way which in two instances led Richard Strauss to operatic triumphs. Dörmann's verses are as perverse as those of Salome or Electra, and also as compact. One act of the opera also resembles Salome and Electra. The story of Hagith is fantastic and of drastic power; it will be very effective on the stage.

An oriental king in ancient times, like another Faust, regains his youth, to live and to rule with renewed vigor. This renewal of youth is to win for him Hagith, a beautiful maid who loves the King's son. The high priest pronounces the words of an oracle. "If Hagith resists the King's will, she shall be stoned to death." Hagith refuses to yield, preferring death in her love for the Prince; for it is his happiness and his power on the throne that she desires even more than the preservation of her own young life sacrificed to the old tyrant.

The old King attempts to resort to violence in possessing himself of Hagith and of her youth, for upon this possession is contingent his own lasting rejuvenescence. But at the moment when his desire is about to be

accomplished, he falls dead.

Hagith is to suffer the supreme penalty. She is beyond hope of rescue, for the King, jealous of the Prince's power and influence, has removed him from the capital. The priests lead Hagith to her execution and she dies with a song of love on her lips. The news of the King's death has overtaken the Prince on his journey. He hurries back to save his beloved, but alas! he arrives too late. Hagith is dead.

This very interesting composition has not yet been performed on any stage, but the vocal score has recently been published, and we can form some estimate of the work. I have had an opportunity also to study a few pages of the orchestra score. Like the librettist, the composer has succumbed to the influence of Richard. Strauss. The musical style of Hagith is a development of the dramatic expression of Electra. We cannot here go into the question of reminiscences, but we may be sure that without Electra. Hagith, as we know the opera, could not have been written. Its style would have been quite different. Ssymanowski confides the chief task to the orchestra. Its part is rich in texture and the instruments are made to yield their utmost in effect. Dissonance prevails almost without interruption throughout the work. The human voices move in the most difficult intervals, for the most part in glaring contrariety to the harmonies of the orchestra. It is to be expected that in actual performance they will often be submerged in the storm of orchestral tone. Audiences will hardly derive real resthetic satisfaction from this opera; for this satisfaction depends in the first place on the beauty of the musical

idea, and after this on the realistic truth of musico-dramatic expression. Now, in this opera, the finale only is likely to afford true delight to the hearers, with its melodic charm and the celestial sound of its massed voices and orchestra. It is Hagith, who, on her way to the place of the stoning, sings her last song of love and sacrifice, while the commiscrating chorus supports her song with a wonderful accompaniment. The whole finale is bathed in a light

of the highest beauty.

Hagith does not mark the last step in the evolution of Szymanowski's musical style. The opera is merely a turning point in his art. He kept intensifying the means of emotional expression in his successive works and finally reached a stage of hypersensitiveness in which even the most subtle harmonies and chromatic progressions, founded on the esthetic principles of consonance and dissonance, no longer sufficed him. And so, in 1914, we find him in the ranks of those composers who, baving discarded the old theory of tonality, turned away entirely from consonance, and arrived thus at a new system of harmony, which in their opinion is much more perfect than the old system. However that may be, the new system is at present a veritable chaos. It may lead to the adoption of the quarter-tone scale to which some of these composers seem inclined. How soon this end will be attained it is impossible to foresee. Before it can be reached it will be necessary to change the construction of many of our musical instruments and to accustom vocalists to singing in this scale, which is, as yet, hardly more than a dream.

With the year 1914 Szymanowski joined the party of Stravinski, Busoni, Schönberg, Ravel, Malipiero and the rest. In this group also, his ingenuity, his striking personality, place him in the first rank. But he is too much of a true musician to fall into the musical futurism of a Malipiero, or into the musical "dadaism"

of some of the piano pieces of Schönberg and others

Up to 1914 Szymanowski's music was lyrical in character. It was a tonal analogy of lyric poetry. The descriptive qualities were a secondary consideration. His instrumental works had a universal appeal. They obtruded no fad, no special feature upon the audience. Gradually Szymanowski went over into the field of descriptive music. This new phase of his art, now six or seven years old, is marked by a wealth of ideas about tone color and tone painting as great as the wealth of ideas connected with tone poetry which characterises his earlier art.

The works written by Szymanowski during the period of the world war number seventeen. Among them are a Third Symphony

with chorus and tenor solo, The Song of the Night, Opus 27 (a kind of cantata after the manner of some of Mahler's symphonies); a Violin Concerto, Opus 35; a larger work for alto solo, female chorus and orchestra entitled Demeter, Opus 38; Agave, Opus 41, a cantata for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra; a second set of Hafis Songs, Opus 26. These compositions are still in manuscript

and have not yet been performed.

Among the remaining works (most of them still unpublished) the compositions for the violin are most important. We have heard some concert performances of a Notturno and Tarantella. Opus 28; Myths, Opus 30 (The Fountains of Arethusa, Narcissus, Pan and the Dryads); transcriptions of Caprices by Paganini, Opus 40. The technique of these works opens up new paths in this field of composition. Well acquainted with a famous violin virtuoso near whom he lived, Szymanowski picked up all the secrets of technique, often the result of an improvised exercise, of an involuntary movement of the fingers or of an unintentioned gliding of the bow. These factors Szymanowski elaborated into a marvelous system, incomparably richer than the whole school of virtuosity, as we knew it hitherto. The most brilliant effects in Paganini's concertos and caprices are left far behind. We can say of this Ssymanowski technique, in itself an evidence of creative genius, that it transcends by far the dreams of the best violin virtuosos of our times. Its effects are founded on the most fantastic harmonics, an mexhaustible variety of spiccatos, of chords and double stoppings, a truly resplendent palette of color.

These compositions contribute unlimited artistic values to the literature of modern music. As an artist Ssymanowski can be compared with Debussy only, although the musical substance of

his work differs greatly from that of Debussy.

The absolutely revolutionary character of Szymanowski's later compositions does not prevent him from making them excellent examples of musical form. Much of this work appears to the reader of the manuscript like the veriest tangle of dissonances, productive only of absolute cacophony. But what a surprise awaits the curious reader when he hears the actual performance, especially if the players be at some distance from the auditor. His impression is of a kind unknown to him until now. These compositions are playable by eminent violinists only. It would be a sacrilege for an inexperienced amateur to venture upon their performance. For this reason they should remain in manuscript, as was the custom in days gone by, and should be reserved for the hands of artists of surpassing worth.

Szymanowski's latest works are most difficult to understand. They involve elements quite new to our ears. The musical phrase is made up of little particles, like a mosaic; the melody is entirely unconventional; the harmony is a continuous whirlpool of modulation and dissonance.



It is to be regretted that the author of this essay has only a reading acquaintance with Szymanowski's later works for the piano. The composer himself is not a piano virtuoso and cannot interpret them as they should be rendered.

The published works: Masques (Scheherezade, Tantris le Bouffon, Sérénade de Don Juan), Opus 34, and the Third piano sonata, Opus 36,



may lead to a misunderstanding of Szymanowski's new piano style. A conscientious analysis of the works is of little aid here. To acquire objective certainty that this music does not mean a return to chaos we should have to hear a rendition which would correspond exactly to the tonal concepts in the mind of the composer as he wrote. We can recognize the form of the third piano sonata in spite of the difficulty in discerning the contrasting themes. And this form reminds us of the classical scheme. The great fugue with which the sonata ends is a resonant apotheosis of the revolution in art which initiates this new epoch in the history of music.

The later vocal works: The Songs of the Prince's Daughter in the Fairy Tale, Opus 31 and The Songs of the Mad Muezzin, Opus 42, approach in style the last instrumental works. Some of them incline to virtuoso colorature, justified by the context of the poems. The music, in keeping with the words, has an oriental coloring.

Szymanowski's whole creative work presents itself as an uninterrupted evolution of technical means and emotional content. Like a second Parsifal, Szymanowski wends his way toward Monsalvat, toward the ideal in art, seeking the way which leads to perfect beauty. And if ideals in art are ever attainable, Szymanowski has reached them in some of his works and will reach them again in others.

Among the virtuosos who have done most to spread Szymanowski's fame are the singer Stanislawa Szymanowska-Bartoszewicz (the composer's sister), the orchestra conductor Gregor Fitelberg, the pianists Arthur Rubinstein, Harry Neuhaus and Jascha Dubianski, and the violinist Paul Kochanski.

Many of Szymanowski's compositions have been published in the Universal Edition of Vienna, others by Piwarski in Cracow.

(Translated by O. T. Kindler.)

## MUSIC VERSUS MATERIALISM

### By ELISE FELLOWS WHITE

HE master-musician laid down the score he had been reading. "You had better study something useful," said he to the young man who stood before him;—"music is not useful."

The shade of bitterness in this last remark caught my attention. What did he mean—the great artist, whose name is synonymous with success, whose fame is assured both in the old world and in the new?

Did he, with subtle intuition, voice the unspoken thought of the student, whose indolence and indifference betrayed his lack of talent? Or did he, with gentle sarcasm, express the creed of an ignorant and perverse generation?—the new element in the melting-pot? Was it his sincere conviction—a conviction arrived at after years of artistic endeavor—that music is but an artificial ornament superimposed upon the façade of life, fulfilling no need, no vital purpose in the world?

Were it not for the fact that his sincerity is beyond dispute, his artistic integrity unchallenged, I should have been tempted to let the casual words, spoken half in jest, half in earnest, pass as unimportant. They open to the inquiring mind, however, certain questions and certain problems that have an especial interest for

teachers, and for students who think.

What do we mean by useful? We mean—do we not?—something which alleviates a physical need, a need like that caused by cold, hunger, or danger. Clothing, food, shelter and defensive weapons were useful to primitive man. They were necessary in the sense that for the lack of them one must pay severe penalties. The failure to provide for these needs meant punishment, quick and relentless, from the hand of Nature. It often means the same to-day. For this reason, food, clothing, shelter and a defensive means of maintaining one's place in the community, have always been regarded soberly, seriously. The tragic alternative that awaits those who fail to gain these advantages, lies ever present in the background, a shadow and a fear.

But in moments of hard-won security, when the fire-light threw back the shadows into a more remote obscurity, when danger for the moment ceased to threaten; when hunger was satisfied, and a certain dim warmth and comfort took possession of his soul, the Neanderthal or Cro-Magnan man, sitting at his cave door, among the bones strewn there, might choose one to fashion into a flute, or might voice his victories in a howl resembling song; carving or painting meanwhile upon the rock walls, or upon the tusk of the mammoth, a rude likeness of the beast himself.

Thus began music, painting, sculpture, the fruits of idleness, of indolence, of peace. Useful? No, not in a utilitarian sense nor in the tragic sense of maintaining the struggle of life. But none the less useful by fulfilling a need of man's elemental nature, the need of expression. This conforms, in a way, to the best definition of art that I know: that of Elbert Hubbard. He defines it as the expression of a man's joy in his work. It isn't the work that finds expression not the useful employment, but the joy in it that overflows in new beauty of form and originality of design.

In accordance with this idea even raw technique may prove a source of inspiration. Under the discipline of anatomically designed gymnastic exercises, the fingers of the musician may become so imbued with flexibility and power as to gain a higher intelligence. Rebelling at last against the monotony of drill, they start to dance and then to fly in new and delicious sequences. Scales overflow into arabesques, and figures of spontaneous charm. The slow trill, becoming impatient of restriction, bubbles over into cadenzas and sudden snatches of original melody that spring from one knows not what sub-strata of consciousness.

Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle D'une forme au travail Rebelle, Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

Point de contraintes fausses, Mais que pour marcher droit Tu chausses, Muse—un cothurne étroit.

Théophile Gautier—himself a great artist—thus recognised that the underlying motives of inspiration and of improvisation are joy and power—or rather joy because of power, born of technical mastery. It is a great study, this matter of spiritual reactions, the value of which is seldom understood or appreciated even by the psychologists. Not only music but all art is, indeed, an expression of liberty in its highest and finest sense. It expresses

the emancipation of the spirit from the flesh and from the "fell clutch of circumstance." A similar spiritual release was felt even by our primitive ancestors of a pre-historic age, when they painted crude, yet vivid impressions of the wild horse and buffalo on the walls of Altamira.

There have been throughout the history of the world artepochs that may be likened to these moments in the life of the Magdalenian grotto dweller, periods of peace, breathing spells between the agonies of racking wars; when man paused to rest, to carve or paint, and so doing to sing. At such times he became more and more cognizant of the power that lay within him, and sought ever for new ways of communicating and perpetuating it.

Such brief periods made possible much that was immortal in the art of Greece; such a world-pause gave birth to the Renaissance, and to the Elizabethan age. And the great tidal wave of human progress that carries all before it in this, our present era, bears on its crest the crowning glory of music. Such music, too, as the old world never knew; a new art, elaborated and refined beyond all dreams; which, were it blotted out to-day, might never be called into existence again, remaining for future generations a mystery not to be solved or explained. What, indeed, would survive, if all physical attributes, materials, and records of modern music were to be destroyed? Men and women of the year 5000 would read of it, wonder about it, and try to imagine it, as we do the lost Atlantis. For music, as it has developed in the last three hundred years is something absolutely new in the world's life that much we know. What other lost arts may have arisen. flourished, and vanished, perhaps, before the flood, none of us will ever learn, not even when the inscriptions are all deciphered. and the stones of long-buried cities reveal their sermons.

In comparison with the stern necessities of life, music may not be "useful," but it is both beautiful and good and, like the power of speech, adds immeasureably to the fullness and value of human social intercourse. To those who have made it a study—who regard it from the standpoint of professionalism—music is a very serious matter. After years of toil the artist acquires a feeling of reverence for his art, as one may love a life-long companion, or as a pupil may revere his master. The older musician, cherishing ever the ideal of good, better, best, in every musical production, cannot regard the making of music as a trivial or unimportant affair. To him it is all-important. Whether useful or not, it is the pivot upon which his life turns. It is like an ever recurring question which must be graciously and beautifully answered.

Every worthy composition holds for him a challenge to equally worthy performance.

And the younger generation—how does it respond to the appeal? Somewhat carelessly, I fear. To the average American boy or girl, educated according to the standardized formulas, the seriousness of the old-school musician is hard to understand. Youth to-day is notoriously lacking in reverence and in a proportionate sense of values. No doubt the safe and sane young person who is growing up in our midst, finds a certain artificiality in the attitude of the artist, attaching, as he does, a life-and-death importance to the pursuit of his beloved vocation.

Then, too, it may be that music has but recently arrived at the point of development long since reached by literature—I mean the period of wide circulation, of commonness, and accessibility. Time was when a book was among the rarest and most precious of earthly possessions; a treasure to be hoarded by kings; a thing so valued as to be encased in gold and precious stones, illuminated by reverent fingers, and, lest it be lost or stolen, chained to the altar of a church.

Invested with similar uniqueness and preciousness were the musical triumphs of yesterday. The inspired moments of Chopin, of Lizzt, of Paganini, left indelible impressions upon the minds and hearts of their listeners, as many an old letter and journal will testify.

Those patterns were of infinite value because they could never be duplicated or replaced. And what shall we say of the great improvisations of the past of the extempore performances of Mozart, of Mendelssohn, and Jenny Lind? Gems cast into the ocean of oblivion, treasures lost beyond recall. No wonder that music was regarded seriously, and listened to with attention and respect. An art at once so lavish and so wasteful might well tantalize the public, and keep it longing for more.

But as books have become common with the invention of printing, so has music with the invention of the player-machines; and the best books and the best music must now share the same careless fate. Always will there be someone to value them, yet the dust gathers thick to-day on Dante, and Milton, while the young folks laugh and chatter through heavenly records of Galli-Curci or of Heifetz, without so much as a pretense at listening. To them it is but a diversion, associated with social hours and the amusements of idleness—In choosing his life-work the boy turns his serious attention to electricity or chemistry; the girl to problems of domestic science, nursing, or the like.

Music a diversion! To us of the older generation it was a divinity. We echo the cry of the vagabond poet:

Où sont les neiges d'antan?

Where, indeed, are the snows of yester-year? The wonders of a day when Mozart's operas were new, and Haydn quartets were given for a really first time, and Schubert was thinking that he had better give up teaching school, and write Erl-Kings all day long?

The average young person of to-day, viewing life more or less superficially, his mental scope confined to the limits of small-town horizons; his critical habits formed upon the primitive and prejudiced attitude of the "bunch" with which he or she gyrates in the amusement-mill of our suburban community life; as a rule profoundly ignorant, despite certain so-called educational advantages, has yet occasional lucid moments in which he places his finger upon the raw and brutal truth.

"What good is all this high-class music, anyhow, except just to harrow up your feelings? Let's play something lively and

cut out the sob stuff."

Thus the scion of the new democracy. Not only does he frankly prefer rag-time to Beethoven, he is no longer ashamed of the fact. And he has taken a new stand -he absolutely refuses to practice. Is he not due at the football field directly after class meeting? And the team booked to play Blankboro and Bogustown next week. And he is going to be an electrical engineer, anyhow, so what's the use of bothering with five-finger exercises and all that sort of foolishness?

They're all going to be engineers—surely this nation will be steered on its true course in future years! Engineers, electrical and chemical, civil and uncivil; and as for domestic-science teachers—we are raising such a crop of them as will revolutionize do-

mesticity itself.

Practical, useful, every-day needs appeal to the youth of America to-day. They do not need music now, and cannot realize that the time will ever come when they may need it. They cannot understand that as a resource, a comfort, an almost human companion in hours of loneliness, the friendly acquaintance of a musical instrument is one of the great joys of life; a solace that fills the vacant hours, that uplifts and purifies, that "restoreth the soul."

By music I mean that which demands much time and thought; the music of artistic cultivation, of humble ambitions, prayerfully and earnestly followed; of obedience to teachers; of self-denial, renunciation, and sacrifice; of the worship of beauty, and the passionate striving to express it:—the old-fashioned music of Charles Auchester, and the "First Violin," and the "Improvvisatore." Such was the art of the eighteenth century, when men's imagination took great flights, and fixed the very stars for their goal. Our coming generation has planted its feet all too firmly upon the solid earth. It has learned to fly physically, but not spiritually.

My own personal belief is that the era of great musical invention is past. That the tunes have all been played or sung. That the accumulated material of past years is better worth while than all our feeble attempts to create a music of the future. That until we can sing eighteenth-century coloratura, and play Paganini's cadenzas as he himself played them, we had better not try to take any more futile steps ahead.

The Titans have vanished -the gods have passed over the rainbow bridge into Valhalla—the golden age has departed. Its radiance is overshadowed by twilight, a twilight of vagueness and obscurity, of labored difficulties and blind endeavor. Would that we might go back to the joyous days of Josquin des Près, of Palestrina, and Lulli, and begin anew the long bright symphony of three hundred years!

# CORRESPONDENCE OF COSIMA WAG-NER WITH VICTOR WILDER

### By J. G. PROD'HOMME

AMIDST the events which were agitating the world, the false news of the passing of Cosima Wagner befell, if not unnoticed, at least without occupying public attention for some days, as would have been the case at another time. The newspapers simply announced that the daughter of Liszt died at Bayreuth on December 22, 1919; some devoted a few lines to a brief survey of her career—that was all.

Without pretending, *d propos* of the unpublished correspondence which is to follow, to rehearse the biography of her who was the wife of Richard Wagner, with which every one familiar with the literary and musical history of the past century is acquainted, we shall merely recall the principal events in her long life, before letting her speak for herself.

Franz Liszt, born in 1811, had three children by Marie de Flavigny (daughter of the comte de Flavigny, born at Frankfort in 1805), comtesse d'Agoult, whose pen-name was Daniel Stern. The eldest was Blandine, born at Geneva in 1835; she died in 1862, five years after marrying Émile Ollivier, a lawyer, and a future minister of the liberal Empire. The youngest, Daniel, born at Rome, died at Berlin at the age of nineteen, in 1859. Cosima first saw the light in 1839.

In the fifth of his "Lettres d'un Bachelier-ès-musique," published by the *Revus et Gazette musicale* of Paris, addressed from Bellagio, September 20, 1837, to Louis de Ronchaud, Liszt leads off thus.

Whenever you may write the story of two happy lovers, place them on the shore of Lake Como. I do not know any countryside so manifestly blessed by heaven, I have never seen one where the enchantments of a life of love appeared more natural.—(And further on). Yes, my friend, should you have a vision in your dreams of the ideal form of one of those women whose celestial charm is not a snare for the senses, but a revelation for the soul; should there appear to you, beside her, a young man whose heart is faithful and sincere,—let your fancy picture a moving love-tale between them, and begin it with these words: "By the shore of Lake Como."

Two years later, Cosima Liszt was born by the shore of this entrancing lake, and in the Spring of 1840 George Sand, the friend of Liszt and the countess (whom she calls Arabella in her "Lettres d'un Voyageur"), brought out at the Théâtre-Franacis Cosima, ou la Heine dans l'amour, her first dramatic work, whose very first performance was a complete fiasco. Liszt, continuing his triumphal progress throughout Europe, entrusted his three children to his excellent mother, dwelling in Paris at 19, rue Pigalle. A little later (about 1848-49) they were en pension with Seghers, the violinist and orchestral conductor, founder of the Société Sainte-Cécile. In 1851, Reinecke, then in Paris, gave piano lessons to Blandine and Cosima.

It was in 1853 that Wagner, during a brief stay in Paris, saw the two sisters and their brother Daniel for the first time. The very striking resemblance of the youthful Daniel to his father made a "touching impression" on him, whereas the two young girls impressed him only "by their timidity and the air of reserve which they continually maintained."

Blandine married Emile Ollivier in October, 1857. The same year, and nearly at the same time, Hans von Bulow, the composer, pianist and conductor, and a most zealous admirer of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, married, at Berlin, "that angel in heart and soul whose name is Cosima." The young married pair proceeded straightway to Zurich, where they passed several weeks in Wagner's circle. This was a short time before the "catastrophe" which put an end to Wagner's sojourn at the Wesendonks', where he had just begun writing Tristan und Isolde. Thenceforward Cosima felt herself irresistibly attracted toward him for whom her father incessantly fought and devoted himself. Seven years later, at Munich, when Wagner thought he had at last found an asylum, the decisive intimacy was established. The sequel we know.

In 1865 Wagner was forced to leave Munich and retire to Switzerland; in 1866 his first wife, Wilhelmine Planer, died; Hans von Bülow having obtained a divorce, Wagner married Cosima Liszt on August 25th, 1870; she had already presented him with two daughters and a son—Isolde, Eva and Siegfried.

He passed the last ten years of his life at Bayreuth, not leaving the little Bavarian town, where he had erected his theatre, until the performances of Parsifal were ended and he sought repose in Venice, where death overtook him in 1883.

Everybody knows with what rare energy and what a comprehension of artistic affairs she whom Liszt termed his Valkyrie took up and developed the exploitation of the "Festspiele" at Bayreuth.

Thenceforward the enterprise entered upon a period of prosperity which Wagner himself could have imagined only for a distant future.

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The hitherto unpublished letters now following were written by Cosima Wagner, or taken from her dictation, as the state of her health—so the letter of December the 6th, 1885, and some others, inform us—did not permit her to wield the pen herself. They have reference to the French translation which Victor Wilder, commencing with the year preceding, had undertaken to make of the Wagnerian poems (with the exception of Rienzi, The Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser and Lohengrin, which had been translated and published by Nuitter). It was a long and arduous task—nothing less than the translation of seventeen acts and their adaptation to the music; and Wilder, in order to accomplish it to the satisfaction of Wagner's heirs and assigns, had addressed himself to Bayreuth to obtain their sanction for his undertaking. Such was the origin of this correspondence of 1885, wherein the widow of the poet-composer imparts information, calls attention to the Master's principles, suggests procedures of translation, and offers observations, to which Wilder replies in his long letter of November 30.

The first letter from Bayreuth is addressed to the composer Eduard Lassen (1830-1904), who, of Danish extraction, had prosecuted his studies at Brussels and had succeeded Liszt at Weimar in 1861.

When Dis Walkites (after Victor Wilder's death) had been brought out at the Paris Opéra (1893), and the question arose of producing the Meistersinger at the same theatre, Cosima Wagner chose a new translation, made by Alfred Ernst. There ensued a lawsuit between the publisher Schott, the heirs of Wagner and those of Wilder. Despite the eloquent plea of Waldeck-Rousseau, the Paris Court of Appeals decided on July 1, 1897, that the publishers and Wagner's family were entitled to put on the stage a version differing from the one which is the subject of the correspondence below. Thenceforward, only Dis Walkites continued to be given on the French stage in the first translation in which it had been produced.

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Bayrouth, July 12, 1885.

Dear Mr. Lassen,
We are really grateful to you; the question you raise has occupied
us for months.

The translations of the Meistersinger, by Wilder, and of Lohengrin, are known through and through at Wahnfried. Two points are to be seriously considered-it is perfectly certain that if Lohengrin had been produced at Paris in 1882, Mr. Nuitter's translation would have been

accepted without hesitation.

On the other hand, the problem of translating the works into the French language has not yet been so completely solved, in spite of the fine versions already made, that so great a responsibility as the adoption of a translator other than the one selected can be assumed. I enclose herewith a piece of work which my mother commenced this winter, and which she intended to have submitted to M. Wilder at a future time, in order to reach an understanding with him concerning the definitive cast to be given to his translations. But nothing less being involved than a total revolution of the entire system now in vogue. we were reluctant to dispatch a hasty message, and my mother (after conferring with the conductor) limited herself to addressing the request to M. Nuitter, that he should make some few alterations which appeared indispensable, or in case he had no time to do so to sak M. Wilder to assume this task.

Kindly convey, with my compliments, my thanks to M. Wilder, whose devotion to our cause and whose talent we thoroughly appreciate.

and believe me, etc.

Daniela de Bülow.

P. S. It occurs to me that perhaps you have not time to examine my mother's critical work. It will suffice, without wearying you unnecessarily, for you to know that the translation of the Meistersinger has been revised word by word and note by note.

#### To Victor Wilder

Bayreuth, Oct. 5, 1885.

Sir.

As soon as I had written you in her name, Mamma began with the revision of your version. This morning she sends you the first pages as revised, begging you to excuse their disorderly look. She has gone over what you had the kindness to write me; knowing that you are so well informed, she does not refer you to pages 136-148 in Vol IV of the Writings, and asks nothing better than to support your contention with regard to the rhyme, should you actually achieve the tour de force of observing it and, at the same time, doing away with mannerisms and misconstructions, and respecting the agreement of word with note.

After having accomplished a considerable task, this is an enormously difficult one to which you so obligingly address yourself, for the genius of the two languages is so dissimilar, that one has to

ponder almost every word.

If you found it possible to give the version a more naive turn (making use of Old French), Mamma thinks that you would render it more spirited and also more faithful.

As for the apostrophe, she inquires if you could not employ it in

the refrains, after the manner of the French folk-song.

Finally, she begs you to let her know whether you desire that she should continue as she has begun, or if you prefer that she should merely add notes to your version.

We all unite with her in thanking you, Monsieur, and in assuring

you of our most affectionate esteem.

Eva Wagner.

P. S. "Handlung in drei Akten" has been the cause of much misapprehension in Germany, too; it is not the title of the tragedy; on the back of the title my father wrote: "Personen der Handlung," and more than once he made fun of the resulting misconceptions and the theories erected on these misconceptions.

(The pages in Wagner's Writings to which this letter alludes form Chapter II of the third part of "Opera and Drama"—Poetry and Music in the Drama of the Future.)

(Oct. 29, 1885.)

Sir,

Mamma has received your version of Tristan und Isolde, and the first impression received is the following—that there are no changes, or hardly any, possible in this most conscientious and remarkable version.

Another question occupies her particularly. She asks herself whether, in translating my father's works into French, it would not be better to break with all conventions, omit the rhymes, introduce blank verse, employ the apostrophe when necessary to avoid mute syllables, utilize archaisms, make inversions without hesitation—in a word, to proceed with the utmost boldness in order to succeed in giving

a faithful reflection of his works.

Their introduction into France is a complete innovation; Mamma thinks that it cannot succeed except by venturing an open rupture with all operatic procedure. If the melody of the orchestra conveys to us the mood of a character, the declaimed note is, so to speak, the soul of the word it accompanies. In order that this sung declamation shall produce its effect, it is well-nigh induspensable that this union of word and note should not be broken, far more so, indeed, that everything should be sacrificed to it (such, at least, is Mamma's idea). She is well aware of the scope of her proposition, but the longer she considers it the more she is convinced that a transplantation of my father's works cannot be effected unless one shows the same spirit of originality and innovation in France that was shown in Germany. He himself demanded blank verse for the translation of Tannhäuser; the Director of the Opéra refused his request. Mamma thinks that by adopting it all mannerisms would be avoided and, with them, serious poetical ineptitudes.

Now, Monsieur, have the goodness to let Mamma know what you desire her to do. The extreme carefulness of your version, the trouble you have taken to observe the accents of the original, have not escaped her attention, and, as I remarked at the outset, she finds nothing to correct in your work. It appears to her that you have made some alterations in the notes, concerning which she has nothing further

to say. But in case you would like her to give you an approximate idea of the translation she dreams of, please send her the vocal score which you have been using, and she will make the word for word [translation] of some of the scenes, or even of all, should you so desire. And you would then recast this word for word version in the indispensable literary form, which you will certainly find, thanks to the talent which has already solved an almost insolvable problem. If it meets your approval, the two versions might be published in one and the same volume, the second being preceded by an explanatory preface (the second version, in this case, would be for the singers).

With regard to the subtitle "Drame musicale," Mamma requests, you to omit it, and in explanation of this request refers you to Vol.

IX, page 359, of my father's Complete Works.

Mamma is deeply moved by the devotion and the lofty comprehension of the ideal manifested in your work; she is also very sensible of the friendly feelings which dictated your message, for which she thanks you with all her heart.

To her compliments I add the assurance of my most distinguished

consideration.

Bayreuth, Oct. 29, 1885.

Eva Wagner.

### Victor Wilder's Reply

Paris, Oct. 30, 1885.

Mademoiselle,

The approbation of my work which your noble mother is so kind as to express is, for me, the most precious appreciation and the highest recompense that my ambition could seek.

What gives me the keenest satisfaction is to see that, as regards the essential principle which should control the translation of your illustrious

father's works, my ideas are in complete conformity with yours.

"In order that this sung declamation (you say) shall produce its full effect, it is indispensable that this union of word and note should not be broken, but rather that everything should be sacrified to it.' It is precisely this rule which has served me as a guide, and to its practical realization I have subordinated my every effort

With indefatigable perseverance I have endeavored above all to reproduce, in the French version, the energy and the speaking precision of the original declamation, seeking in some sort to incarnate my verse in the music. By blending two distinct and long-separated arts, poetry and music, your illustrious father created a superior art which, although realizing the most sublime effects of the two arts that it absorbs, is, strictly speaking, neither the one nor the other. My unswerving intent has been to make this interpenetration of music and poetry felt in the French text.

Hence, I did not scruple to insert a few notes when they were needed to give additional force to the declamation, or greater fidelity to my interpretation of the German text. I am very glad to learn that your noble mother attaches no importance to these modifications, and, furthermore, I feel as though I were absolved in advance by the Master himself, because in this respect he takes all the liberties that the declamation demands, every time when the development of the action recalls one or another of the typical motives.

I now reach, Mademoiselle, the most delicate question raised by

your letter.

You advise me to be bold, and encourage me to break with all conventions by adopting a system of versification different from the one which is in common use in our language. Permit me to say, that audacity of this sort is the privilege of genius, and to this I have no rightful pretension whatever. I see no impropriety in making use of archaisms and inversions; on the contrary, certain advantages may arise therefrom, by which, in accordance with your advice, I shall benesforward hasten to profit; but, with regard to the other innovations you recommend. I

beg to make certain reservations.

The mute syllables, when skilfully handled, offer no difficulty, as I hope to convince you by practical demonstration. To replace them by the apostrophe would be a more artful than efficacious procedure. You may indeed banish them from the written word, but you cannot expel them from the pronunciation. This being so, it is better to accept them frankly, taking care, however, to curb them (so to speak) and, to allow them no more than the strict value they possess in the language. As for that, I understand your antipathy for the mute syllables, considering the deplorable use to which they are put by the French translators and our composers themselves, who have not the most elementary notions of proceedy, and are ignorant of the laws governing the union of words with music.

Concerning blank verse, I am equally unable to acquiesce in your opinion, and I shall lay before you the reasons for my own, formed long ago after mature consideration. To begin with, Tristen and the Meistersinger are written in rhymed verse. The Tetralogy, to be sure, employs alliteration—but what may alliteration be, if not embryonic rhyme?

So it would be an initial infidelity, to my thinking, to translate a

rhymed text into verses deprived of rhyme.

A still weightier reason is, that blank verse is non-existent in French, rhyme is the very essence of our verse, whose rhythm is founded on rhyme alone. Translating a poem into blank verse amounts to the same thing as translating it into prose. Now, French prose—as your noble mother knows better than I—does not measure up to the elevation of speech indispensable to the translation of works so lofty in scope as those at present in question.

Any attempt at exalting its tone results in pomposity and grandiloquence. To associate the prose tongue of the earth earthy with the ideal language of music appears to me, under the given conditions, like a

sort of profamation.

Poetry alone has wings capable of following the flight of melody. For the rest, why demand the proscription of rhyme? The only reason that could be advanced is, that it might interfere with the fidelity of the translation

We'll then, permit me to say, Mademouselle, that this reason does not exist. Rhyme is assuredly troublesome for those who do not find it naturally, but, for a versifier familiar with the secrets of his trade, it does not offer the slighest obstacle.

Together with this letter you will receive. Mademoiselle, the score of Tristan with my manuscript version under the musical text. Kindly excuse its bad condition, which, it should be observed, is due to its having passed through the engraver's hands.

I venture to hope that your noble mother will have the goodness to submit it to a searching revision, and inform me of all the details to

which she may take exception.

Regarding the obliging offer she made me to translate several scenes, I accept it gratefully; though I should prefer that it might apply to Siegfried, on which I am working at present. A version made by her, and conforming at every point to her ideal, would be an invaluable model for me, and I await it with lively impatience.

Believe me, etc.

Victor Wilder.

Bayreuth, Nov. 12, 1885.

Monsieur.

I am greatly indebted to you for your amiable letter with the

score, and thank you most heartily.

Moreover, I am really touched by the indulgence with which you are pleased to receive my observations, and I entreat you, Monsieur, not to consider my remarks as a criticism (disapproval) of your work, or as a proof of my incapacity to appreciate either the difficulty of the problem or the value of the results already obtained; they represent merely a modest and serious attempt to reach an understanding on fundamental principles.

Even if you had told me that it was too late to make changes in the translation of *Tristan*, I should nevertheless have continued, in order to let you see what I meant by the additional difficulties you encounter by the observance of the rhyme. But I should be hopelessly discouraged if my remarks could be interpreted by you in the sense of a criticism wholly out of place with respect to so formidable a task as

yours.

The serious weakness of my eyes has prevented me from finishing the first act of Tristan. I expect to take it up again next week, but I progress far more slowly than I could wish. Could you not obtain a

postponement from the firm of Breitkopf?

It is the alterations made in the music that disturb me almost more than the poetical liberties. Would it not be possible for us to come to an agreement on this point—to change notes only in favor of an absoute exactitude of the text?

I do not know whether the inverse procedure is possible (to change the text only in favor of a rigorous adherence to the notes), but I submit it to you with the other, while repeating my entreaty that you should

not misunderstand the intention of my observations

If they were addressed to you, Monsieur, by the spoken word, it would be in the form of interrogations; in writing, and with the brevity enjoined on me, they assume, I fear, an appearance not inherently their own.

I venture to hope, Monsieur, that you will take the circumstances into consideration, and that you will always feel that no one can better appreciate, than I, the almost insurmountable difficulties of the undertaking, and the high order of excellence that you have displayed.

Believe me, etc.

C. Wagner.

Dear Sir.

Mamma has received your kind lines and the package. She desires me to thank you most heartily for them. Her eyes continually prevent her from working. Three times she has begun on *Tristan*, and has been obliged to give it up. I am going to write in her name to Messra. Breitkopf & Härtel and ask them how long a postponement they can grant Mamma, who some day or other will probably have to consult an oculist, as her sight is failing more and more. We beg you, etc.

Eva Wagner.

P. S. In case her eye trouble should be protracted, or even grow worse, Mamma would beg you to proceed with the publication without her, for she relies implicitly on your good management, and on your divination of what she has endeavored to convey to you.

Bayreuth, Dec. 6, 1885.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

## THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ART OF "BEL CANTO"

#### REMARKS ON THE CRITICAL HISTORY OF SINGING

### By GIULIO SILVA

"the golden age of bel canto" is not marked by exact boundaries; it embraces a span of approximately two hundred years, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

It was called thus because the singers and composers of the time were devoted, first and foremost, to the pure musical beauty of melody and the singing voice; that is to say, the artist's inspiration drew its highest potency of expression from the musical properties of the human voice as perfected by all the resources of the art of song. Thus lyricism attained its loftiest heights in Italy, through the efforts of composers and singers, with the culminating splendor of the school of bel canto in the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth.

The historical preparatory period of this golden age was long, whereas the course of its decadence was rapid indeed. The period of preparation was long because it punctually followed the evolution of musical art among the Mediterranean peoples—having its origin, that is, in the musical art of the Hellenes; contrariwise, the period of decadence was extremely short, because it was occasioned by a phenomenon of conquest—the intellectual domination of Germano-Celtic culture over the Greco-Latin culture of the Mediterranean belt.

It is said, and may also be read in many books, that bel canto really originated with Giulio Caccini, who is considered by many to be the founder—the inventor, so to speak—of the aria for a solo voice with instrumental accompaniment, and with the establishment of the melodrama through the initiative of the Florentine camerata of the counts Bardi di Vernio, in which shine refulgent the names of Emilio Del Cavaliere, Jacopo Peri, Vincenzo Galilei, and that of Caccini himself, this being in the closing years of the sixteenth century and the opening of the seventeenth. This means, that the origin of bel canto is attributed to the two

characteristic institutions of the seventeenth century, namely, the aria for solo voice and the recitative style. This is not accurate; these two modes of artistic expression, which gave the art of bel canto an opportunity to develop and establish itself rapidly within the brief space of little more than a century, were neither the creation of a moment nor the invention of the artists named above. On the contrary, their adoption and development by the world of art were preceded by long periods of preparation in the foregoing centuries.

Commencing with Hellenic art and coming down gradually until the sixteenth century, we find evidences of a continuous evolution in the spirit and forms of musical art leading us uninterruptedly step by step to monodic song and the recitative

of the seventeenth century.

The final aim of the art of singing is to make of the human voice a potent agent of musical emotion, for when a human being is musically moved, he feels and communicates his emotion more strongly than in his usual psychological state.1 Hence, the evolution of our art may be considered as essentially the evolution of the means employed by artists to further that aim. On the other hand, the varied impressions one experiences and which are expressed through the medium of these musical means, remain fundamentally invariable throughout the ages, just as the human psyche is invariable. Therefore, during the ages there has not been an evolution of human consciousness, but only an evolution of the means of expression, and it is the transformation of these means which we ought to study in order to understand the evolution of the art of song from the times of Hellenic culture down to the Renascence, the epoch immediately preceding the establishment, in definite form, of bel canto.

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By comparing the means of expression of the plastic arts (architecture, sculpture, painting) with the means of expression of the musal arts (poetry, dance, and music—properly so-called—

By reason of a wrong interpretation of these facts it has always been said that music expresses feelings. On the contrary, music does not express per as any feeling whatever, but simply induces in man a psychological state that makes him feel and express the emotions themselves in the highest degree. Aristotle, a profound psychologist, had already observed this fact and asserted that music awakens in the hearer and executant a "katharsis," that is, a state of mind extraordinarily favorable to the agitation which any impressions may arouse in him, and to its manifestation. On these phenomena the art of song has been based from time immemorial, this art thus being essentially a lyric art.

either vocal or instrumental), we shall perceive that the combination of lines and the combination of colors in the plastic arts finds its perfect parallel in the musal arts in those combinations of notes which we term rhythmic accent and melodic line. In the former, the sole medium of communication is the sense of sight; in the latter, the chief medium of communication is the sense of hearing, the sense of sight occupying a very subordinate position, as in the dance-pantomime, which constitutes (according to Aristotle) the transition from the plastic arts to the musal arts. Ancient Greek art, having reached heights thitherto unattained with the arts which employ the line without color, these being architecture, aculpture and design, likewise reached the highest perfection in the musal arts through the medium of rhythm, both in the dance and in poetry; both of these employ melody as an auxiliary, not as a sovereign means of expression, just as color found employment in the plastic arts, in a general way, as a purely decorative device. Plato, for example, does not concede an expressive significance to melody, and therewith condemns the use of purely instrumental music in which melody is the absolutely predominant element, while the rhythmic element can never, by reason of the very mechanicalness of the instrument, arrive even distantly at the perfection to which one can attain by means of the voice, and more especially with words set to music. Precisely for these reasons Plato himself says that "in song the rhythm and the words are of principal importance, the tones of the least" -meaning the melodic succession of the tones, or (as we say) the motive. The evolution of Greek musical art was therefore essentially one of rhythm. In the archaic epoch preceding Homer, the Hellenes possessed an established patrimony of melodies, of musical motives, which they called nomoi (laws), perhaps because they were employed in chanting the sacred and civil ordinances, perhaps because they were rules for the employment of music in definite forms. In either case, melody did not serve to lend expression to the words, but solely as a decorative element. With the inception of lyric poetry the human voice began to discover continually intensifying means of expressiveness in the rhythm of the verses; new melodies were invented, but the strophic form of the poems apprises us that melody, as in the archaic nomes, continued to function as a decorative element. The earliest forms of choral music, the cyclic choruses of the dithyrambus. equally exhibit the triumph of rhythm, for the song was united with dancing, whereas the melody continued in its purely decorative function. Many ancient poet-musicians of Greece were

celebrated as inventors of rhythms, of metres-not as inventors of expressive melodies. The melopotos was an inventor of beautiful melodies, but they did not possess the function of emotional expression. This function was preëminently reserved for the rhythm, the masculine element (as the Greeks called it) of music. Pathos was never generated by the melody, but unquestionably by rhythm; at the very most (after Aristotle, that is, later than the fourth century B.C.), ethos was attributed not alone to the rhythm, but also to the so-called harmonies, namely, the tonal modes that is to say, to only one of the fundamental elements of melodic expression; this was a rudimentary principle of coloristic musical expression, so much so, indeed, that they began then to use the word cromos (color) in defining the so-called chromatic genera and certain shades of intonation proper to certain genera of melody. But it was not genuine and veritable melody, constant in all its expressive elements. In the Greek tragedies the author indicated, at most, the mode (that is, the scale) in which the melody of a poetic phrase was to be executed; very rarely did he indicate the notes of the melody itself. It is extremely doubtful whether the very few tragic melodies handed down to us in writing were certainly invented by the author of the tragedy; many were probably the invention of some interpreter, successions of tones which this latter, or possibly the accompanying citharist, retained in memory. On the other hand, what took on a fixed form was the strophic melody, the choral melody, like the hymns, and precisely because, in them, the melody had a decorative artistic quality like the color and the polychrome marbles of statues and edifices.

The Greek singer, then, drew his emotional influence more from the accents and the rhythm of his voice than from the elements of expressive color. That is why we find, in the history of Greek art, no trace whatever of a vocal training for singers in the sense of our own.

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However, in the progress of the evolution of musical art we are able to perceive that melody in song gradually assumes a more and more expressive character.

In Gregorian Chant we find embryonic forms of "intoned recitation" in which the form of the melody is none other than one wherein the singer, within the limits of his vocal compass and range of intonation, can endue it freely with an expressive vocal

coloration according to his own temperament.

Song, which increasingly continued to draw its means of expression not only from rhythm, but also from tone, engendered in artists the need for developing the musical quality in the voices of singers; that is, from this point of view, it was not felt to be satisfactory to let the individual give merely what his simple natural instincts permitted, but a need was felt to develop his gifts by training, to study the most suitable means for correcting the defects and amplifying the good qualities of the voice in order to render it as beautiful as possible, and thus to be in a position to profit by the fine properties of the tone so as to make the melody increasingly expressive through the agency

of excellence of interpretation.

The system of solmisation employing the syllables ut, re, mi, fo, sol, la, invented and first applied by the monk Guido d'Arezzo in his Schola Cantorum in the eleventh century, is, in point of fact, one of the earliest results of this search after melodic expressiveness, of the striving towards an improvement of musical coloration through the medium of the voice. Guido d'Arezzo's six syllables were not invented to give names to the notes; that is to say, for many centuries they did not possess the significance at present attributed to them; they formed a system of solfeggio, of vocal and musical training, based on the hexachord, which is a section of six tones of the scale. Let us take note, however, of this highly important fact—that solfeggio was invented and for numerous centuries employed as a method of vocal training, and that its appearance in the eleventh century marked the dawn of expressive song founded on those musical elements which have to do with the beauty of the tone itself. This epoch signalizes the inception of an inversion of value in the terms of Plato's abovequoted phrase, which defined the musical mentality of the Greeks: "in song the rhythm and the words are of principal importance. the tones of the least." Hence, starting with the eleventh century, the invention and diffusion of solmisation informs us that "in song the tones no longer bear a secondary importance, but a principal importance on an equality with the rhythm and words."

Even in the opening centuries of the Christian era music already took the first steps in preparation of this evolution. The tropi and troparia of liturgical chant in the Greek Church during these early times, in the form of passages or melismata; then the melismata of Ambronian chant (fourth century); then the tropi and sequences of the ninth and tenth centuries handed down in the

breviaries of St. Gall; and later those hymns and sequences which gave rise to a great number of profane popular songs, to the Lauds, the Mysteries, etc.—all these were forms of expressive song.

During the centuries following the earliest ones of the Christian era we can, therefore, trace the evolution of the principle of bel canto—in other words, the search after the "voice beautiful," the fascination exerted by vocal coloration, the gradual triumph of melody both in the monodic and the polyphonic style.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the scholæ cantorum educated children and adults in singing. In the churches the people already heard voices trained in song, and so, both in these schools and in the churches, the people learned to love singing, and individuals drawn to this art had special inducements to exercise their musical gifts by composing songs and singing them. Thus it came about that just in secular music, and more particularly in its popular branch, we can trace the development of coloristic vocal expressiveness. It was the chants chevaleresques, the lais, the sirventes, the descorts, all the various songs of the ménestrels and roving minstrels of the Middle Ages, and the lays of the troubadours of Provence, which prepared the way for the are nove of the fourteenth century. And this "new art" betokened the definitive acceptance (on the part of musicians, too) of the song a solo as a composition of art with a pronounced predominance of lyric expression. The caecie, the madrigali, the carole, of the blossoming of Italian music in the fourteenth century, are compositions wherein the leading part is always taken by a free melody of an absolutely expressive character. The most noted names of this period are Giovanni da Cascia, mentioned by Filippo Villani, Pietro Cascella, the friend of Dante, and the famous Landino Degli Organi, a celebrated blind organist.

This Florentine are nova is a clear assertion of Italianism as contrasted with the Parisian are antiqua which had introduced the earliest forms of vocal polyphony (the discantus, the cantus gemeilus, the falso bordone, the motetus)—forms which exclude simple vocal expressiveness in favor of artifical mechanical invention, assimilating the vocal organ with the sonorous mechanical agencies fabricated by the hand of man. Conserved with this are nova of the fourteenth century we find a precious heritage from Greek art, namely, the employment of rhythm (which is one of the less mensurable manifestations of the artistic human psyche) as a means of expression in free forms of the widest scope. In the are parigina, on the contrary, the expressive power of rhythm was threatened with emasculation through the

influence of the musica mensuralis in the fixed forms of the beats. in the figuration which established a fixed duration for the tones. Thus the peculiar characteristics of Italian or rather Mediterranean musical art thenceforward manifested themselves as distinct from those of foreign art.

It is of the highest importance to note how the dawn of artistic expressive song coincided with the dawn of Italian and Provenced literature, that is, of the very two languages whose distinctive characteristic, as compared with other tongues, is the melodic expressiveness of the voice. This simple statement would suffice to demonstrate the absolute dependence of the musical art and the musical spirit of a people upon their language, and this because musical art is simply and solely a necessary derivation from the voice, whether in its instinctive natural manifestation as language, or in its most elevated artistic form. poetry, developing itself through the medium of the musical elements proper to the language itself.

The musical difference between the Latin and Italian languages is at bottom the same that exists between the song of antiquity, the canto fermo, and the ars nova which essayed its first steps in Provence and Tuscany-it is a contrast found in the musical expressiveness of the voice. It is important to observe that, as the Tuscan tongue was the mother of our

language, it was equally the mother of our music.

The fifteenth century, in music as in all the arts, was a period of transition. As always happens in such periods, its enfeebled condition laid it open to the infiltration of foreign arts, which developed from germs evolved from the forms, not from the intimate essence, of Italian art. Thus, from the Florentine cacere, originated that art of the canon which developed in Holland. then giving rise to the imitative style, and later to the fugue. From the forms of profane composition of the ars nova were born the religious songs of the English and French, likewise the Spanish songs; during that period there flourished, most of all, the Flemish School of song, which in a short time succeeded in gaining possession of the Italian School.

In this fifteenth century various political events favored the foreign infiltration into Italian art, chief among them being the transference of the Popes to Avignon (the so-called Babylonian captivity of the Church) and their return to Rome with a

numerous and notable cohort of singers and musicians, in great part Flemings, who found it easy to impose their art upon the churches of Rome and Italy. But if, in this century, our native art was stifled for the time being and took refuge in the simple forms of the spontaneous folk-music (the frottola, the strombotto, the villanella, etc.)—just as the chaste architecture and the ingenuous paintings of that epoch conserve, in their simplicity and their genuine expressiveness, characteristics of true Italian purity in music—out of this period of rigorous repression there emerged in a few years the magnificent bloom of the Renascence. In the sixteenth century were born Palestrina, Nannini, Anerio, Vittoria, Luca Marenzio, Gabrieli, Orazio Vecchi, all of whom, in the very polyphonic form imposed by the Flemings, maintained the sovereign might of the lyrical and emotional expression of the singing

voice which is characteristic of Italian musicianship.

The regulations emanating from the Council of Trent (1545-63) with respect to sacred music were inspired, perhaps intuitively, by conceptions of purely Italian musical purity, the said regulations insisted, in fact, that the words should be so sung as to be understood. This is equivalent to proclaiming that the emotional musical potency of the human voice ought to issue from its essential elements unaltered by vicious pronunciation—which means that by their intimate interpenetration words and music ought mutually to enhance their expressive power. This came to be a necessary consequence of that entire trend of Italian music from the eleventh century onward towards that principle which we claim to be fundamental in and characteristic of bel conto, namely, the quest of beauty and purity of vocal tone in its highest degreea conception which, during the course of the sixteenth century, was asserting itself in practice, took on a definitive form in the seventeenth, and finally attained to full and complete development in the eighteenth century and the first decades of the nineteenth. And the like principle was, of necessity, destined to spread throughout all branches of instrumental technique. So we arrive at the conclusion, that the qualities inherent in musical beauty of tone form the prime, indispensable condition for an artistic production. From this axiom (as we venture to term it) were derived all those consequences of the didactic and practical tendencies which characterize the methods of singing and instruction in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, besides all the methods, even the modern ones, of instrumental teaching. The human organ which produces or causes the production of the most beautiful tone possible, functions well in conformity

with the plan of natural law; by training that organ, from the beginning, for the production of the most beautiful tone, there was achieved a successful feat not only of artistic education but also of technical education, because it was only by means of such continuous correct functioning that the organ was strengthened, attained equilibrium in its peculiar operations, and gradually and naturally acquired all the qualities necessary for obtaining the most potent musical effects.

The so greatly vaunted, and by many regarded as mysterious, secret of the singing-methods and teachings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, is nothing more than the consistent observance of this simple and all-important precept, from which these methods and that period of artistic blossomtime actually derived the appellation of "bel canto"—the search after beautiful tone under the guidance and inspiration of the conceptions of

purest art.

During the sixteenth century, therefore, the seed sown in the preceding ages developed in rapid and luxuriant growth. The quest of bel canto on the part of singers and musicians contributed to an ever wider diffusion of a love for this art among the elect of the populace, who, amid the renascence of all literary and artistic culture, felt a new and stronger esthetic urge. Beside the courts of princes, in the houses of wealthy and noble patrician families, in the sumptuous churches everywhere in process of erection, good music and good singers were sought for. Love of art in musicians and their wealthy patrons, the ambition of princes and lords, the lust of gold among professionals, all combined in this epoch of renascence to give a powerful impulse to our art and to produce a great number of admirable singers and teachers.

But, as always happens in periods of great activity, together with the chosen spirits who observed the immutable laws of equilibrium and good taste in their artistic productions, there was to be found the multitudinous throng of professionals endowed with slender artistic talents, who were disposed, by dint of incessant cultivation, to make technique the ultimate goal of their profession, so that virtuosity in their case came to have an excessive preponderance over the purely artistic virtues of expressive song. The lyrical expression of the emotions through the medium of the perfected musical powers of the voice had no allurements for this throng of mediocre artists, for, being unable to stir the feelings of their hearers, they sought to fascinate them, and the means for exerting such fascination was—agility. By patient practice in the lightening of their vocal emission, the

singers finally acquired that precious accomplishment which they called the gorgia, i.e., the art of making gorgheggi (passages and trills), wherewith they prodigally adorned every kind of music as they listed. It was a species of improvisation which the soloist (usually a soprano and generally a man) indulged in during the execution of a piece. The melody written by the author, and frequently even the formal lines of plainsong, served as canvasses on which the singer embroidered his gorgheggi. For the long notes of the melody the singer substituted a passage, or run, of "agility." This artifice was termed "diminution," and the art of diminution constituted one of the most important parts of the practice and technique of singing at that time. It may be imagined to what lengths of artistic profanation this excessive liberty went when left to the ingenuity of these virtuose singers!

In madrigals in several parts the soprano soloist, while the others sang their parts as written, displayed his vocal fireworks to the extent of his ability; when singing a solo aria with instrumental accompaniment, he allowed himself every liberty. This style of singing was called canto figurato in contrast to the

canto fermo of liturgical music.

But while singers by trade misused their virtuosity in these excesses, and alongside of the throng of mediocrities and ciphers, there were many rare artists, both composers and singers, who pressed forward unswervingly on the path of true and lofty art. The expressiveness of melody became more and more potent in its manifestation. We may affirm, that the entire art of the sixteenth century is dominated by the search after melodic expression in song. Although singers in general strove to perfect themselves in florid vocalism, many of them did not neglect to master the art of expressing emotions by the color of the voice, by the charm of their accents, by the most exquisite vocal modulations.

Individual song progressed with long strides and spread further and further, gaining a decisive preponderance over vocal polyphony. The "new aria, grateful to the ears" (nuova aria et grata alle orecchie)—as Vincenzo Giustiniani, a writer toward the close of the sixteenth century, says in his "Discorso sopra la musica de' suoi tempi"—was the melody now predominant in all compositions; such melodies were "new" by reason of their great expressiveness, and made themselves "grateful to the ears" not merely by means of exquisite melodic invention, but by the numerous and unanticipated florid ornamentations which the virtuosi lavished upon them. Indeed, Padre Zacconi, a theorist

of repute at the end of the sixteenth century, writes that "the embellishments and accents are made by splitting and breaking up the figures (the diminutions), every time that in a beat or half-beat there is added a quantity of notes whose peculiarity resides in their swift delivery; the which afford so great pleasure and delight that one might fancy he was listening to so many well-trained birds that with their song enravish the heart and leave us in the end well content with their singing. Those among them who have so great readiness and skill in the delivery a tempo of such showers of notes with such rapidity, have made and make the contilene so lovely, that now whoever does not sing like them gives slight satisfaction to the hearers and is but lightly esteemed by the singers."

Such, then, was the art of song when the sixteenth century ended: A delicate and exquisite expressiveness of melody, achieved by simple and instinctive means not refined by special technical training, which latter aimed almost exclusively at perfecting the gorgia, attaining this through constant lightness of emission, by the execution of vocal flourishes, trills and passages;—an ever increasing diffusion, especially in the profane style, of songs for a solo voice;—a continuous intensification of expression of the melody in the madrigals and polyphonic or, rather, polymelodic compositions.

Here, then, we find the inception of bel canto, of which we have sought, in the preceding, to offer a brief synthetic view.

At this time, toward the end of the sixteenth century and at the beginning of the seventeenth, appears the Roman Giulio Caccini. He coordinated, perfected, and carried over into the field of professional artistry the results of the progress made in vocal art during the sixteenth century. He wrote a collection of "Nuove Musiche ad una voce sola," preceded by an Introduction which constitutes the most important document thitherto published concerning the technique of singing. With him the era of bel canto is considered to begin, both as a practical art and in the methods of teaching. The vague and uncertain generalizations of the sixteenth century, the fruit of individual empirical experiment rather than of reasoned practical and artistic research. were not only regulated by him, but amplified; he is one of the most authoritative representatives of the reaction, already in progress, against the degeneration of the virtuosity of the gorgheggianti. The principle of lightness of vocal emission, which had been used for the purpose of perfecting and maintaining the agility of the voice, he adopts as fundamental, though not merely

for the attainment of that purpose, but chiefly for arriving at a far more important goal—namely, purity of tone and flexibility of the voice, in both timbre and intensity, by means of the accents and their musical expansion or augmentation, these being the exclamations, the nots filate (sustained tones), the messa di voes, all serving to attain what was then called the affetts, that is to say,

expressiveness.

The principles enunciated by Caccini rapidly gained the upper hand during the first half of the seventeenth century. Pietro Della Valle, in an essay entitled "Della Musica nell'età nostra," published in 1640, contrasting the singers of that period with those of the sixteenth century, writes: "Therefore all these latter, beyond trills and passages, and a good placing of the voice [i.e., besides agility and a good emission], had in their singing practically nothing further in the art of piano and forte, of increasing the tone gradually and decreasing it gracefully, of the expression of the affetti, of tastefully reinforcing the words and their meanings, of giving the voice a joyous or melancholy cast, of making it plaintive or bold as required, and of other similar embellishments (galanterie) which singers nowadays do excellently well, but in those times had not been thought out."

These remarks of Pietro Della Valle clearly summarize the characteristics of lyrical and expressive song in the seventeenth century as contrasted with that of the sixteenth, which was frequently nakedly musical, florid, and a matter of vocal technique.

While the reaction against mere florid technique was a violent. one, it was still not so strong as to abolish completely that mode of vocal execution, and this is comprehensible when we consider that these forms were musical reflexes and aspects of the everincreasing movement in social life. After the reposeful middle ages, of which we plainly perceive a reflex in the immobile canto fermo, music continuously reflects the growing movement in the life of mankind, primarily in the growing mobility of the new tonalities then coming into being, that is, in the transformation of the horizontal forms of the Gregorian modes into the modern tonalities, and, more especially in the definition and establishment of that major mode which is the characteristic type of ascending motion; also of the minor type inherited from the earliest ancient modes with their descending trend (those of the Greeks);-in the progress of tonal modulation, of chromaticism, etc. When, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the transformation of tonality was approaching its definitive conclusion, the vigorous movement of the Renascence, manifested in the consummate

ability of the great architects, painters, sculptors and writers of that epoch, found in polyphonic music and the contrapuntal forms its natural reflex of motivity; on the other hand, it displayed itself through individual solo song under the above forms of agility in the "diminutions," passages, and florid singing in general. Song tended, little by little, to express its motive characteristics by means of the tones themselves, especially in sustained tones, in accents, in rhythm.

The principle of the szclamation and the messa di socs as employed in expressive music, so well explained by Caccini in his treatise and so well applied in his "Musiche," was not a new principle, for in the sixteenth century, before this time, we find traces and instances of those styles. The novelty of his application consists in the substitution of his principle of movement for the movement of the passages of agility, and in particular in building up on them the expressiveness of the singing. He laid down the precept, to begin with, that when the expression demands it one ought to execute a messa di socs or an exclamation on every half-note or dotted quarter-note in descending, but only the messa di socs on the semibreves—a principle which, from that time through the entire period of bel canto (that is, till towards the middle of the last century), held sway over vocal music.

However, in spite of all these precepts by Caccini and his contemporaries, which tended to substitute the movement in the tone itself for the movement of the tones rapidly following each other in passages of agility, the use of floriture and diminutions had not been completely done away with in the seventeenth century. Caccini himself, a singer and singing-teacher, could not all at once break with tradition and renounce all that had thitherto been called "the chiefest ornament of the singer," and so we see that he still retains in many of his compositions and in his method of singing and instruction a large portion of the ideas and traditions of his time. In the Preface to his "Nuove Musiche" he seeks to vindicate himself before the connoisseurs and reformers as to how and when he introduces passages; but the fact that he does not completely abolish such passages, even in expressive song, demonstrates that in him the virtuoso still had a slight preponderance over the composer. The employment of the diminutions was still in vogue during the first half of the seventeenth century; it was only the singer's liberty of inventing and introducing them which gradually underwent limitation, because the composers were themselves predetermining the passages in their compositions, introducing them where their refined artistic taste adjudged

them most appropriate. So the singers were instructed, not so much to compose them as to execute them. Consequently, in the first half of the seventeenth century, we meet with a considerable number of sacred and secular compositions which served for study and as models for students of singing, and which were intended rather to cultivate the good taste of the student than to encourage him (as was the case in the sixteenth century) in the abuse of the floriture. Hence, in such compositions, expressive singing on prolonged tones was intelligently ordered, though it found wider scope in secular works, in short ariettas for roommusic in a light or sentimental style, which not only professional singers, but also dilettanti of refined taste, were in the habit of performing to their own accompaniment on the lute, or the clavicembalo, or some other instrument then in use. In these simple and unpretentious compositions the purely melodic conception based the expressiveness of the melody on the movements of the voice upon prolonged tones, on the accents, and particularly on the phythmic elasticity. Caccini, in his collection of arise for solo voice, furnishes us with the finest examples of these simple songs. and his Introduction to that work provides valuable hints for their execution.

With regard to the then proclaimed necessity of maintaining, in expressive song, a certain rhythmic freedom, or rather an artistic rhythmical elasticity, we may remark that Caccini-who, like all the members of the Florentine camerata, studied and investigated the modes wherein the art found manifestation among the ancient Greeks-tells us that, as with the Greeks the expressiveness of the word in its natural rhythm was required to govern the tones of the voice (he cites, indeed, Plato's assertion that "music is naught else than language and rhythm, with tone then added, and not the other way about"), so also in the music of his time expression should be sought through the free rhythm of the sung word, combining therewith, however, all the resources of melodic and coloristic expression at the command of the voice, which were unknown to the Greeks. He terms this mode of interpretation the "noble manner which is employed without strict observance of the prescribed measure, frequently reducing the value of the notes by one-half, in accord with the meaning of the words, whence is derived the so-called canto in spressatura [literally, "songs in disregard"].

We have already observed that the two art-forms characteristic of singing in the seventeenth century, the same which permitted of a brief definition of the art of bel canto, were the arisfor solo voice, and the recitative style. We know that the inception of this novel style, which was also called il recitar cantando! (the sung recitation), was due to the reformers of the Florentine camerata, and applied to the earliest manifestations of that new form of theatrical representation known as the Melodrama. The first productions in that style were dry and conventional: but speedily the melodic expressiveness of the voice through the medium of the accents, the rhythm, the inflexions of intensity and color, made their way into it, as well. This declamatory style presented the phenomenon of a most energetic reaction against the abuses of virtuosity by the singers of the sixteenth century, and had a noteworthy influence on the development of musical One of the most illustrious representatives of this new style was Claudio Monteverdi, one of the grandest figures in seventeenth-century art; he opened new horizons for the scope of instrumental music in Opera, and was the precursor of our modern art in the employment of harmony. In singing he was the most authoritative representative of powerful and austere musical declamation completely denuded of florid ornamentation.

However, this recitative style born at the outset of the seventeenth century, although inspired by the genius of Monteverdi, could not maintain itself for long under its original forms. Aris chiuse were very soon interpolated among the recitatives, and from the fusion of the melodic style with the recitative style arose the characteristic form of the monologues in which the song is a mingling of musical declamation and expressive melody arabesqued here and there with passages which, like the volutes and florid ornamentations of the baroque style, enrich with superb phantasy the grandiose lines of the musical composition. Marco da Gagliano, Antonio Cesti, Luigi Rossi and others have bequeathed us splendid models of these compositions.

Alongside of the predominant monodic music, we also find an interesting development of polyphonic music in this century. The madrigal of the sixteenth century continues its existence in the seventeenth, but in a form far simpler and more melodic, more ariose. These forms of songs and madrigals, for the most part accompanied by the sound of instruments, were frequently employed as intermessi in the operas, and found lodgement, more particularly, in those forms of secular art (chamber-music of a worldly character) which were called cantatas, executed by one or more solo singers and a limited number of musicians, the

<sup>\*</sup>Angelo Grillo (1808) formulated the annovation still more explicitly by calling it "un contar sense coate, an captar recitative."—Ed.

peculiar ornament of sumptuous receptions at the houses of lords and princes. The frivolous life of the mundane atmosphere of the period is mirrored in these compositions, sometimes replete with enchanting grace, with airy passion, sometimes imbued with exquisite poetic sentiment; and also in these lighter forms of art, bel canto becomes more and more firmly established.

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Such, then, were the beginnings of the art of bel canto.

With Alessandro Scarlatti at the close of the seventeenth century, and with the divine Pergolesi at the commencement of the eighteenth, bel canto truly enters into its period of fullest bloom, which continues its uninterrupted upward course until Bellini, who marks the final stage in the path of the glorious school, and who represents, with his works of purest Italianism, a perfect synthesis of all the characteristics of bel canto. This author, in his melodies, his recitatives, his declamation, offers the expert singer the means of exploiting all the most potent effects that the art of bel canto can afford; and human emotions find their most powerful medium of expression in these simple melodies, in these inspired musical revelations, whereby the voice in sovereign supremacy transports the hearer to the limits of artistic ecstasy.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

# ON THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN MYTHS AND SCRIPTURES

### By CLEMENT ANTROBUS HARRIS

O a musician there is only one alternative to believing that music is of divine origin, and that is to believe that nothing is. It comes to such an one as a matter of course that poets, philosophers and theologians in all ages and parts of the world should have spoken of music as "The Divine Art"; "Religion's Handmaid"; "The Voice of God to the soul" (Canon Shuttleworth); "Herald of life to be" (Swinburne); "The Speech of Angels," nay more, "The speech of God Himself" (Charles Kingsley); and "sphere-descended maid," to give, in the words of Collins, an idea to be found in the works of many, if not, indeed, most poets. Among those who have ears to hear, such passages as the following are but the apt expression of a truism. "It is by the odes that the mind is aroused. It is by the rules of propriety that the character is established. It is from Music that the finish is received" (Confucius, Analects VIII, Legge's Edition); "I want another [harmony] to be used by him when he is seeking to persuade God by prayer; rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul" (Plato, Republic, III, 399-403, Jowett's translation); "Let us hear a strain of music and we are at once advertised of a life which no man has told us of"(Thoreau); "Away, away! thou [music] speakest to me of things which all my endless life I have not found, and shall not find" (Jean Paul Richter); "The Master puts into music the thoughts which no words can utter, and the description which no tongue can tell" (S. A. Barnett); "Music is a power transcending all other means of expression of ideals, and of eliciting what is most elevating in thought and feeling" (Arthur Watson). The same idea is conspicuous in mythology, Egyptian, Greek and Scandinavian. The sons and daughters of the Nile regarded several of their many gods as specially interested in music. Their temple chants they attributed to the goddess Isis (The Egyptian Maneros, or funeral chants, are believed to be the oldest music in existence). Osiris also was looked upon as a patron deity of song. In many

representations he is accompanied by the nine female singers whom the Greeks subsequently transformed into the nine muses, just as they transformed Osiris into Phœbus Apollo. Among forty-two "priestly-books" assumed to be the work of the god That there are two "Books of the Singer." The god Bes (probably a foreign divinity borrowed from Babylonia or Arabia) was honoured as presiding especially over dancing, music and the cosmic art - that is, apparently, music on its more secular side. The Hellenic peoples personified music in Apollo, who learnt his art from the universal god, Pan, and they attributed to it a miraculous power over the forces of nature. The Scalds held that their music was the gift of Odin or Wodin. Among more modern and Christian nations, the nearest approach I can find towards claiming a divine origin for specific melodies is in regard to the ancient chants known as "Gregorian," or "Plainsong." If it is not expressly stated that these liturgical strains were made in heaven, the language used in regard to them-for instance in the Preface to the Altar Hymnal-certainly implies something more than a merely human authorship. Nor can it be denied that the intensely devotional beauty of at least some examples for instance the traditional music to the sursum corda -smooths the way to such a belief. The church historian Socrates, writing about A.D. 440, relates that in a vision St. Ignatius saw the heavens opened, and heard heavenly choirs praising the Holy Trinity in alternate chants, and the venerable father was so impressed with this method that he introduced antiphonal singing into the church at Antioch-this must have been, of course, about the end of the first century. Thus a divine origin is claimed for the antiphony of the Christian church, if not for that of the Jewish, of the singing in which antiphony was a marked characteristic. It cannot, however, but strike a musician as strange that Ignatius should have recorded the method in which the celestial choir sang, and not the music itself. Perhaps he was not musician enough to notice, or be able to retain and record, technical details. Even if he was, one of the strangest things about dreams, and perhaps visions, is the vividness with which on waking one recalls some particulars—often trifling—and the impossibility of recalling others. More probably we are intended to understand that the heavenly music transcended anything possible to human voices or systems of notation.

As a natural corollary to this conception of the most ethereal of arts it came about in the period when myths, and the more mythical element in scriptures, had their origin, that not only music in the abstract, but the mechanical means of producing it, instruments, were regarded in many instances as of divine origin.

This phenomenon is most conspicuous among the Hindoos, Egyptians and Greeks. The former regarded the Vina, to them the most charming of all instruments, as having been given to mankind by Sarasvati, the benevolent and kind consort of Brahma. Perhaps it should, however, be added that though Sarasvati is the generally-accepted guardian of music, the principal God of Hindoo music is Nareda, who is represented as playing upon the Vina. Music is closely connected with the worship of the Hindoos: the sacred songs in use are said to be traceable to a remote antiquity, and some are ascribed to gods. These melodies, or "Ragas," are, or were, supposed to be capable of miraculous effects. Some forced men, animals, and even inanimate nature, to move according to the will of the singer, an idea characteristic, as already shown, of Greek mythology. Others could not be executed by any mortal man without the risk of being consumed by flames. The singer Naik-Gobaul, who tried to sing a forbidden Raga. notwithstanding that he took the precaution of standing up to his neck in water in the river Jumna, was consumed by fire. (Whatever conclusion may be drawn from the comparison, it is impossible for the student of the Hebrew Scriptures not to be reminded by this legend of the triumph of Elijah over the priests of Baal, after the twelve barrels of water had been poured over his altar. I Kings xviii.) Another Raga had the precisely opposite effect—that of calling down rain; and by singing it a female singer is said to have saved Bengal from drought and famine.

The Egyptians, as we have seen, had notions in regard to the origin of their most ancient melodies similar to those of the Hindoos. And so they had with regard to their favourite instruments. The invention of the lyre they attributed to the god Thot name meaning "Logos" or "Word." Despite this, they did not, according to Apollodorus, dispense in their mythology with the conception of natural means, such as might have been adopted by a human being. The Nile, receding after a flood, left on its banks a dead tortoise. The flesh of the animal being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing was left within the shell but sinews and cartilages, which, being braced and contracted by desiccation, became sonorous when vibrated. Thot, walking along the banks of the Nile, happened to strike his foot against this tortoise shell, was pleased with the sound it produced, and conceived the idea

of the lyre. The earliest lyres, it may be added, were made out of the empty shell of a tortoise with strings affixed to it. In the temple at Dakkeh is a picture which shows that if the firegod Ptah did not invent the harp at least he played upon it. In the earlier ages of their history the Egyptians placed the goddess Isis-Hathor (Isis seems to have been especially associated with Hathor as a local deity) in an idealistic relation to the tonal art. She was, as Ebers tells us, "the holy goddess of love, the mighty heavenly mother of the beautiful filling heaven and earth with deeds of benevolence." But in later times the conception of her divinity seems to have deteriorated. She became a mere muse presiding over dance, sport, song and, I fear truth compels one to add, licentiousness. I gather that it was at this period that the rope and tambouring were placed in her hand as representing "the captivating power and joy of love." Flutes are very conspicuous in Egyptian representations of orchestras, and for the discovery of this means of producing dulcet sounds the children of the Nile thanked the great god Osiria.

As mythology is said to have been introduced to Egypt by That, and carried therefrom to Greece, one cannot be surprised to find that few if any of the instruments in use by the Hellenes were regarded as of human origin. The lyre they attributed to the same god as the Egyptians, but under a different name-Hermes or Mercury.1 But with this difference, that, at least in some versions, the infant god invented the instrument absolutely. that is, without receiving any suggestions from accident or nature. And he parted with it to Apollo as recompense for certain bulls he had stolen. Apollo, it need hardly be added, was the god of the muses, the inventor of the cithar, and shared with the Egyptian god Osiris the credit of inventing the flute. The syrinx or "pipe," the prototype of all wind-instruments, is the subject of several myths. According to the most popular it was discovered by the god Pan-hence its names of Pan's-pipes, Pandean pipe and Flute de Pan. According to others we have to credit Apollo, Linus' or Orpheus, with it. It was an instrument of almost universal usage—the "fistula" of the Romans, the "koan-tfee" of the Chinese,

If put it thus since That is described as the "Egyptian Mercury." But there seems to me to be a marked difference in the two conceptions. And would it not be more accurate to speak of Mercury as the Greek That, than the other way about?

Though it is said that there can be no doubt as to the actual existence of Linus, whom Usher places 1980 B.C., his life is so shrouded in fable and allegory as to be quite admissible here.

probably the "ugab" of the Hebrews, and the "huayra-puhura" of the Peruvians.

Turning now to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures we find the same idea directly expressed as regards the designing of a trumpet; and involved in respect to both the designing and making of the harp. Thus we shall add two instruments to the heavensent orchestra, and both of them instruments in use at the present day! "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Make thee two trumpets of silver; of a whole piece shalt thou make them" (Numbers x. 1. 2).

And the many "harpers harping with their harps" and the angel sounding the last trumpet, in the Book of Revelation, must, of course, have been conceived by St. John as using instruments made in heaven, and designed there—unless they were copied from those made by men! And surely it is more likely that the human instrument-maker was inspired from above, than the reverse! Lübke maintains that "Early Christianity assumed the garb of the decaying Grecian art," and Emil Naumann, after quoting this passage (History of Music, Cassell's edition, vol. 1, p. 176), goes on to say, "Paintings of this period represent Christ as Orpheus, and as the 'Good Shepherd,' the prototype of the latter being the Greek Hermes, represented as bearing on his shoulders a wether. Orpheus, by his sweet sounds, subdued the demoniacal and animal creation, and Christ, by His loving gentleness, overcame the like evil passions in man. The wether borne by Hermes symbolises the lost sheep saved from destruction in the parable of Christ. Numerous paintings both of Orpheus and Hermes are to be found in the catacombs of the earliest Christian communities of Naples and Rome." Obviously then, the early Christian church was in full sympathy with the belief that the invention and making of musical instruments were among the things of which there has been a "pattern shown in the mount." There is something of this idea, too, in the words of Montanus, the reputed founder, in the second century, A.D., of the sect of the Montanists: "I lie here like a lyre that is played by a divine plectrum." And it is to be found centuries later in the many carvings in old abbeys and cathedrals in which musical instruments of every kind known at the time are represented as being played by angels. A careful examination of a number of such carvings shows them to consist chiefly of the harp; rebeck (a bowed string instrument brought by the Crusaders from the East, precursor the violin); guitar; flute-a-bec (flageolet); cymbal; pipe and tabor (generally played by the same performer); bag-pipe; and organ. An angel playing a bag-pipe formed part of the ornamentation on the crozier presented to William of Wykeham in 1857.

Like every other great idea, I suppose, this conception of musical instruments as among the works which have come direct from the hands of the great Architect of the Universe, has not wholly lacked opposition. It is strange, however, that the antithesis should have arisen in only one religion, and, to some of us, more strange still that that one should have been Christianity! Yet, so far as a very limited acquaintance with comparative re-

ligion enables me to judge, such has been the case.

The attitude in this matter of many of the early Fathers, notably St. Jerome, need not concern us here, since their objection does not appear to have been against instruments as such, or their employment in worship, but to certain instruments, particularly tabrets and cymbals, on account of their association with lewd orgies. And the protests, well known to students of English musical history, made about 1150 A.D. by Ailred, Abbot of Rivanla, Yorkshire, and by John of Salisbury about the same time, were not directed so much against instruments in themselves—albeit the good Abbot seems a trifle jealous of them—as against their multiplicity, and against musical elaboration, vocal or instrumental.

The first objection to instruments on principle did not occur till a hundred years after the Abbot of Rivaulx penned his diatribe, and it appears to have been the chief musical controversy of the thirteenth century. Strangely enough, the instrument selected for attack was that which nowadays is regarded by many people as the only one suitable for use in divine worship—the organ!

It cannot be said with certainty when the organ was first introduced into churches. In the fourth century it was regarded chiefly as a secular instrument, but, according to Cardinal Bona. was also used in church. On the testimony of Julianus, a Spanish bishop who flourished about 450 A.D., it was not only in use as an adjunct to worship in his day, but was quite common. An old manuscript known as the Utrecht Psalter, generally supposed to be of the fifth or sixth century, indicates the existence of organs in England about the same time. It is evident that the King of Instruments was enthroned in the "courts of the Lord's House" long before the time of Pope Vitalian to whose action, in the year 666 A.D., the installation has by many historians been

credited. Despite the imperfections of the early instruments. they invariably produced the greatest astonishment, and the churches were everywhere ambitious of possessing so efficacious a means of attracting crowds of pilgrims and worshippers.

This appears to have been especially the case in the late tenth and succeeding centuries, when organs multiplied not only in cathedrals but in parish churches and monasteries. Probably it was not the failure, but the success of these instruments which led in the thirteenth century to a violent reaction. A powerful section of the Roman and Greek clergy protested against the use of organs in churches as scandalous and profane. So says J. J. Seidel in his work The Organ, published in 1843 (pp. 80-89) and much quoted by subsequent writers. I can find no other authority for the statement, save those who have obviously copied Seidel. As regards the Greek church, however, the only doubt that can arise is as to the time when instruments were first wholly excluded. since the music of the Orthodox church of to-day is entirely vocal. and has been so for centuries. Seidel apart, I am unware of any historian who gives an account of the beginnings of this policy. Antipathy to the organ forms an interesting example of extremes meeting: for it is equally characteristic of the Greek church, the English Puritans of the seventeenth century (who called the instrument "a squeaking abomination" and burnt most of those in England), and the Scottish Presbyterians who, till the last fifty years or so, held the "kist o' whistles" as absolutely taboo where worship was concerned. The small body known as the "Wee Frees" do so still, and pride themselves on it.

Since he is evidently speaking of instrumental music ("without a tongue") one wonders whether good old Isaac Walton had been listening to some puritan fulmination against organs when he wrote:

> Music, miraculous rhotoric! that speakest sense Without a tongue, excelling cloquence, With what ease might thy errors be excused, Wert thou as truly loved as thou'rt abused? But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee, I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.

An extraordinary ignorance of matters musical is often betrayed by men of great scholarship in other branches of learning. Thus Bingham, in his Christian Antiquities (Bk. 8, C. 7-10) asks us to believe that the organ was introduced in 1290, A.D., and others have copied the error!

## THE APPROACH TO MUSIC

### By DONALD N. TWEEDY

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

I

Art a demonstration of the use of the phonograph in teaching school-children to appreciate music. The selection employed was the composition by Massenet entitled L'Angelus. After the record had been played twice, the teacher asked her boys and girls this question: "Children, what did you see?" The answers were various, but the composite impression was something like this: "I see a church with a crowd of people going in the front door. The bells are ringing the Angelus. I go into the church with the rest of the people. A priest is saying mass and the congregation sings. Then the bells ring again and the service is over."

Previous to hearing the record, the children had been shown a photograph of Millet's painting, L'Angelus, and a poem entitled The Angelus had been read to them. In considering the painting, the teacher had asked precisely the sort of question she might have put with regard to the music. She requested several of the children to write upon the black-board an adjective describing the attitude of the man and woman Millet painted. The completed list contained, among others, the words 'reverent,' 'devout,' 'humble,' 'patient,' and 'weary.' But when they came to the music, the boys and girls were not asked what it had made them feel, nor even what they had heard. They actually had put to them the inquiry, "What did you see?" and the answer came: "I see a church with a crowd of people going in the front door."

The idea which was thus being inculcated with the best intentions is one of two popular misconceptions which musicians are concerned vigorously to combat. The first concerns the what of music, its subject-matter, and furthers the impression that music is primarily intended to paint a picture or tell a story. The second is that music attains its end through sensuous tonal effects working upon the emotions impressionistically, and this

explanation of the how of music is commonly accepted, though not commonly reduced to these terms, by people who are indifferent to the fact that the art is pre-eminently one of design.

#### II

Can music paint a picture or tell a story? It is of itself practically powerless to employ description. It is unrelated to external reality except on those rare occasions when it actually reproduces or closely imitates a sound in nature. Sounds are all that it can imitate. The forms and colors of nature, the transcription of human deeds, are alike impossible to music unless they can be reduced to or symbolized in sounds. Even then they must remain extremely indefinite and impersonal. To give them recognizable identity the composer is forced to accompany his music with an explanation.

Composers have sought to imitate nature realistically since the beginning of the art of music. Their devices have been ingenious, and most successful in the orchestra, where the timbre of an instrument favors the desired illusion. In the orchestration of Massenet's L'Angelus, for example, real bells are called for: in Henry Hadley's Culpru Fay, the oboist is required to detach the reed from his oboe and make it squawk in imitation of the crow of a cock: a bass-drum can sound like thunder: and there are numerous orchestral imitations of birds, from the famous passage in Beethoven's 'Pastoral' Symphony to the renowned Forest Scene in Wagner's Siegfried, but few of these songsters can be identified save the cuckoo. Such imitations or reproductions of actual sounds in nature are, however, exceptional, a point borne out by the fact that they invariably excite surprise. Their effect is theatrical and apt to be cheap. They have their uses as aids to the hearer's imagination, already stimulated by a title (as in the 'Pastoral' Symphony), by the stage spectacle and the dramatic text (as in Siegfried), or by a complete story told separately in the program (as in The Culprit Fay). So that music which would describe, delineate, or illustrate natural events is obliged, except in the most obvious instances of "storms" and the like, to depend on something outside of music to give the listener the proper cue.

Musicians are agreed that to employ these non-musical aids is a legitimate extension of the domain of their art. But because of undue exploitation of the program, many people have come to think that all music, or at any rate, all music with a title, should have a running commentary. Even when there is no title they gratuitously provide one, giving, for example, the name of "Moonlight Sonata" to that work which the composer entitled Sonata quasi una Fantasia and designated as Opus 27, No. 2—this on account of Heaven knows what sentimental legend with regard

to its inception.

The trouble here is that "Moonlight" excites the sense of sight. Would that people in concert-halls could be persuaded from the Hamletian obsession of seeing things in the mind's eye. that audiences would content themselves with audition, that listeners would listen! For music is the sole art to stimulate the mind and the imagination through the ear alone. So little is this realized that those who describe musical compositions in words are prone to employ many more adjectives which refer to the visual, the tactile, or even the olfactory sense, than to the aural. Thus we read of 'scarlet' tones, 'velvety' tones, or 'acrid' tones, but indeed the writer is to be condoned rather than criticised, for all languages, ancient and modern, are poor at describing sound as it seems to the ear. After running the gamut of such words as 'soft,' 'loud,' 'flutey,' 'reedy,' 'brassy,' 'stringy,' 'tinkling,' 'thunderous, 'hollow,' 'diapason,' 'sweet,' 'clear,' 'bell-like,' 'muffled,' 'resonant,' and a few more, one is reduced to onomatoporia. But, after all, it is through the ear, not to it, that a work of musical art appeals, and it is only because people are so apt to see things in music which are not there that they must be begged to incline their ears, their ears exclusively, nothing but their ears!

The things these people see rise up in their imaginations because they believe the composer intended to present a concrete idea. whereas the very essence of his art is to present the abstract. The Dictionary tells us that "the solidity of marble when contemplated apart from its color or figure is an abstract conception"; a term also applying to "that which symbolically represents to the mind something which is not immediately perceived, as an abstract idea of a horse, or of France." In the case of Massenet's L'Angelus, It is those qualities in the subject which are out of range of immediate perception which should have been stressed by the teacher. Anyone can hear the bells and knows they represent the Angelus. What he needs to notice is not that obvious device, but the attempt to express, through tones, the abstract qualities of reverence. devotion, piety, prayer, and benediction. The bells are an aid only as they tend to establish a mood sympathetic to these ideas. If they remind us of anything so definite as actual iron bells swinging above the rafters of gray stone belfries, or, as in the case of the school-children, of a church with a crowd of people going in the front door, they were better suppressed, for there is danger that the senses will be preoccupied with the *picture* to the exclusion of the inner significance of the sounds heard.

This danger is always present when a musical piece is headed by a title, especially when the title leads us away from the shadowy realm of the abstract to the substantial domain of the concrete and the personal. The Angelus is not a bad title for a piece of music; it refers to something heard, and heard moreover under circumstances which predispose a person who has lived or so-journed in Catholic countries properly to interpret its expression in art. Nor are such titles as Pierrot, Serenade, To Spring, The Merry Wires of Windsor, Sinfonia Eroica or Farewell, Absence, and Return to be objected to, for they refer to characters or experiences which are typical in legend, in literature, and in life. Little danger of particularization here.

But let a composer entitle a work The Marble Pillar and he is bound to set many of his hearers to imagining particular marble pillars, largely because they think they are expected to imagine them. Strange to say, no two of these pillars would be alike. Some would have Ionic features, some Corinthian; some would be bare and upright, others overthrown and covered with creeping vines; some would support the pediments of Greek temples, others would be such as decorate the front of the local National Bank. But while the composer may have been inspired by yet one more marble pillar, the music which resulted would be powerless to tell his hearers how it looked or where it was. If he wished to do that, he would have to append a program-note. All the music can do unaided is to convey to those who hear it, through the subtle medium of ordered sound, the abstract qualities which the pillar possesses: solidity, endurance, simplicity, perhaps aspiration. At the very most, it could symbolize, by rising progressions culminating in melodic or harmonic foliation, the upward thrust of the shaft surmounted by its capital, but farther than this in external realism it could not go.

It is, however, precisely because of its limitations in the field of narrative or pictorial realism that the art of music is of special value in expressing the things which go deeper than speech and which, without music, would remain inarticulate. Moreover, those limitations are a positive help to the auditor, for the less he is reminded of the appearances of things in the natural world, the easier it is for him to penetrate, with the guidance of the composer, to their inner reality. Realistic in this sense music often is, for

it is true to the facts which lie beneath the surface, and can go straight to the heart of its subject without the necessity, sometimes so hampering to painters, sculptors, and authors, of portraying the outward seeming. In form it is as far from nature as geometry; in content, especially in emotional content, it is nature itself.

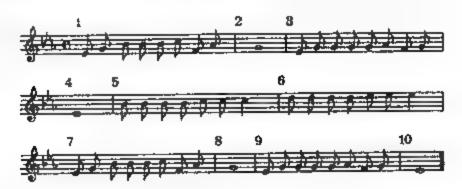
Hence music can express gladness, but not the particular gladness of Juliet when Romeo calls beneath her balcony; it can express grief, but not the particular grief of King David mourning for his son, Absalom; it can express ecstasy, but not the particular ecstasy of Isolda yielding up her mortal life to reunite with Tristan in eternity. All the particularization comes about through extraneous means, perhaps a title or a motto, perhaps through words which are sung to the very tones themselves.

We can readily see why human beings have always associated music with their festivals, sacred and profane, with all the rites of joy or sorrow in which words are apt to make too definite and concrete an impression. For words are tied to finite things; they have a thousand everyday associations. But music is not so bound. Because it cannot tell a story or paint a picture, because of its very universality and impersonality, it is a great consoler in betreavement, a great solemnifier in ceremony, a purifying and spuritualizing medium whereby we come mystically close, it may well be, to things that are divine.

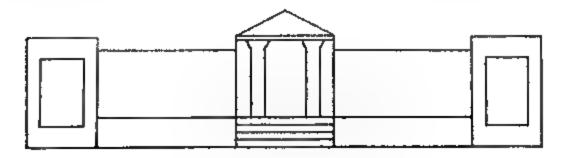
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If it is easier for music than for the plastic arts and for literature to penetrate beneath everyday appearance, it is harder for the average man to learn how it is done His difficulty is increased. as has been already indicated, by his indifference to the fact that the art is pre-emmently one of design. The tonal wine, colored with harmony and effervescing with rhythm, intoxicates him. He is unconcerned as to its ingredients. There is never any doubt but that, given a sufficiently hypnotic rhythm and a welter of exotic harmonies, he will be enraptured. He reacts readily to tone-quality, whether it be the timbre of a single voice or instrument or the quality of combinations of these, blended, a thing for which there is as yet no word but 'color.' (However, since painters have borrowed 'tone,' musicians may fitly demand a return in kind.) 'Color' gives many their sole joy in music other than a primitive response to its rhythm. Hence the enormous popularity of singers with voluptuous voices, of certain instruments rather than others, and of the music of Richard Wagner and Peter Tchaikovsky. Trust man since the Fall of Adam to pay tribute to what is sensuously beautiful, to the neglect of his reason. The element in music which appeals to the reason, and which at the same time favors and facilitates the expression of abstract ideas, is the element of design. Any attempt to correct through education the prevalent misconceptions of what music expresses and how it compasses its artistic task must deal in some way with the structure of music.

In this connection, it may be helpful to compare the technical processes of the tonal art with those of the other arts with which it is closest allied. They are, not painting, nor literature, but architecture and the purely decorative arts, such as the art of the mediæval maker of stained glass or the Oriental weaver of rugs and textiles. In general structure, a piece of music is like a building, except that it exists in time, not space, and its materials are tones, not stones. In detail, it is like decorative art, repeating and varying its patterns in a fashion so similar as to be striking. Take, for example, a simple folksong:



In general structure this song is like a building with exactly similar lateral wings (measures 1-4 and 7-10), and with a higher portion, the 'climax' (measures 5-6) in the centre. It might be sketched thus:



There are literally thousands of musical compositions, from the old Aria da Capo to the modern Symphony, which are built on just

this fundamental plan.

In detail, there are tonal patterns repeated and varied, both rhythmic and melodic. The rhythmic pattern of measures 1-2 is repeated in measures 3-4, and of course in 7-8 and 9-10; that of measure 5 is repeated in measure 6. The melodic pattern of measures 1-2 is slightly varied in measures 3-4, and the concluding four measures are the same as the first four; the melodic pattern of measure 5 is repeated two tonal steps higher in measure 6. Graphically, for the entire scheme, we have something like this:



The similarity in detail to the patterns in an Oriental rug is plain.

Both kinds of art employ what artists term 'pure design.'

It is easy for the eye to recognize repetition and variation in linear design. There being hardly anything made by the hand of man which does not exhibit it, the eye becomes experienced in its perception; and Nature, while her individual creatures differ, repeats her patterns ad infinitum in flower, in leaf, in cloud, in wave, in beast and in man. But the ear is not so favored. Though birds sing the same snatches of song over and over again, there is scarcely another example in the natural world of repetition of any given arrangement of sounds, for the recurrent plash of surf on the shore or the incessant ticking of a clock are but senseless iteration. It is because of our untrained ears that we have difficulty in following the development of a piece of musical design.

Another factor involved is that of memory. In a linear design, the eye can take in the complete work at a glance, or can pass back and forth at will from one part to another; it does not have to remember. When music is being played, however, its measures come upon us and are away again with the fleeting seconds of time. In vain we say to them, with Goethe, Verweile, doch, du bist so school. We are thus obliged to educate our ears not only to perceive tonal patterns, but to impress them upon the memory, so that when they recur, as they are sure to, the mind may greet

them again with recognition.

What should be, then, the task of the teacher who desires to impart, with whatever means, a real understanding and appreciation

of the art of music to pupils who will be average listeners'? It should be, first, to stimulate their imaginations to a search for the underlying conception of a piece of music, remembering that this conception cannot be anything but abstract; and then to train, as diligently and thoroughly as possible, the ears of their pupils to distinguish and identify tonal patterns, which are the elements of musical design. This means work, hard work, and is not to be undertaken lightly by those who have mere good intentions toward music. No substantial improvement in popular taste can be expected, moreover, till it is realized that music is not a narrative or descriptive art, nor, on the other hand, an art meant simply to enthrall and ravish with the hypnotism of its rhythm and the intensity of its color.

Serious and sincere musicians must ever be anxious that the physical body of their art shall not obscure its mind and spirit. The physical body is in this case, as always, that which appeals primarily to the senses alone, as the pulsations of rhythm or the tints of tones, single and combined. The mind in music is its structure and design. The spirit is the abstract conception which lies behind design, color, and rhythm, and moulds them to its own expression, however incomplete.

### MUSICAL SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY

### By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

F at the outset I confess myself a party to the crimes whereof I seek to speak, the very enormity of the offenses must grow in blackness and the paradox of my position immediately become more bewildering and indefinable. For, we are about to arraign the shirt-sleeve diplomats of music upon the charge of debasing art; we are to expose the great public as scandal-hungry minions, head-to-head in whispered debate over the private offenses of human beings, who happen to be artists, scampering avidly to see what they would have refused to hear, sans the said salaciousness; we are to inquire into the psychology of the state of journalistic affairs which headlines Caruso's jewel-robbery and ignores his most artistic performances—ignores it by properly burying the two inches of the frightened music critic; we are to judge if the situation is untenable or if there is buried in the maze of yellow-tented side-shows, the maneuvering principle for art-colonization and proselytism.

Where the divinity of Art ends and the human sphere begins, is the boundary line of our discussion. The classicist insists upon the independence of the musical performance; the composition is sufficient unto itself, without the interposition of meddling hand of human suggestion; the composer reacted to a flood of divine inspiration, the score is the result, the score which from thenceforth is to be separated and removed to the temple of the gods, unparented and solitary in the cold, rarified atmosphere of creation. Moreover, when that same score is interpreted by orchestra and conductor, all human frailty must be effaced lest the solemn purpose and sermon of the creative impulse be interrupted, nullified or changed in spirit. . . From the attitude of the ultra-conservatives, this definition is suggested: The Voice has spoken, let the world listen.

But at the nether poles are brick-batted heathen, who, living outside the temple of art, are sufficiently secure in their own state of blind ignorance and superstition that they laugh at the rites of the inner sanctum and never seek the quietude and soulstirring atmosphere of music. Should a disciple of harmony sing of the enchantment of a newly born creation of symphony or

opera or song, the rushing heathen at the gate, passes by, without heed to the summons, unmindful of the joy of attending, unconscious of the ecstacy if he would only listen. The busy world goes meddling pell-mell about its affairs, vaguely aware that in the sphere of music are some indulgences. While the name of a Rockefeller is carved in the attentions of the multitude for the sound it brings of coin that rings; while the name of a Marconi or an Edison more decently gain a place for the utility of what they have created: while a score of panderers to rhythmic sound of syncopation stand for music, and a score of debased mentalities rich in sensual phrases and unclean situations stand for literature. the names of the mighty of fine art within the temple are unknown to the mass. (So be it, amen, chorus the classicists in their sacred circle.) Yet when a priest of the temple fails in his duties or falters in his code, or wears an outlandish attire or is named heir to a fortune, instantly the universe flames with the fact and the artist becomes for the nonce a world figure. What matters the thing he may have done in music-that is of no moment beside "the thing I heard to-day—he did this and this: absolutely, and they say that she is going to-yes, indeed, there's no question about it." The halls are now packed with curiosity seekers who would see what they would not have heard sans the salaciousness.

Between the attitude of the classicist and the dispenser of scandalous facts of the musician is the whole universe; yet is there no connection between the two factions? Must the classicist remain in the immured solitariness of the temple, and must the great wide world go moving about its business without any communion with the art? That is the question of this discussion, which I shall attempt to answer at the close. However, the main business of what is written is to arraign the shirt-sleeve musical diplomats for crimes (which at the outset I confess to be a party to) and to expose the scandal-mongering minions with their heads together whispering of the private affairs of so-and-so and whose-who in yellow journalism.

There is a certain young woman who moved from Italy where she had none too mighty a success. She came to America and sang. Her fate was such that her voice made not the slightest impression upon the impresarios of the Metropolitan, the Boston, the Chicago Opera Companies. Nor would the enthroned conservatives of the motion picture emporium consent to pay her a miserable hundred dollars for seven times two performances a day. . . . The moment arrived when Galli-Curci was engaged for the Chicago

forces, at the earnest insistence of one who knew how to use the past in the present, and the voice startled the listeners. It was no better than it had been when she was refused. But a Chicago newspaper man wrote of the romantic career of this frail woman, refused, refused, refused and instantly all who had found her to be "not desired" rushed to sign her. But it was too late. She had been bought for a term of years by the Chicago Opera Association . . . and now she sings for everybody who

didn't want her, everybody paying dearly.

The point to be taken from the Galli-Curci incident is in a remark I made to the diva, some months before her historic New York debut. Said I, "Madame, do not worry about the New York critics. They are only human. They are carried off their feet by the wave of romantic interest which has attached itself to your person. They will see you as the heroine of this human drama, and though you sing your worst (which is a pleasure I can assure you) and not your best (which is an experience) they will lavish upon you the most efficacious superlatives and adjectives in their thesaurus." To continue with the making of our point, I was in the subway one evening when I heard this typically New Yorkese conversation: "Say, that woman Galli-Curtzie must be some lady, huh. Hear she's getting a divorce and being sued for all kinds of things. Look at the articles about her, but how can she do it, for she doesn't look very pretty. . . . Must be her personality that gets her the attention. But anyway I'm going over to the Hippodrome to see her. I suppose everybody ought to see her that gets the chance."

Galli-Curci's phenomenal success is due to her earlier failures. If she had been engaged to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House at the outset, on the result of her first audition there, she would not have been Galli-Curci. She would have just been a good coloratura soprano like half a dozen others. It was the dramatic element in her human affairs which gave her this setting. I am personally grateful to the shake of fate's dice which brought this woman to fame and fortune, for there are some kinds of human

suffering which deserve to be rewarded.

However, the Galli-Curci incident is a pleasant affair. It reads like the story of the fairy-tale books; the poor little suffering creature is awarded a pleasant climax, and they all lived happily ever afterward (though it happens in this case that they didn't).

A certain manager of artists who shall be nameless in our discussion, deliberately set out to blacken the name of one of the sopranos who was to come under his management. She was

still in Europe; this manager adroitly forced cable and other despatches to America which were swallowed ravenously by the yellow press of America. It told of scandalous behavior on the part of this lady. When she arrived at Quarantine, the boat was crowded with reporters. No international diplomat ever received such an aggregation of so-called journalists. The artist all unknowing talked of her affairs, and everything she said or did was interpreted by the interviewers with a spicy intonation. Her New York debut was oversold, and up to the time of the review the day afterward, not a word had been said of her artnot a word more than had been said of thousands of others who played to empty or papered houses. . . . I can still see that manager in his office, at the time that the first cable despatches engaged the attention of the New York papers. He was puffing on a big, black, juicy cigar, and there was a smile upon his face which was utterly disgusting to me.

Take the case of the famous Lina Cavalieri. When she was to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, the newspapers wanted the pictures of her famous collection of jewelry; then they wanted the stories of how they were procured; from this to that—and soon the beautiful Lina was the subject of discussion in every café, saloon, barroom, street corner. It aroused the ire of hundreds of old Russian and Italian families; it stirred up bad blood.

What does the public know of Mary Garden's art? I mean what does the real public know of it? I am not referring now to the mere handful of understanding souls. I even go into the audiences at the opera, and watch the orchestra and balcony patrons and hear their whispered remarks. What made "Zaza" the sensational success in New York and on the Metropolitan's tour, if not the rumored naughtiness of the powderpuff in the hands of Geraldine Farrar? Grand opera suddenly developed its first-row baldheads, and the "prompt" was given all kinds of inducements to sell his place of vantage. What does the great public know of Geraldine Farrar's art? Is it not a combination of baseball parentage, royal intrigues and romantic episodes culminating in marriage, with a liberal dosage of motion-picture sensationalism and a faint dash of "—and oh yes, you know she is a singer."

With all the Caruso prestige and art, with all the magnificence of his voice, what did Caruso stand for, as far as the multitudes are concerned? I once had the temerity to call to Mr. Caruso's attention the amazing fact, that historic as he was, unprecedented

as he was in musical annals, he met the most limited public imaginable. His opera devotees! His record devotees! There is not a vaudeville headliner who could not far surpass him in numbers of those who had heard and met him. We in music did not need to be told of Caruso, but what do you suppose the people out in the field connected with him? It is stated in a few terms: vast salary; jewel-robberies; marriage with a beautiful young woman much his junior, whose father according to newspaper gossip, objected to the match; unconventional liver; father of a little girl named "Gloria;" big income-tax payer; "Pagliacci" sob-

laugh aria; Italian very sick, dying, dead.

When, some years ago, a stupid woman, seeking to bring herself to publicity through a connection with the immortal tenor concocted the vicious lie of the monkey-house incident, Caruso found himself not in the begrudged two inches of the music-critic. but on the first page with the other sensations of the day. In order to break through the indifference of the arts-department of the paper, one must either go in for sports or make news items. Thus the opera of "Carmen" always a joy to the listeners, always a matter of interest for its interpretations, goes on year after year with the little formal bits in the music department-until suddenly it leaps upon the first pages of newspapers across the continent. Why? Had a wonderful new artist been discovered? Had the opera authorities made some changes in the settings or the score? No! Farrar slapped Caruso's face and almost knocked him over. She had forgotten she was in the opera and not acting for the screen version of "Carmen."

Albert Wolff, the French composer, collaborator of Maurice Maeterlinck in the operatic "Blue Bird," managed to elude the newspapers until somebody started the joke that the two had engaged in a friendly bout and Maeterlinck had bestowed upon Wolff a very noticeable black eye. Instantly Wolff was in the hands of the shirt-sleeve diplomats and the disturbed orb of vision was far more illuminating than all the mystic music of the opera, or all the mastery of his conducting. Which reminds one of the arrival of Montemezzi in America. That the distinguished composer of "L'Amore dei tre rè" had landed in America, was not under "Music Notes" in more words than are in this sentence. But it so happened that on Montemezzi's ship was another celebrity who was surrounded by the reporters, and found himself the following day, in newspapers all over the United States in the biggest headlines. That other celebrity was Carpentier, prize-fighter of France! The same gentleman has aided the

cause of music, strange as it may seem. I mean the prize-fighter. Let me explain the circumstances. I was to have an evening devoted to the music of Gustave Charpentier, composer of "Louise." I was to deliver a paper on him. It had been so advertised. In the subway train, this conversation was overheard between two overly dressed young men: "Yap, I'm going over there. That guy Isaacson is delivering a speech that gets me. I've always wanted to know more about that champ." "Righto, that guy Carpentier is some boxer—betcher he licks Dempsey."

Godowsky had to "get lost," for the multitude to get a grip on his name; Baklanoff, the Russian baritone, sang several years in American without making the alightest impression upon the American millions, until one fine day he was held up by the immigration authorities on a charge preferred by a woman not his wife—Baklanoff sprang into fame over night; Kreisler had to be "found out" as an Austrian to become a popular unpopular figure, and other artists had a similar experience. Americans paid more compliments of paying attention to Germans especially if interned as dangerous enemy aliens than they had ever done before the war: Dr. Muck with all his immortal performances never knew how his name would at last become part of the vocabulary of all America, where once it was mouthed by a few thousands or so.

At this point, I am tempted to digress for a moment, to tell s little story of the way in which highly patriotic Americans showed their love of country, by chastizing dead German composers. It happened in one of the largest towns near New York City. I was giving one of my community concerts, and our program included along with other composers the music of Lisst, Brahms, Schubert and Schumann. I was to deliver as a lecture "Face to Face with Lisst." In fact it had been so advertised. As the artists and myself entered the hall, we found it crowded to the doors. The reception committee seemed very uncomfortable as they shook hands with me. I observed it, and, being frank. asked the reason. One of the ladies said that the Mayor and the Ladies' Patriotic Committee had had a meeting that afternoon and a protest had been made about my concert-program. They did not like to say what it was, but the Mayor himself was going to tell me, as diplomatically as he could. The Mayor was a nice, red-faced Scotch American, who had made his little fortune in something which had nothing to do with the arts. Said the Mayor: "Mr. Isaacson, we do appreciate what you are doing for our city, and we don't want you to misunderstand us.

<sup>&</sup>quot;From the author's book "Face to Face with Great Musicians"-Ed.

Ladies Committee and myself met to-day, and we see that you are going to talk about 'Litz'—(he pronounced it that way)— "and it being the war, it seems out of place." I was relieved to hear that this was all.—I was beginning to fear I was to be arrested as a German spy. "That's alright Mr. Mayor," I said, "Is there anything else you object to?" He assured me warmly, that there was nothing, that the rest of the program was in keeping with their ideals. So I said: "I will abide by your wishes, Mr. Mayor. Suppose I substitute 'Face to Face with Schubert' and eliminate the Liszt numbers for those of Beethoven?" The Mayor was profuse in his appreciation, and introducing me to the audience he was eloquent when he showed how for patriotic reasons "Litz" had been eliminated and instead Mr. Isaacson would read his "Face to Face with Schubert."

This shows how misapprehensions can upset a whole modicum of Mayoral dignity; but down in Ocean Grove, when John McCormack was scheduled to sing in the Auditorium, one of the deacons looked at me over his silver spectacles and snapped peevishly "But I hear he drinks!" And when a distinguished organist was to have played at the same place, the contract was ordered cancelled by the Board of Deacons, because it had been rumored that the said artist was an inveterate cigarette smoker!

It is not only the outside public that whispers its scandal of the artists of whom they would otherwise be totally oblivious. The musical fraternity is guilty in a larger sense of the same uprighteousness. Even the concert-audiences often gather for reasons which, under analysis, are most absurd and inartistic. Take the cases of Prokofieff, Ornstein, de Pachmann, d'Alverez,

Cyril Scott, Nyredghazı, Ysaye, etc.

The shirt-sleeve musical diplomats let out that Paderewski carried a car-load of shirts. If the cuff of the shirt is too stiff, it interferes with Paderewski's playing; if it is too soft it is most annoying; one laundress in New York learned the secret, so Paderewski carried a car-load of shirts—he felt safer that way. It sounds utterly ridiculous, but that story has interested thousands in Paderewski. It is a strange way to create musical interest—on a shirt-cuff. The idyosyncracies of artists always have been a favorite means of arousing musical attention. The Polish patriot objected to people moving in the lobby during the concert; he had a peculiar way of testing his keys; the slightest deviation in the action of the piano was sufficient to throw him into a stupor; he would never allow people on the stage because it made him dreadfully nervous.

In a middle western city, dePachmann forced a young musician sitting near the piano to smell his handkerchief in full view of the audience, and the next day, dePachmann had the largest notices ever given a musician, with the handkerchief incident played up in the heading and the playing played down in the bottom of the stories! Rosenthal (Moritz) never used a pronoun in referring to himself; it was always "Rosenthal wants this, Rosenthal is not well" etc.—and that was used to Rosenthal's personal disadvantage but the box-office's advantage. Young Beryl Rubinstein once absentmindedly walked out with a pipe in his mouth—you should have read the papers next day But anyway Lady Henry in Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray" says, "Pianists are so romantic."

I could go on for lengths on details of what has been said in the past of artists, details which lifted the singers and players into a universal popularity. But a listing of the actual stories is not so much my business of the moment as an analysis of the conditions.

It is human nature to respond to the little intimate accounts of the artist. People like to learn the secrets, like to feel on personal terms with the great of the earth. Americans in particular want to know "people"-not artists. The liking for gossip is inborn in all of us. We decry the habit of the newspapers to talk scandal, yet the first thing a group of artists at luncheon do, is to pick this or that one to pieces, to tell how he's become mixed up with her, and she's thrown him over, and it is said that so-and-so is engaging a new manager, and is off with the old. We are all alike. The President of the United States and the President of France arrange a conference, and half an hour is spent in talking "persons" while the affairs of the world wait. The conservative musical commentators who say "let us have art undefiled by intimacies" break their own rule over and over. When they are supposed to be passing their comment on the performance of the new prima donna and the first hearing of the revived opera, they go into a long string of anecdotes of Patti, Grisi, Nillson; they remember how deReszke walked across the stage, and Dr. Damrosch conducted with a more impassioned baton; it is said that this new prime donna hails from a family of the poorest rank, how she was more worried about her affairs at the hotel, it seemed, than about the stage-business-"her mat skin contrasted with her raven hair, and she stood a statuesque figure of old Brazil". . . Some of our best critics are most gifted with the old women's habit of gabbing,

There is a sad note in this whole array of information. If it were perhaps commendable in the populace to lavish upon the distraught Galli-Curci the praises and gold which would heal her wounds, what are we to say of the habit of the nation to gouge upon the failings of the temperamental artist and overlook his art? Why should the seemingly intelligent purveyors of news so misuse their journalistic opportunities as to feed upon such tainted meat as they can claw from the affairs of art? Think of the state of mind which would overlook all the exquisite opportunities of an operatic season, and seize hungrily upon bits of gossip and garbage-pail offerings! Even far more indefensible is the front of the manager who seeks to bait just such fish, the manager who builds around his artist the erotic or suggestive atmosphere which smiles upon front-page tidbits. I see no difference between the musical manager or press representative or musician who permit the development of morbid or vulgar personalities in the public mind-and the worst example of the burlesque, vaudeville and motion picture promoters. In fact, when one considers it, one can more quickly condone with the movie magnate than the musical offender. In the one case there is merely entertainment, in the other is art. In the words of Sir Roger deCoverley, "it were easier to excuse the low person than the man of parts who goes astray."

And here I would make one of my points; a theory which I

have about the whole situation.

If the American public wishes to feed upon personalities, if the American audience likes to know people, likes to make friends, likes to call the favorites by nicknames, first names, phrases why not satisfy the yearning in a decent way? The baseball champions are lovingly called by their first names and cognomens. It is "Christy" and "Tris" and "Tex" and "Babe." The popular candidates in politics have been those who are intimates of the crowd. It was "Teddy" Roosevelt, but it has never been anything but Woodrow Wilson. It was "Old Abe" Lincoln but only William McKinley. It was "Uncle Joe" Cannon but only Elihu Root It is easy to detect differences,

The way in which Roosevelt became a man of the crowd never detracted from his dignity, his power, his influence. In fact, through his very connections with the populace, he strengthened his virtues and his following. There is nothing debasing in good, clean fellowship and friendship. Intimacy only brings contempt when it exposes the baser side. That adage is all wrong "Familiarity breeds contempt"—I can't agree with it. For, the better you know the decent people, the more you love them.

The man up there on the pedestal may hold your respect, but respect is only a passive, inactive quality, while love is a dominant, active quality. You may respect the man but you cannot shout about him, as you do about the one you adore.

What I am driving toward is this statement: If the people really prefer to know the artists and can so be drawn toward the art, let us supply that innate craving! Only, let us supply healthy, respect-producing material, in preference to the vulgar,

scavenger-information.

Therefore, as I stated at the beginning, being a party to the crimes which are condemned by the ultra-conservatives of art—those who hold that nothing shall be added to the performance itself—that the music is the all-in-all and loses dignity when frills or fancies are added; therefore, let me explain myself. Long ago, I sensed the attitude of the great wide public toward music. Long ago, I tried in a hundred ways with hundreds of people individually, ways and means of interesting those foreign to the concert-ball, in concerts. The concert as such held no attraction. The artist as such held no attraction. The music as such held no attraction, but the human elements in the music and the artists did arouse the response of the novice.

If the two young ladies who are trying to decide what to do with their Saturday afternoon and the two dollars and war tax apiece they possess (in addition to carfare) are in a predicament—I should like to turn them to the concert-hall. If they must have somebody they can "adore," let it be the singer instead of the comedy star. If they must have something to talk about and to feast their romantic minds upon, let it be the slavish career which has beld this brilliant young artist—the struggles through which he has passed, the things he is seeking to accomplish with his music. Let them have their human information, let them know the human tragedies and comedies and adventures which are wrapped up in the music upon the program. If the art-temple needs some sort of shirt-sleeve diplomacy to get the crowds, let it be uplifting matter and not the confabs of the saloon.

If the newspapers say that news is what they want of music and musicians, make the news—but don't let the information be morbid and scandalous. Let it be something decent and healthy. There is news aplenty of the latter order. In place of the monkey-house incident, there could be told how Caruso refused to precipitate a calamity in an operatic situation, by declining an offer to sing (his appearance would have ruined the competitive impressario, his friend). In place of the Zasa powder-puff story, there

could be told how Farrar picked a young man, one Edgar Schofield and by giving him a chance on tour, instantly made an American singer famous. In place of the Cavalieri jewels, there could be published the account of how she won the love of all Paris, when she appeared in the simplest of black gowns, the jewels carried behind her by a servant, to prove that simplicity made her far more interesting.

Cast the pearls of human information about artists, composers, living and dead before the multitude and do not think that it is lessening the purity of great art, if by so doing the stage is set for the performance with listeners out front. For instance, if a man has come because he has acquired a genuine respect for the violinist, through accounts he has read of him, does that in anyway hurt the violiniat's performance? Does it not mean. instead, that the notes of the violin will fall upon a soil favorable and interested? During the war I used to say in defence of my plan of humanizing the ink-printed names of programmed composers, the following: "Now if you read a letter from a boy at the front, it may be interesting. But if by any chance you had met him sometimes, could remember how he looked, how he talked-what a different sensation that reading would give you! So with the music of Chopin or Beethoven. If you understand the personalities of those men-not how or where they studied or what technical plans they had in mind-but rather the human lives they led, so that you can sympathize, struggle with, suffer with, laugh with them-then the music becomes a more human document for you to hear."

I have followed this practice; herein are my offenses; I have brought the dead and living composers and artists into the circle of the novice's acquaintainship. I have introduced the masters to the young man and woman, and the young man and woman have seen what the masters looked like—how they talked, how they walked, what they had been hoping for—and when the music of those masters was played, the new young man and woman listened with a sense of ownership. George Sand once remarked toward the end of her life, "Now, when I hear a fine composition, I imagine it not written by somebody else; I feel a partial ownership in the work of art, because I know the one who composed it."

When we speak of "people" we talk of the crowd outside, and the poor "people" must stand the whippings we give them. We condemn the "people" because they whisper ear-to-ear and headto-head the scandal-offerings and pay no attention to the art that is in the background. We do not forget that the newspapers which print such rubbish are more responsible and though the editors fall upon the excuse "we are giving the people what they want" that is not so at all. The people take what is given to them. And the position for a decent journalist to take is this: "I will give the people what they ought to get—what I think is the best."

There is a place even for shirt-sleeve diplomats in music. But the shirt-cuffs must be clean.

Let us deal in personalities if it will help to draw the larger crowd to fine art, but let us use the sort of publicity which will not put a stench in the nostrils of decent people. It is quite possible and within the province of the radically conservative builders of culture to give the novices among art patrons, a running start. Yes, I have been guilty of this sort of shirt-sleeve diplomacy. I show Beethoven in his dirty torn yellow waistcoat; Mendelssohn as a petted boy; Mozart as a wonder-child never growing up; Tschaikowsky as going into melancholia over his hypochondriac tendencies. Gluck is there reaching over the dining-table, his manners boorish; Saint-Saens is indulging himself by running away from Paris; old Lalo is growing older in his disappointments, sitting in the sun on a public park bench;—humans, personalities all.

Here are our artists—Godowsky arguing with his daughter about the movies in which she would star; Kreisler discussing the maid with his wife, who tells him he's late for dinner; Caruso modelling in clay his favorite character, "Eleazar" in "La Juive"; Walter Damrosch lovingly poring over his father's momentos; Gerarldine Farrar studying the history of art and hoping she may leave behind her something other than the memory of a voice;—humans all, personalities all.

What shall we call it?... Will Musical Art permit yellow journalism to continue its condescending attitude toward musical news, or the scandal-mongering minions to whisper head-to-head of scandal?

# MUSICAL EDUCATION

# By HARLOW GALE

In estimating the æsthetic value of any work of art, or in comparing the arts among themselves, it will help to clarify our subconscious or implied mental processes if we write out our table of æsthetic ideas and emotions in their relative value order. Not that perhaps any such tables of art values would altogether agree. But they would doubtless have enough in common to greatly aid a mere verbal dispute. If the disputants took the trouble to trace the genesis and evolution of our instinctive and acquired emotions, they could come to more agreement than the mere catalog of the intuitionists. Something like the following list, then, can help to objectify our latent criterion of art discussions:

## A TABLE OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ABSTRETIC VALUES

Nobility, grandeur, peace.
Purity, serenity, genumeness.
Ethical struggle, self-control, victory.
Grace, sweetness, loveliness.
Love ecstacy, longing, dreamy sadness.
Friendship, sympathy, hope.
Strength, joy, gladness

Imagination Ideas and Emotions of Art

Decoration, embellishment. Accomplishment, success. Imitation, custom, propriety. Novelty, curiosity, excitement. Admiration, praise, beating. Display.

Jealousy, passion, revenge.

Instincts of Nature.

In connection with some such table, let us make a modern psychological application, in terms of the value of the feeling element attached to our ideas instead of the compartmental 'faculty,' of Ruskin's 'Definition of Greatness in Art' in his famous 'Modern Painters':—"That art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind,

<sup>1</sup>Reprinted by permission from "The Pedagogical Seminary," December, 1917.

and as it more fully occupies, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received." Applying this practical test to music, let us recall how the former 'Musical Sense,' which has survived with the old intuitional philosophy as the foundation of even such valuable and stimulating books as Edmund Gurney's Power of Sound, has vanished, like the 'Moral Sense,' into many and more tangible components. Thus an analysis of the very complex art of music results in such elements as:

Rhythm, tempo, accent, dynamics, tone quality, melody, harmony, contrast, similarity, variety, repetition, biographical and historical associations with the composer and with the listener, mutual influence with dancing, painting, poetry and the drama.

When, now, one comes to compare the teaching of music with the other arts, as literature, e.g., it is distressing to see how the lower æsthetic values preponderate. This condition is due to the teachers of music having learned an instrument rather than the literature of music. As an example, a census of some 500 teachers of music in a city of \$00,000 people gave only about twenty per cent. who had become known to a constant attendant at all concerts for many years. And, of these 100 known music teachers, only about twenty had proved that they knew enough good music to give a recital program. This situation, too, where there was the stimulus of a symphony orchestra, a chamber-music society, several choral clubs and music schools, and a University department of music. Thus the great mass of teachers, absorbed in the difficulties of their instruments, seldom rose higher in æsthetic emotions than accomplishment.

Such musicians are on the literary plane of elocutionists, displaying themselves and their organs, rather than the higher values of art works. Occasionally, of course, the average music teacher will chance to play a Bach fugue, a Beethoven sonata, a Schubert impromptu, a Chopin waltz, a Schumann Träumerei, or a Brahms intermezzo; but this is usually because he was taught a stray art-work amid the customary round of studies and display pieces. But even the higher elements in these sporadic good works are not apt to be brought out in comparison with works found and studied on one's own initiative. This elocutionary plane in musicians is further intensified by the commercial motives and values, which should be the least stimulus in art, being more prominent in music than in any of the other arts. Outside of society's triffers with music, the great mass of music students begin to

give lessons as soon as possible to pay for their own lessons or

for spending money.

Like the older-fashioned school and college curriculums, the present musical repertories are still passed down mostly by custom and imitation. While the comparatively parrow range of coucert and recital programs shows the tyranny of imitation and tradition, so interesting psychologically, it is depressing in the preponderance of display, curiosity, novelty and accomplishment. Imitation cannot lead to very high emotions. To be sure, literary courses have their somewhat stereotyped 'Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote.' 'She was a vision of delight.' 'Weary of myself and sick of asking,' 'Little thinks in the field you red-cloaked clown,' 'All's well with the world,' and 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht une hinan.' Yet literary students get vastly wider and higher knowledge of the context of these classics than musical students do of their occasional classic. What a shallow imposter we would brand a teacher of such poetic beauties who had never read and felt the whole works and gamut of Chaucer, Wordsworth, Arnold, Emerson, Browning, and Goethe: and yet how very few teachers of music have a corresponding intimacy with the immortal works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Brahms and Wagner? Or, with the specialization in the literary forms of the sonnets, lyrics, the drama, and the novel, how many pianists have sat down in the calm hour and lived themselves into the some fifty classic piano sonatas, into the art-waltzes from Schubert to Bruhms, into the tone-poems from Chopin's preludes and Schumann's Carnaval to Liszt's Swiss and Italian Pilgrimage Annals? How many violinists know all the Mozart and Beethoven violin and piano sonatas, or have rejoiced in the finest musical comradeship through the joyous strength of Haydn's 83 string quartets, the heavenly purity of the 10 celebrated Mosarts, and the noble greatness of the 17 mighty Beethovens?

Singers and teachers of singing, of all musicians, get and give the least asthetic musical values. Coming through the display and decoration of the Italian Opera and the cheap sentimentality of Protestant church music, there is little hope for most singers' musical salvation. The type winning the greatest applause and money, like Patti, Caruso, Melba, Amati and Tetrazzini, live so almost exclusively in the pleasures of jealousy, tone quality and dexterity as to be a shocking travesty on all that is lovely, pure, and noble in music. All these shallow theatrical trivialities were eradicated by Wagner and his trainers for the great music dramas, so that such heroic figures as the Vogels, Gura, Materna, Scheiper,

Lehmann, Burgstaller and Griswold embody the most inspiring struggles and grandeur. When oratorio singers can be subordinated to an orchestra and such exalting text and music as Bach's two Passions, the Missa Solemnia, Mozart's and Brahms' Requiems, they can perform a high public function. But it is an art tragedy that most singers know so little of the purest song gems which make up a large part of the thousand songs of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. In efforts to find a singer who could give a Schubert song every Sunday morning for a year, along with some chamber-music in a liberal church service, the formerly mentioned 500 music teachers could not furnish a single professional who knew enough Schubert, and the rare function was finally filled by a university woman teacher of literature. One needs no voice teacher at all, only normal lungs and larynx, an enthusiasm for lyric poetry, some imagination, and a sympathetic pianist, to live in the purest romantic joys of 'Die schöne Müllerin,' 'Die Winterreise,' 'Dichterliebe,' and 'Die schöne Magelone.' That highest ideal of a song interpreter, Ludwig Wüllner, can be followed by many a lesser man than the late John Fiske, as he sang Schubert by the hour in virile ecstacy.

Another important reason, besides the narrow musical knowledge of most music teachers, why so little of the higher musical components are cultivated, is that even the best educated teachers so seldom discriminate between making performers and making cultivated lovers of music. The overwhelming mass of young people studying music can never be public soloists and should not even be inoculated with the bacillus of showing off in private. But it apparently never occurs to most music teachers to do anything different for their pupils than was done for themselves; i.e., a long course of technical studies and then the laborious mastery of a few repertory pieces and concertos. Instead of thus missing about 95% of our wealth of classical musical literature, it would be vastly better for the teacher, as well as for his pupil, for them to sit down together at the piano and leisurely wander through the original four-hand waltzes of Schubert and Brahms, the exquisite 'Bilder aus Osten' of Schumann, and learn to know through their piano arrangements all the overtures and symphonies of Beethoven. Nothing, also, so helps the necessary facility with a musical instrument and with reading music as the stimulus of good music and the necessity of keeping up with a better player.

Thus far we have considered music taught by private teachers and schools of music, which together still control the great mass of musical instruction. What music has been introduced into our public school systems is largely of the recreation and busywork type. While it has the advantage over privately taught music in not attempting to make soloists or professionals, the public school music is limited primarily by the same very circumscribed cultural musical knowledge of its teachers. Here and there, thus, in the scholars' recreation interludes of singing, they chance upon an eternal folk-song or even Brahm's famous cradlesong, which will stay with them like Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and Silas Marner. But school singing is mostly the exhibaration of fresh oxygen, social competition, novelty and fleeting pretty sounds.

About the same proportion of musical credits can be given to the instrumental and orchestral playing in grammar and grade schools, only that the novelty of fiddles and horns is greater than vocal cords and lungs. For the social good of enticing boys off the streets and giving more esprit de corps to each school by competition, its orchestra can be a very helpful institution. The best that can be hoped for music itself from their enthusiastic hours of ear-splitting practice, however, is that their awakened curiosity will lead them to the children's Sunday popular, and regular programs of a symphony orchestra.

By the High School age, singing and orchestral playing can reach much more serious art worth. "The Messiah," "Creation," and "St. Paul" have begun to uplift adolescent boys and girls above their home level of clothes, bridge and autos. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Mozart overtures have already given a genuine art-aim to some High School players, whose private teachers have merely started them on various instruments without any inkling of what music can mean. Yet it is only very lately and in few centers that oratorios and real orchestral music, through exceptionally cultivated teachers, have risen above the entertain-

ment level of the grades.

The college and universities present strange musical anomalies. On the other hand there are two adaptations of the Puritanical idea of education by discipline in the college courses in musical theory and in instrumental practice. Harmony and counterpoint correspond to grammar and philology. They are interesting scientific dissection supplements to a living knowledge of music and literature. With the aid of the historical development of musical theory and of philology, some added interest can be given to the products of their rules. But they should be studied only incidentally, after a large body of classic music and literature is

accumulated, for they are not necessary, for the highest appreciation of art. The music and theory relation is similar to that of reasoning and logic: we can learn logic only after we have unconsciously learned to reason. The modern psychological realization that all our higher intellectual and emational processes grow unconsciously through the associations of experience, rather than by the deductive application of rules, should make teachers most cautious about reversing the mental processes.

College courses in the piano and violin are farther from commercialism and display than in the public schools, and are usually supervised by more cultured teachers. But they are stillcalled courses in the piano and violin instead of courses in Beethoven. And the importance given to technical studies and conventional display pieces, surrounding so few musical classics, shows that the universities inculcate musical discipline rather than distinctly aiming at cultivating the highest seathetic values. How distressing to see college senior women struggling to get in all the notes of a Schütt, Saint-Saëns, or Tschaikowsky concerto, with no idea of their medicore art-value, when they do not know a half dozen of Mendelssohn's lovely Songs Without Words, Schumann's poetic Scenes of Childhood, or Beethoven's kings of sonatas. Then, too, concertos on the whole, except as orchestral works, do not compare with our heritage of sonatas, and they should have little place in the piano and violin literature of amateurs. As the final goal of years of technical practice, a true professional soloist, as an honored guest of a symphony orchestra, can humbly add his instrument to the other orchestral instruments in the cooperative rendition of some score of true art concertos.

In the history of music the colleges may get more grounded than the conservatories in Palestrina, deeper in the forgotten lore of Riemann's ponderous handbook, or even to Wallascheck's Primitive Music, but they do not attempt to cover the classics at first hand as in history and literature. When one knows all his Tennyson and Emerson, Schuhert and Beethoven, he needs no literary or musical digest. Besides a personal knowledge of the musical classics, the college historical courses hardly yet lead to such classical biographical and analytical works as Spitta's Buch, Jahn's Mozart, Lenz's, Grove's and Thayer's Beethovens, Glasenapp's Wagner and Kalbeck's Brahms.

Both purposes of the college courses in composition are not of high value. For the technical analysis of musical masterpieces is again of supplementary scientific value, like grammar and

philology; it does not add greatly to the eathetic ensemble. The other purpose of practical exercise in composition for developing composers is a relie of the accomplishment stage, which literature had long relegated to that pretence of literature in rhetoric. While the colleges exercise a most useful function in producing journalists, editors and critics of soundly grounded taste and a trained facility of expression, really creative poets, essayists, novelists and dramatists are not made by the universities. Even less can composers flourish in an academic atmosphere: witness the tragedy of our greatest American composer, MacDowell, in Columbia. What would Browning and Brahms,—kindred spirits, have created amid the routine of committee work, teaching and lecturing? Even the best of university composers, like Professor C. V. Stanford, of Cambridge, would doubtless have risen far higher had he been free to live alone with nature and a few friends, like the great composers. Thus, without disparaging the conventional compositions of university professors of music as contributing to cultural refinement, they are a wasteful diversion, both for the teacher and his students, from their main study of the great musical triumvirate in the three B's. Fortunately, through the more rapid sifting-out process in music than in literature and painting, the composition exercises of the college are quickly relegated to the silent archives of the music store rooms.

When, now, one comes to reflect how more of the higher art elements can be taught in music, let, first of all, a more distinct line be recognized between making professional performers. as soloists, orchestral players and opera singers, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the teaching of music culturally as one of the arts. For the professional purpose let a few recognized and authorized conservatories of music be licensed, like the Leipzig Conservatory, founded by Mendelssohn. This will eliminate the great mass of private music teachers who have neither worthy professional possibilities nor musical culture. They can well be spared along with 'professors' of dancing, the mandolin, and phrenology. Then, with display and accomplishment, the bane of all music, discouraged or eliminated (if human nature can be so far reformed), the cultural study of musical art should start with a pure and distinct standard, as in literature, at the top of our educational system. Let courses in the piano, violin and singing join the shades of Latin and Greek grammar and the quondam pseudo-scientific microscopy and laboratory technique, and, in their stead, let us study directly the ten great composers from

Bach to Brahms. Let historical courses in ethnological and folk-music, and in the early church, opera and instrumental music of Italy and France, form the prelude and postlude and

interstices between the great composers at first hand.

More profitable than cross-cataloged courses in the symphony, opera, or sonata will be chamber music, because more of the real heart of the great composers has gone into their sonatas for the piano and violin or violoncello, into their songs for piano and voice, into trios and quartets for strings alone or with the piano, into quintets and sextets, up to the limit of chamber music in Beethoven's Septet and Schubert's Octet. These most intimate art compositions, written for a few friends and for home use, are the most genuine essence of rousic. Display and accomplishment are here eliminated together with the soloist; the individual player is subordinated in cooperation for the production of joy,

grace, purity and nobility.

The University Musical Societies of Oxford and Cambridge have long played chamber music in little groups among themselves for the townspeople, and exchanged programs between the universities. Instead of ascetically practicing on studies and concertos, why cannot our college men and women be arranged into chamber music groups and learn to know the classics which will be an unspeakable joy, comfort and inspiration a life-long in their homes, just like their beloved books? It will be found that very little preparatory technical instruction or practice is necessary to get right at chamber music. Already an occasional amateur quartet of men has found here, as often in Europe, that they can rapidly pass from a few scales and folk-song melodies to Haydn and Mozart piano tries, to their 83 and 27 string quartets, to the dozen Schuberts. Playing together only once a week, in the calm and freshness of Sunday mornings, such a quartet can leisurely learn to know thoroughly in one winter all Schumann's wonderfully romantic three string quartets, his three piano trios, his piano quartet and piano quintet. It may take two winters and summers.—for summer Sundays and evenings are the ideal setting for chamber music,—to thus live into Brahm's three string quartets, three quintets, two sextets, three piano quartets, one quintet and five trios. The end and aim of all music in Beethoven's mighty final pentiad of quartets has thus been known through and through in one year by such an amateur quartet, after it had watched and waited in vain for twenty-five years in Europe and America for public opportunities to learn these highest and last words in all music.

If we never read books any oftener than most music teachers read music, we could hardly get beyond the primer. But there is no special trouble in learning to read music, just as with newspapers, if we simply read. Even if our fingers, bowing arm, or vocal cords cannot keep up with our eyes in getting in all the notes or in speeding them up to proper tempo, our imaginations can fill out how they all would ideally sound. To play what you can, keep your place, get in again, and not disturb your colleagues, is the practical amateur technique of chamber music. The stimulus of keeping up with the best player in the group, of synchronizing together in tempo and dynamic expression, is vastly more helpful

than practicing alone.

When it comes to learning the symphonies, overtures, Wagner, Mozart's operas, and "Fidelio," it is hardly possible to get together a college orchestra, unless help for the wind instruments is given by the conservatories. Even then, such tedious practice is necessitated by the poorer and irregular players that far more and better knowledge of orchestral works can be attained through four hand piano arrangements. Thus Professor Stanford has long prepared his Cambridge students for the university orchestral concerts by professionals and amateurs under his own direction. Indeed, mirabile dictu, the gaining of real musical culture does not require necessarily the playing of any instrument or singing. By simply listening, and, better still, also following visually the music score, one can gain the same high art elements as in listening to reading aloud in the home circle To be sure, it requires more repetitions thus to know good music than novels, but hardly more than good poetry.

A most valuable esthetic component which has hardly yet been included in any university courses, is furnished by the letters and writings of the composers themselves. Prolix and involved as they are, Wagner's prose writings in his ten volumes of "Gesammelte Schriften" are a wonderfully inspiring record of the development and struggle of mighty dramatic ideas and of an indomitable, titanic personality. The text to his music-dramas should be studied, either in the German drama course or in the music department, and compared with their folk-lore forerunners in the Eddas, Nibelungenlied, Wolfram's Parzival and Gottfried's Tristan. Wagner's correspondence with Lizst and other friends and his autobiography should be known at first hand. Beethoven's two volumes of letters picture the turbulence of his intense spirit, its isolation and suspicion through deafness, with also a surprising leaven of culture,—all contributing to the tragedy of his life and

its gigantic works. The biographical basis of the incomparable grace and purity of Mozart's music is seen in his lovely letters. just as the most refined spirit of Mendelssohn, as the musical genius of wealth and culture, is shown in his two volumes of letters. Along with the immortal romance of Robert and Elizabeth Browning deserves to stand that of Robert and Clara Schumann. Their iournal and letters, which Litzmann has collated in his splendid three-volume life of Clara Schumann, show not only the poetic idyl of their twenty years of romantic love and art-creation, but are also a fascinating picture of the entire art life of northern Europe during the last seventy years of the 19th century Robert Schumann's "Jugendbriefe" and his "Neue Folge" radiate a poetic sparkle and manly vigor of the highest literary value; while the rhapsodic pictures of his contemporaries and the generous sympathy with all art strivings, in the two volumes of his "Gesammelte Schriften," give him an immortal place as the greatest word-poet, as well as tone-poet, among all composers. The interwoven lives of Joachim and Brahms with the Schumanns, and the seven volumes of Brahms' letters with the Herzogenbergs. Joschim and others, show the finer, deeper, and more intimate art-elements, which were sadly wanting in the crude theatrical grandeur of the Wagnerites. Such letters as those of the famous Vienna surgeon, Dr. Billroth, who built a palatial music room in his own villa to honor Brahms' chamber music and who learned to play the viola therein, are an ecstatic idealization of the aristocratic art patrons of Haydn's and Beethoven's times.

All such sources, rounding out and coordinating the art values of musical classics, thus demand the founding and encouraging, in universities and homes, of musical libraries. Not one professional in hundreds has any idea of a library of music beyond a few stray, torn leaves of 'sheet music.' What an illuminating contrast it was to find in the King's College don's rooms of Oscar Browning (the friend and biographer of George Eliot, with her joy in Beethoven sonatas and her grand piano) a special room for his grand piano and library of music adjoining his room of histories from floor to ceiling Many a cultured home, however, which treasures and uses its complete library sets of Shakespeare. Goethe, Molière, Ibsen, Thackeray, George Eliot, Ruskin, Tennyson, and Arnold, can similarly know, honor and love music by possessing the main or complete works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, and Brahms. Besides this first rank, in which the mighty

Beethoven towers alone, much delightful companionship will be found in the lyric piano works, two piano and violin sonatas, string quartet and some songs of Grieg; in some of the symphonic poems, smaller piano works, and songs of Liszt; in the earnest and ascetic César Franck; in the piano trios of Gade; and in a small proportion of the songs of Franz and Wolf. After a thorough saturation in the best music in one's library, then one can safely browse about in concerts or public libraries, and try whether there is anything worth taking home from the pathological melancholy and mania of Tscharkowsky, the bizarre novelty of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Ipollitow-Iwanow and Korngold, the cheerful commonplace of Reissiger, Reinecke, Jadassohn and Sitt, and the emasculated meanderings of Debussy.

Another very important point in musical education is the distinct realization that the highest function of public concerts, after all, is to educate their hearers to revive the musicat home through their own copies, either by playing at it or reading it silently. This education by concerts to not needing concerts, while it will be wholesomely depressing to the pride of concertsoloists and conductors, is similar to the highest cultural value of Shakespeare, Goethe and Ibsen through their copies in the home, rather than through the elecution and stage effects of actors. After hearing and seeing musical and dramatic classics given in artistic productions, one can easily learn to carry over in imagination these auditory and visual elements to the intellectual reading of the classics at home. Then, and not till then, do the classics become our real friends and inspirations to everything loveliest and best in this world.

Having established the aims and methods of cultivating the higher values of music in universities, the practical pedagogical problem is to adapt these same aims and methods to the high schools. The singing of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Brahms songs for single voice, women's or men's voices, or both, and the playing of chamber music, should be the main aim. Oratorios and orchestras can but rarely compete with these smaller and more adaptable groups of boys and girls. Whether any musical instruction should be attempted in the grade schools is a debatable question. As children can begin their literary education on Scott and Dickens, without wasting any years on ephemeral and cheap children's literature, so can they begin on the simplest and best music. If we had any worthy heritage of folk-songs, that would be very worth while in the schools. Until the age of adolescence and its awakened

imagination there is no serious call for musical expression; below that is the naïve play of primitive instinct.

After all, like the other arts, music is for adults rather than for children. Moreover, it is for men more than for women. Not only is the masculine psychology more fitted to create original music and interpret music, but also to cultivate its higher elements in the home. In the older musical centers of Europe it is the men who make the music: the women listen and crochet. Instead of magnifying the feminine graces of music, valuable and indispensable as they are, we should emphasize music for men.

### SUMMART

- I. The lower educational art values of music, compared with literature are due:
  - a. To the extremely limited musical knowledge of teachers.
  - b. To the teaching of the instrument rather than the classics of music
  - c. To teachers, learning music largely through imitation.
  - d. To the wearisome struggle to maintain school and college orchestras rather than chamber-music combinations.
  - e. To the survival of discipline in instrumental practice and theoretical courses.
  - f. To the vain hope of colleges discovering or making composers.
- 2. The teaching of music can be bettered by more application of the methods of teaching literature:
  - Reduce the hoard of private music teachers and discourage music as a business.
  - Separate the making of professional musicians from musical culture.
  - c. Relegate the production of professional soloists, chorus singers, and orchestral players to authorized conservatories of music.
  - d. Incorporate the cultural teaching of music into our high schools and colleges.
  - e. Teach the musical classics and their composers instead of the instruments.
  - f. Cultivate chamber music more than all other forms together, by small groups of students playing in combinations of duets, tries and quartets, and in hearing each other, their teachers' or professional quartets.
  - g. Give courses in the texts to Wagner's works, in the lyrics to songs, and in the literary writings and letters of the composers.
  - h. Teach by example and precept the collection and use of music libraries.
  - Show that the highest function of music is in the home rather than in the concert hall.
  - j. Music for adults and especially for men.

# THE RELATIVITY OF OUR MUSICAL CONCEPTIONS

# By D. RUDHYAR

HE theory of Relativity is sweeping the intellectual world of to-day. For centuries our thoughts and feelings have been moulded over certain definite basic structures which have crystallized along certain lines, and the characteristic fluidity of early times has now been transmuted into a state of utter rigidity, so that they appear to us as mysterious and most sacred idols. That these idols are transitory in essence, that they belong to the perpetually unfolding sphere of the Becoming, that WE made them as they are, and that they have no absolute existence. but the existence that WE insufflated into them, all these points seem never to enter the field of our mental or intuitional consciousnesss. Yet in these musical axioms which tyrannically rule over European music there lies no more absoluteness, no more certainty than in the axioms of physical science, which have so utterly vanished before a closer and more daring investigation lately.

There is no excuse, really, for the perpetuation of such axiomatic creeds now that the discovery of Oriental civilization, art, science, which are so utterly different from ours, shows us that, if during these last centuries of European culture we have discovered ONE Truth, there is the possibility of another Truth, differing not in quantity but in quality. In other words, now that we know approximatively how (in past civilizations comparable to ours in many respects, in some even decidedly superior) Humanity was thinking, feeling, creating along lines totally different from our present ones, it seems impossible for us to cling so frantically to our own conceptions, above all to believe still that they are eternal, indisputable, absolute, and in no wise susceptible of transformation.

Nevertheless, if some pioneers have already attempted with an ever-increasing success to break the old idols, their work has, at the most, touched only the outer layers of the musical structure. What has been revolutionized as yet is only the construction, the form, the sequence of music. But the musical unit, the note, stands undefiled, untouched to a very great extent. Composers like Ornstein and H. Cowell have by the use of clusters of sounds imperilled its existence, and, to a certain measure, the futurists' attempt to create an enharmonic scale, or Busoni's third-of-tone scale, have paved the way to the future revolution; yet these tentative efforts are still very empirical in character and do not reach even the essence of the subject, at least consciously.

In order really to grasp the idea I mean to convey in this brief article, one must first understand what is the inner essence of the concept upon which all western music is based: the Note. If you ask some one what a note of music is, you will be looked at as almost mad; if, furthermore you ask: "Can you imagine music without notes?" your interlocutor will leave you, despairing of your mental balance. Yet, these two questions: What intrinsically is a note? and, Are notes an essential element of Music? are quite legitimate, and, if properly understood and discussed, will raise most interesting points

First, what is a Note, according to the current musical theories? A Note is the unit of our musical universe, the cell of the body of music. All musical creations, from a popular refrain to a symphony, are aggregations of notes—vertical aggregations, or chords; horizontal aggregations, or melodies. If, on the other hand, you ask for a definition of music you may find something like this: Music is the art of combining sounds. Here immediately we come across what seems a duplication. First we spoke of notes, then of sounds. Is there then a difference between a note and a sound?

Indeed there is a difference. Sound is an element of the Universe. Every thing around us is sound, sound that oftentimes we do not hear because of the limitations of our ear, yet in some respect sound. Our music, however, does not use all this infinitude of sounds; it is too rich, too chaotic for our musical sense; we are lost in the profusion of audible vibrations. We, therefore, have selected some specific sounds produced by some almost invariable instruments, and have thus created a little cosmos of sounds in which we feel at home. We have expurgated Nature, we have encaged it, and thus rejoice in our easy mastery over this atrophied material. This material is what we call musical sounds. But a note is theoretically something different. A note is an abstract concept. It has no sense-reality in itself. When we think of the note A, we think of something which is a pure abstraction.

First, we think of it, independently of the pitch. Ask a bass, a tenor, a soprano to sing you an A, and you will have 3 different sounds; yet you say of each of them, It is an A.

Secondly, suppose the pitch of the sound be given, we think of it independently of the quality. For, should a trumpet, a violin, an English horn, play the same "a", in reality we should have 3 sounds largely differing in quality and in power of rousing

subjective emotions.

If we analyze the first case we come in contact immediately with the notion of what we call octave-sounds. It is a very strange notion. We say that a is the octave-sound of A. What does it mean? Scientifically it means that if the frequency of A is equal to n, the frequency of a is equal to 2n. It is simple enough, abstractly. Yet why should we say that the vibration 2n is in some way the same as the vibration n, enough the same, at any rate, to give it the same name?

We could as well have said that A being the name given to the sound whose frequency is n, a would be the name given to the sound with a frequency of Sn. In other words, why not have called an octave, the space comprehended between a certain sound and the sound whose frequency is S times greater, instead of the space comprehended between a certain sound and the sound whose

frequency is twice greater?

From a philosophical point of view, the number S in nature plays a part as important as the number 2 does. The Trinity is the basis of every religious system; the triangle is the most univer-

sal symbol, and the most perfect figure in many respects.

The objection which will be presented immediately is this: We know sensorially that an octave is the repetition of the same sound at a higher pitch; we feel it. If you play a twelfth (the interval corresponding to the ratio above-suggested, 1:3) you know that it does not sound like an extended unison, as the octave does.

But the objection is a very illusory one, As well say: "An octave is an octave because it is an octave." We have been trained for generations to consider the sound a" as something possessing the same emotional quality as the sound a', the same quality to such an extent as to apply to both the same denomination. Yet, we cannot help but see that these two sounds are different. They are not the same. There is absolutely no reason why we should think they are the same, why we should call them by the same name. It is a mere convention, which has absolutely no natural, no fundamental basis; which, therefore, may be modified at any moment without any theoretical inconvenience

In fact, Oriental music has never recognized any such thing as octave-sounds. The concept of octave-sounds in Japan is not understood, by old musicians at any rate. Their conception of "scale" differs so widely from ours that there is practically no such thing as "scales" in the Orient. They have modes, thousands of them; but that is very different.

The difference is that, if you go deep into the esoteric conception of Music in the East, you discover that the Oriental music ignores the "note" as such. They make music in terms of absoluts pitch, not in terms of relative pitch. Their music is built upon modes wherein each tone, each "compound sound" has an individuality, an existence proper. Occidental music, on the contrary, is built on the abstract concept of "interval." A scale is a progression of ratios, is a pattern made to order, which may be fixed at will at any pitch. It is a sliding ladder, whose rounds are notes: between these rounds there is an absolute void, practically. So that outside these few rounds there is no music; there is only "wrong notes." We do not think musically in term of sound, we think in terms of notes, or in terms of intervals, which is the same; for a note is the edge of an interval, as far as our musical theory goes, therefore a purely abstract factor. We are still under the influence of the Flemish school of counterpoint of the 15th-16th centuries, with its algebraical formulæ, its reversing parts and intricate puzzles; we are still, in theory, juggling with intellectual puppets, artificial entities which we call "notes" and manipulate like wooden cubes, in order to build our musical castles. But these cubes are corpses; they contain no life. We can pile them up, dispose them in beautiful decorative figures; but, do we get music? Decidedly not. We attain to a sort of Decorative Art, a sort of moving architecture; but that is not music, real, absolute Music. Nor is it real architecture: you cannot apprehend it at once; it lies in between, a hybrid combination of elements half-intellectual, half-emotional.

What I attack here is not the principles of Musical Composition. I should be foolish indeed to say that there should not enter any intellectual or abstract elements in the composition of a musical organism, as for instance a symphony. What I want to convey is the idea of the unreality, the un-musicality of that which is the unit, the cell, of all musical organisms in the West, viz. the Note.

If again we come back to the Oriental conception, we see that the formative units of a mode are living entities. The interval, the ratio of frequencies, do not count as basic elements. They came in music during the decadences when it became necessary to have strict regulations in order to check the decomposition of the sacred institutions and colleges. The primordial sounds

used as bases were conventionalizations of natural sounds. We see in the early Chinese annals how these primordial sounds were taken from the singing of a certain bird, from the bellowing of a cow, and so forth. Then, in order to attain a more fundamental characterization and to reach the plane of the archetypal sounds, as it were, of the natural voices, they were stabilized, the length of the sound-producing pipes precisely fixed. But even when stabilized they kept all their initial flexibility; between each successive tone there was no void, but an insensible progression: each tone was a center influence, not a rigid tower of ivory; therefore they remained "alive." Each musical sound, each tone. lived as an entity in itself. Transposition was unknown as a principle of composition, because as soon as you begin to transpose you take each sound as an abstract symbol, and no more as a living reality. If you take a cat and raise its atomic vibrations. by some mysterious process, it is no more the same cat, and probably no more a living being. If you take a sound and raise its pitch, it is no more the same sound. In other words, wherever absolute pitch (theoretically) is not required, music is no longer based upon tone (or life), but upon abstractions, upon intervals.

If musicians would know what a Mantram means in the East. they would understand. They would understand that, in real Music, a tone, or compound-sound, and still more a series of tones. or modulations of sounds, or melody, are living organisms reacting directly upon other living organisms, visible or invisible; they would understand that the essence of music is magic (as Combaricu points out so clearly in his "Histoire de la Musique"), that real music has a tremendous magical power susceptible of destroying and creating matter. It is already a fairly common laboratory experiment to blow out a big flame simply by sounding the proper tone to which the flame responds; in the same way a student in Menlo Park (Cal.) succeeded in shaking the walls of his study when producing the proper tone to which they responded. (Are we not near the famous incident of the trumpets of Jericho?) All this means that a tone is an "entity," and not an abstraction; that in "abstractizing" tones, or creating the concept of Note, the vital, magical value of Music is killed.

We have seen thus how, from the point of view of pitch, the conception of octave-sounds is a mere artificial abstraction; from

If might add here that the "trinitarian octave," or the Twelfth taken as the basis for scales, has been, in fact, used during the early Christian centuries. We hear of the "organum," or singing in fifths. I fancy these fifths were really twelfths, the twelfth

the point of view of the quality of sounds we find that our current musical conceptions are equally un-natural.

The note a" given by a violin, and the same note given by a horn, are in fact two different sounds. We are used to consider them theoretically as identical, but they are not; their pathos is entirely distinct, their creative or destructive powers over matter are totally different. In identifying them we overlook what is really essential in them. Life. We do like the scientist who kills first in order to dissect. No wonder if he cannot discover the secret of Life! No wonder if Music has lost its olden power, in spite of the perfecting of instruments, and their multiplication. To tolerate this continual adaptation of a music written for one instrument to another instrument, proves the terrible primitiveness of our musical sense; although, evidently, in our system as it is, it

Let us understand and face the truth. We Occidentals, in spite of all our glorious musical repertoires, of our wondrous orchestras, have not yet learned what a sound is. Even in the analytic process of our art we are still in a period of relative infancy. We have been so drunk with our chords, our counterpoint, etc., that we have forgotten to care about the basis of all: a complex sound. Yet what is harmony, if not the science of making complex sounds?

does not really matter much.

We speak of the note a". But such thing does not exist except in scientific experiments. The a" produced by a violin is only fictitiously called a", because what a violin produces is, in fact, a compound-tone, that is, a prime and a certain amount of upper and lower partials, specially upper ones, though the lower have been lately discovered in almost every sound we use in music. We practically never deal with pure sounds devoid of partials. We deal only with compound-tones. Each compound-tone has an individuality of its own.

What is the difference between a chord and a compound-tone? There is no qualitative difference, only a quantitative one. A single violin tone is a compound-tone of the first order. A chord emitted by a string quartet is a compound-tone of the second order. They differ in degree of diversity, but only in degree.

If we courageously face these facts we reach immediately the following striking conclusions:

appeared then as a consonance, as consonant as our octave (Helmholtz reaches the same conclusion). The progression of chords of ninths, dear to Debussy, is based upon the same duodecuple system. 12 is furthermore the basis of the Universe, in all cosmologies. So the whole idea of the "trinitarian octave" is very much less fantastic than it

appears at first.

(1) There is no fundamental difference between Monody and Polyphony.

(2) Our modern Harmony is but a part of an infinitely more complex

science (or art !), of which Orchestration is also a part.

(3) Our invention (!) of Polyphony is but a step leading to a more exact synthesis of tones, wherein primes and partials will both be considered and strictly defined.

(4) Our munical notation is a most inaccurrets one, in so far as it leaves

aride all partials.

If every musical sound is a compound-tone, a melody is not one unrolling thread of sounds, but several threads of sounds: it is, in fact, approximatively the same thing as a succession of chords. The primes play merely the part of the bass of the harmonic succession. What we do then, when we note a melody by writing only the succession of its primes, is exactly what composers of the 17th century did, when, instead of writing the whole chords, they merely wrote the fundamentals. But most of the time they added to these fundamentals the numerical symbols of the chords. When we write a melody we are not even so accurate, relatively. In other words, melody is never to be found in music. Every melody is a hidden harmonic succession, and should be treated as such. In fact, it was treated empirically as such by Oriental Music: for a given mode or melody was to be played only by one type of instrument, as a rough indication, not only of the given primes, but also of the partials. Western music, having increased the number of instrumental categories, and forgotten the secret value of modes and their proper use according to time, season, hour, place, influences, has mixed up most distressingly the musical values. Its notation, seemingly more accurate and precise, is in fact inferior in such respects to the Oriental notation.

What we call Harmony is the art of combining musical sounds in vertical progression. We are only beginning to know what it means. Until now we have dealt only with notes, with combinations of abstract relations of intervals. But in the future we shall deal with compound-sounds understood in their integrality (primes and partials). Thus the quality of sounds will be studied, as well as the pitch of the principal tone, or prime. Thus the science of Orchestration will become a part of Harmony; but a science of Orchestration so conceived as to differ materially from the one we have to-day. To-day we mix instruments absolutely empirically, instinctively. The science of partials being actually non-existent, we have no means of knowing scientifically what we are doing. Furthermore, the complexity of our modern orchestras is not only, materially and financially, nonsensical, but

musically produces luxurious effects which most of the time kill the real depth of musical expression, although it is a great help to composers who have nothing to express. The orchestra is an instrument of decadence. It is all on the surface; it is, like the modern palaces all gold, all light, all glitter; but in such a profusion of ornaments no soul can dwell. Our orchestral music is absolutely un-spiritual, in the real sense of the word spiritual. It has no simplicity, no spontaneity, no purity. It is either the result of a poverty of spirit trying to conceal its heavy layers of tinsel, or the frantic attempt of an imprisoned soul to break the inertia of notes and create music based almost exclusively upon half-revealed partials.

What Music needs is, above all, a kind of electric instrument, conceived in a way similar to the basic idea of the "Telharmonium" of Dr. Cahill which was experimented with some 15 years ago. Such an instrument will permit us to produce by combination any sound whatsoever—and therewith arrive at the third and fourth propositions enumerated above. Thus we shall rid ourselves of the empirical division of sounds into primes and partials, at least for practical purposes. Instead, we shall have compound-tones, with not only the relative intensity of partials and primes as a quantity accurately defined, but also with the numbers and disposition of partials as a precise musical factor.

As an example let us take a melody, a' b' e' d' g'. In our present musical system a' b' e' represent different notes sufficiently defined by their name. In the future a' will give place to a compound-tone composed, let us say, as follows:

prime: a' upper partials: 1. 2. 3. 5. 7. 9. lower partials 1. 3. 4.

But that is not all. The intensity of the prime being taken for instance as 100, the intensity of every partial would be given proportionally. Thus every compound-tone will be determined in all its components. A progression of such compound-tones would be what we call a melody. Having enriched with unheard-of tones the monodic line, the next natural step will be to constitute a polyphony in the spirit of Palestrinian polyphony. But instead of the simple and restricted quality of the human voice, we shall have the wondrous splendor of an infinitude of cosmic sounds. For with such an instrument as we imagine, every quality of sound is theoretically possible. A dazzling profusion of new materials will flood the imagination of the future creators; and

yet an utmost purity and simplicity may be attained, because all this splendor will transfigure the quality of the tone, not the quantity of it. What we shall gain, is an almost incredible subtlety, an ever-changing chatoyment of colors, not so much of outer colors as now, but of innermost nuances. The new wealth will be within, not without. It will not be a mixture, but a selection out of an infinitude of potentialities.

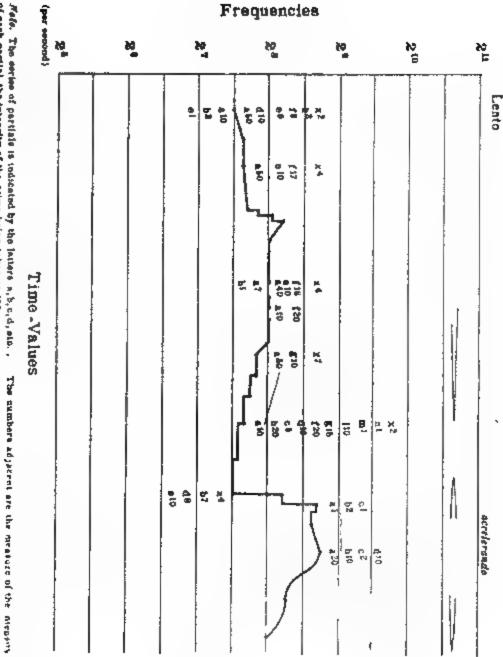
Not only upper partials will be used, but lower partials, as they have been detected recently in such abundance in the tone of bells. In fact, the prime sound—the only one we consider now—will appear then as a radiating center of dynamic tonal energy, as a Sun surrounded by the double series of planets, the over- and under-tones. Each compound-tone, therefore, will be a microcosm, living of its own life, expanding a certain vital energy, acting powerfully over all cosmic organisms. A melody then will be, by comparison, a chain of solar systems—a polyphonic whole, a Universe. Then indeed Man will be worthy of the name of Creator!

The question of notation is very simple; the best way to arrive at an easy reading is to have the music printed upon a roller, similar to the ones used in pianolas, but unrolling horizontally instead of vertically, as has already been suggested by some inventor. The diagram printed on the opposite page will give a very incomplete yet basic idea of the possibility of such a notation.

In fact, it is merely an adaptation to the new mechanical potentialities of the old Japanese notation of Chinese origin. This Japanese notation, which one may find reproduced in some books upon Japanese music, is also vertical and horizontal, and uses curves or straight lines in almost the same way as I do here. But the quality of the tones (i.e., the overtones) is not mentioned, although quantity of letters, symbols, etc., give detailed indications concerning instruments, nuances, etc.

The notation by curves or lines (instead of by points or notes) is very much more supple and leaves to the executant a part—small but necessary—for personal feelings. It has the great advantage of giving the impression of a continuity, therefore of Life (See Bergson, "Creative Evolution") whereas our notes give the feeling of division, of restlessness, of individualism. I repeat again here that music has nothing to do with individualism; it is above all a cosmic expression. It is THE cosmic expression of Man's consciousness.

The time-values are given as in mathematical curves by the borizontal elongations of any fragment of the curve. Once the



Fefs. The series of partials is todicated by the latters n.b.c.d.sin. . The numbers adjacent are the pressure of the nigners of such partial, the intended of the prime being taken as 100.

essential features of the diagram are understood, one can easily imagine a score (roller) containing 3 or 4 curves. We shall then get on a larger scale something equivalent to the score of a mass by Palestrina, for 3 or 4 voices.

If one objected that such a conception of simple polyphonic music limits the field of musical expression, I should answer that Perfection is concentration and selection. The music of a Vittoria is perfect because it comprehends no external elements; the music of Wagner is imperfect because it contains non-musical, external elements.

Descriptive music is not music at all. Psychologic music, so called, is equally futile as music. What the future will bring us is a synthesis of all arts; but within this synthesis, each component has to stay in its own place, to use its own means of expression, and not to make a horrible mixture of the "procedes" of all combined arts. We want Order, not Chaos. The music of to-day is chaotic, because it does not know what it wants; or even if it knows it does not dars to do the necessary thing to get there. It is built upon anti-musical elements; it tries to destroy them, and does not know how; it feels that something is wrong, but does not know what.

But above all, it has no ideal to express, no faith—social, religious, or any other—to support it; it is metaphysically aimless. That is the worst thing that can happen to an art. Wagner was great because he had a metaphysical conception, and know it. So was Scriabine. Stravinsky is great to-day because he feels something immense without seeming to be able to express it consciously; wherefore we miss something in his music, however marvelous it is from a sensorial point of view. He is, with a few others, the mirror of the humanity of to-day, striving in a half-darkness, rent at times by fulgurating lightnings. But all are afraid of "jumping beyond their shadows," as Nietzsche would say, afraid of clamoring for what Music needs, for what Humanity, Science, Art, Religion need: a new basis, a new soul, a new faith.

These pages do not pretend to be more than a sketch of future possibilities, or necessities, as I believe. My endeavor was merely to open the eyes of musical thinkers, to show that everything is unstable and relative in our music, and why it will be imperative to make radical changes. This does not mean a revolution into nothingness, or a floundering about in the Unknown. Oriental music is there, if properly understood, to tell us its secret, and to illumine our darkness. I am not advocating

a going back to Oriental music. That would be the greatest nonsense. We go forward, not backward. But, as in Logic antithesis succeeds thesis, and synthesis succeeds antithesis, I firmly believe that Oriental music was the thesis, Occidental music the antithesis, and that the future must give life to a synthesis in the direction here sketched.

# HEINRICH HEINE'S MUSICAL FEUILLETONS

# By O. G. SONNECK

"Er war Musiker ale Dichter."-Franz Liest

As musician, I have a sentimental regret that Heinrich Heine did not write the book on witchcraft he had planned. How fascinating a book it would have been, one may surmise from the "Notes" to his scenario of a fantastic "Doctor Faust" ballet, submitted to Lumley of Covent Garden in 1847, from his essay "Elementargeister" and from other of his writings. A mere depositary of his extensive reading on the subject of witchcraft and kindred superstitions, the book certainly would not have been, for Heine's interest in these subjects derived originally from an intimate personal acquaintance with a witch, recognized as such by her credulous clientèle and, after the fashion of witches, by herself.

In his "Memoirs" Heine has narrated some of the weird practices of this particular witch whose confidence he had gained and whose house he frequented until he was sixteen years of age or even older. If one asks, why Heine developed this taste in things dark and tabu, the answer is cherchez la fills. He took a passionate liking—perhaps it was the first of his rather numerous love-affairs—to the witch's niece, whose strange beauty the poet vividly described in his "Memoirs"—"das rote Seffchen," as she is known in Heine literature. It was this red-haired Joseffa who kindled, as the poet admits, at least two of his lifelong passions: the one for women, the other for poetry, the third being that for the French Revolution.

This strange creature, the daughter of an executioner who was apparently the chief of the executioners' union, had a rich repertoire of German folk-songs, particularly of those current in her outcast circles. She attuned the budding poet's ear to what is characteristically of the folk and to its taste in modes of expression, imagery and cadence in folk-poetry. With his genius, "Harry" Heine was quick to seize his opportunity and, consciously or not, to impart to so many of his own poems in the "Buch der Lieder," even to the later and often less mortal poems of his "elegiac-cynical" period, as he called it, that folk-flavor which captivated

the German nation, because it mirrored what is deepest in every

people's soul.

Now, folk-poetry without folk-music of some kind has never had a separate existence, except in the notions of philologists. "Das rote Seffchen" did not recite folk-songs to her young lover; she sang them. And he in turn, when his passion for poetry had taken fire from his passion for the "ewig-weibliche," could not but fashion such of his own poems as were kin to folk-poems in such wise as to make them cry out for music. In that respect much of Heine's poetry is different from equally great lyric poetry by other poets. Theirs has little or no contact with lyrical folkpoetry, as have on the contrary, for instance, Heine's "Lorelei" or "Es fiel ein Reif in der Frühlingsnacht" (a real folk-song), and indeed requires a composer so little that it is often sheer impudence and a sign of poor taste to graft music on its self-sufficient beauty. However, precisely because of its inherently musical quality, Heine's poetry became the habitat of composers without number. He is of all poets, Goethe not excluded, the "most composed" His lovely "Du bist wie eine Blume" easily holds the record in that respect. Hundreds and hundreds of mostly abortive settings have been published; of course, a mere fraction of the settings actually perpetrated. To this very day, the procession continues, as those know who are unfortunate enough to hold the position of a publisher's manuscript reader. And for this calamity, this parasitic pest, this degradation of both the arts of poetry and music, we have to thank in the last analysis Heinrich Heine's interest in the bewitching niece of an ugly old hag, but we also have to thank her for some priceless gems of poetry inlaid in equally priceless music.

One would imagine that this composers' poet had been passionately fond of music, too. I doubt it. Heine, as the reader will see, wrote entertainingly and brilliantly of musical happenings and personalities. A man of Heine's cultured and keen mind who is thrown into frequent contact with such musicians as Liszt, Chopin, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Paganini, Rossini, Hiller, Mendelssohn, Wagner, either directly or in the salons where music formed a topic of sprightly conversation, is not likely to write nonsense about music as such, though—as Hiller tells us—he may have been ignorant of the technical distinction between "Generalbass" and "Contrabass." On the other hand, spontaneous love and critical appreciation of an art are not the same and do not always travel together. In this connection it has always perplexed me that with the many allusions to music

in Heine's poetry, and its hospitality to musical trespassers, I cannot recall in it a single soul-stirring tribute to the powers of music or even a really tender confession of love for music as such. Heine was the musician's poet, and, to quote Liszt's fine mot, "he was a musician as poet," but he is not music's poet in the sense that Shakespeare is. His youthful poem "Ich denke noch der Zaubervollen" is a personal tribute to Karoline Stern, the first of several prima donnas to tax his poetic emotions, and proves nothing. If I be reminded of the lines:

Wunderbare Macht der Töne! Zauberklänge sonder Gleichen! Sie erschüttern selbst den Himmel, Und die Sterne dort erbleichen!

Wonderful the pow'r of tones is! Magic sounds beyond comparing! Lo, they shake the very heavens, Pallid stars their might declaring.

What of them? They are, indeed, by Heine, but they appear in his poem "Mimi" and that poem is a parodistic poem on a concert of cats, in which for the sake of a rime on "jetzo" Heine perpetrated the historical blunder of "Fugen wie von Bach oder Guido von Arezzo." (By the way, Mr. Carl van Vechten will never be forgiven by his "Feathers" for not having quoted that poem in his jeu d'esprit "The Cat in Music" and for his silence on Heine's other cat-poem Jung-Katerverein für Poësie-Musik.")

Whatever music Heine had in his soul, he inherited from his mother, though that must have been a somewhat complicated process of inoculation, for not only did his own father frown on such "idle non-essentials" as music lessons, but her father, too, held the same opinion. However, women will have their ways in such matters, and since she had enjoyed a musical education, more or less behind the back of her father, she decided that her children were to do likewise, more or less behind the back of their father. Possibly because the sound of singing and piano playing literally got on young Harry's nerves, an excellent violin teacher was engaged, evidently without much consideration for the nerves of neighbors. Why the violin lessons did not last many months, Heine's biographer Karpeles has told us in an amusing anecdote the point of which is this; his mother's ears

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The brilliant translations of Heine's poems quoted in this article are by Mr. Prederick H. Martens, as are the translations of Heine's feuilletons. The text connecting the latter is also by Mr. Martens.—Ed.

partook with pride of the amaging progress her violinistic prodigy made, but it so happened that one fine day when she unexpectedly entered the music-room she saw the violin teacher walking up and down fiddling to his heart's content and her ingenious son stretched out on the couch meditatively engaged in the pursuit of poetic happiness! That was not a very auspicious beginning for a musical career, not even of a musical critic, unless one wishes to be facetious at the expense of an honorable calling which Richard Wagner once called immoral. Yet there is no psychological mystery about Heine's invasion of that domain at the rather early age of about twenty-two. Nature had predestined him to be a journalist, and a journalist he became. Not of the modern type that specializes in politics, or music, or divorce-scandals or golf, but of the older, one might say, polyhistoric type. The "Correspondent" stationed in such cultured centres as Paris, Berlin, London, was supposed to regale the folks-back-home with journalistic news and essays from new pastry to politics. Quite naturally women's fashions, pictures, plays, concerts, opera, etc., formed part of the ensemble in these worthy efforts. Numerous members of the journalistic clan gifted with the sense of news had studied jurisprudence, history, philosophy just as assiduously at university as Heinrich Heine, together with other matters that demand less application and yield more pleasure, the total sum of knowledge thus acquired forming the requisite journalistic capital. There was but one slight difference between most of his confrères and Heine; he possessed genius as a writer and they did not.

Precisely for that reason time has not impaired either the charm or milieu-value of Heinrich Heine's musical feuilletons. Excerpts therefrom have appeared occasionally in musical magasines and a copious selection was translated by Claude Aveling for the Monthly Musical Record in 1906 and subsequent years. but in their entirety they have not been published hitherto in a musical magazine, upless I am very much mistaken, for the benefit of those who are not likely to hunt for them through the bulky volumes of Heine's collected writings. A sufficient justification for assembling them (with a few insignificant omissions) in The Musical Quarterly. As I hope, for the delectation of its readers and not without benefit to those whose business it is to dig up the past—for museum purposes. And yet an apology is in order. Not so much to the reader, as to the poet: his German is so multi-colored, it travels on such light wings and is so sensitive to wit and witticisms (not to forget his naughty double-entendres) that no translation can possibly bring out the variety of its aroma.

Nor are the style and atmosphere of these writings of our more sober age. To vibrate sympathetically with them, it will be well to remember Karpeles' keen remark, that "Heinrich Heine was a Jew, born in the days of budding romanticism in a city on the Rhine."

In the heavens of Heine's musical star-gasing, many a name appears that is now extinct; so much so indeed, that a ponderous astronomical apparatus of foot-notes would not restore even a semblance of life to them. They are merely interesting as moons in musical history; but they lend to it at least the romanticism of fossilization. The planets in Heine's stellar system, Weber, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Berlioz, Chopin, Bellini, Paganini, while a little more distant from us than from Heine's contemporaries, move about in our musical world very much as they did in his. Spontini looms up in these feuilletons as a kind of fixed star midway between Weber and Meverbeer. His idies fixes and personal eccentricity assisted Wagner, as they did Heine, in making his important position in the history of music at least a novelistic memory for posterity. As for Meyerbeer, the coolingoff process has set in rather rapidly of late years, but in those days he was still the news-giving glorious sun, and Heine, as musical racconteur, merely reflects the logic of his times if in his feuilletons Meyerbeer shines as the main force of attraction. Not. of course, as early as 1822, when Heine first began to write about music in his "Letters from Berlin," merely mentioning Meyerbeer in passing in a passage not important enough for quotation here. but from 1832 on, when Meyerbeer's musical empire had become definitely established.

This introduction is not extended as a quasi-thesis for a doctor's degree on the problem of "Heine and Music." If it were, the relations between Heine and Meyerbeer would require a much more searching analysis than hitherto accorded in literature. That is, in my opinion, still an open subject for critical and exhaustive treatment, as is, indeed, the more general subject of "Heine and Music." Here, only an outline can be attempted for the reader's orientation.

It will be noticed that Heine, with less caustic wit than was his wont, refers to Meyerbeer's proverbial habit of self-advertisement. This habit of systematic, "business-like" propaganda for his works, to put it mildly, the great Giacomo had formed from the very beginning of his amazing career. No general ever planned his campaigns more carefully than did Meyerbeer the campaigns for the success of his operas. He did not, like Lizzt, and in

Light's phrase, disdain "to buy recognition on the market." On the contrary, he made that a deliberate practice, but it is also true that Meyerbeer, whether with ulterior motives or not, always held his purse open for fellow-artists in distress. Heine was one of them and Meyerbeer proved his friendship for him on more than one occasion. Especially in that crisis in Heine's life when his cousin stopped the yearly stipend which he had enjoyed from his "indecently" rich uncle Solomon Heine, on the grounds that his father's will contained no provision for the continuation of the stipend. The shocking news of this disaster to his already strained circumstances undoubtedly hastened the ravages of that paralyzing disease which condemned Heine to the terrible. long years of his "Mattress-grave" death. Heine's biographer Strodtmann claims that Meyerbeer offered to pay the poet the stipend out of his own pocket, if the cousin persisted in his refusal. At any rate, Meyerbeer interceded in Heine's behalf and testified to the fact that within his own hearing Heine's uncle had declared the stipend to be intended as a pension for life.

Antisemitic authors like Bartels have accused Heine of almost everything on the calendar of ain, lack of poetic talent included. One need not take such silly fanaticism seriously, but unfortunately a broad yellow streak cannot be denied in Heine's character. His treatment, for instance, of Börne and Count Platen went far beyond the permissible, precisely because a pen like his was mightier than any sword. List, too, in the controversy about St. Simonism, had occasion to smart under Heine's unfairly vitriolic attacks and in more than one of his poems Heine's wit became rather cheap at the expense of List. Nevertheless, Heine was not such a cad as to turn on a benefactor like Meyerbeer without some reason which, if only in his own eyes, justified him in dropping all pretense of courtesy and pouring the acid of his contempt on Meyerbeer as he did after he had (in 1847)

ceased to write musical feuilletons.

The Meyerbeerians in the latter tell only part of the story, the earlier part. For the rest one has to go to Heine's later poems in the marvelous "Romancero," most of them dating from 1847 to 1851, and his "Last poems," from 1858 to 1856, which, by the way, contain poems that, in my humble opinion, excel those of his previous periods. Also to his posthumous "Gedanken und Einfälle," which contain the following apergus on Meyerbeer.

The eclecticism in (French) music was imported with Meyerbeer. Meyerbeer is aristocracy's musical mattre de plaisir.

Meyerbeer has become entirely Jewish. If he should want to return to Berlin into his former position, he would have to get himself baptized first.

This is very mild in comparison with his contemptuous references to the "Lorbeer-Meyer / Dem grossen Maestro in Berlin" in his poem "Der Wanzerich" or "Meyer-Bär / Der musikalische Millionär" and "Bären-Meyer" in the poem "König Langohr I." Even these cheap plays on Meyerbeer's name are harmless if confronted with these lines from the fragment "Teleologie":

Ohren gab uns Gott die heiden Um von Mozart, Gluck und Haydn Meisterstücke anzuhören— Gäb es nur Tonkunst-Kolik Und Hämorrhoidal-Musik Von dem grossen Meyerbeer, Schon ein Ohr hinlänglich wär.

Ears God gave us to betiden
That by Mozart, Gluck and Haydn,
Masterpieces we might hark to—
Were tonal art but colic void,
And music only hemorrhoid,
By the great, great Meyerbeer;
Then with one ear we could hear.

Not in such atrocious taste but equally vindictive is the poem, also happily a fragment, "Paan":

Streiche von der Stirn den Lorbeer, Der zu lang herunterbammelt Und vernimm mit freiem Ohr, Beer, Was Dir meine Lippe stammelt,

Ja, nur stammeln, stottern kann ich,
Trete vor den grossen Mann ich,
Dessen hoher Genius
Ist ein wahrer Kunstgenuss,
Dessen Ruhm ein Meisterstück ist,
Und kein Zufall, nicht ein Glück ist,
Das im Schlafe ohne Müh
Manchem kömmt, er weiss nicht wie,
Wie z. B. jenem Rotznas',
Dem Rossini oder Mozart.
Nein, der Meister, der uns theuer,
Unser lieber Beeren-Meyer,
Darf sich rühmen : er erschuf
Selber seines Namens Ruf,
Durch die Mucht der Willenskraft,

Durch des Denkens Wissenschaft, Durch politische Gespinste Und die feinsten Rechenkunste— Und sein König, sein Protektor, Hat zum Generaldirektor Sämmlicher Musikanstalten Ihn ernannt und mit Gewalten Ausgerüstet

> die ich heute unterthänigst ehrfurchtsvoll in Anspriich nehme.

From your brow the laurel now clear. That hangs too longly swaying, And hear with open ear, Beer, What my stamm'ring lips are saying. Only stamm'ring, stutt'ring can I Step before that great man, aye; Whose genius' lofty measure Is a real artistic pleasure. A masterpiece whose fame is, Nor through chance or luck became his. Such in sleep no effort showing, Comes to some without their knowing, To some snot-nose, as we've seen, be It Mozart or Rossini. Nay, that master, valued higher, Our own cherished Beeren-Meyer. He may boast; creation claim By himself, of his own fame. Through his power of will he wrought, Through the science strong of thought, Through political machination, And most artful calculation — And his king and his protector As the general director Of all musical institutions of ours Has appointed him with powers Equipped...

which I most submissively and respectfully claim to-day.

In the poem that follows, the bitter "Die Menge thut es" with its almost clairvoyant prediction of recent events—neither poem hardly intended for publication—Heine again spits venom at his bête-noire as the "Musikverderber."

Space and manners forbid to follow Heine further in this direction. However, one poem must be quoted here in full, since it is a clever little feuilleton in verse on Meyerbeer's opera "Le Prophète."

## FESTGEDICHT

Beeren-Meyer, Meyer-Beer!
Welch ein Lärm, was ist die Mär'?
Willat du wirklich jetzt gebären
End den Heiland uns bescheren,
Der verheissen, der versprochen?
Kommst du wirklich in die Wochen?
Das ersehnte Meisteratück
Dreizehnjähriger Kolik,
Kommt das Schmerzenskind am End',
Das man "Jan von Leyden" nennt?

Nein, es ist nicht mehr Erfindung Der Journale-die Entbindung Ist vollbracht, sie ist geschehen! Überstanden sind die Wehen; Der verehrte Wöchner liegt Mit verklärtem Angesicht In dem angstbethränten Bette! Eine warme Serviette Legt ihm Gouin auf den Bauch, Welcher schlaff wie'n leerer Schlauch. Doch die Kindbettzimmerstille Unterbricht ein laut Gebrülle Plötzlich-es erschmettern hell Die Posaunen, Israel Ruft mit tausend Stimmen. "Heil!" (Unbezahlt zum grössten Teil), "Heil dem Meister, der uns teuer. Heil dem grossen Beeren-Meyer, Heil dem grossen Meyer-Beer! Der nach Nöten, lang und schwer, Der nach langen, schweren Nöten Uns geboren den Propheten!"

Aus dem Jubilantenchor
Tritt ein junger Mann hervor,
Der gebürtig ist aus Preussen
Und Herr Brandus ist geheissen.
Schr bescheiden ist die Miene,
(Ob ihn gleich ein Beduine,
Ein berühmter Rattenfünger,
Sein Musikverlagsvorgänger.
Eingeschult in jeden Rummel),
Er ergreifet eine Trummel,
Paukt drauf los im Siegesrausche,
Wie einst Mujam that, als Mausche
Eine grosse Schlacht gewann,
Und er heht zu singen an:

Genialer Künstlerschweiss Hat bedächtig, tropfenweis, Im Behälter sich gesammelt, Der mit Planken fest verrammelt. Nun die Schleusen aufgezogen. Bricht hervor in stolzen Wogen Das Gewässer-Gottes Wunder! 'a iat ein grosser Strom jetzunder, Ja, em Strom des ersten Ranges, Wie der Euphrat, wie der Ganges, Wo an palmigen Gestaden Elefantenkälber buden. Wie der Rheinstrom bei Schaffhausen, Wo Kaskaden schäumen, brausen, Und Berliner Studiosen Gaffend stehn mit feuchten Hosen. Wie die Weichsel, wo da hausen Edle Polen, die sich lausen. Singend ihre Heldenleiden Bei des Ufers Trauerweiden: Ja, er ist fast wie em Meer. Wie das rote, wo das Heer Pharaonis musst' ersaufen, Während wir hindurchgelaufen Trocknen Fusses mit der Beute-Welche Tiefe, welche Breite! Hier auf diesem Erdenglohus Gibt's kein besares Wasser-Opus! Es ist hochsublim poetisch. Urtitanisch majestätisch. Gross wie Gott und die Natur-UND ICH HAB' DIE PARTITUR!

#### **EPILOG**

(Zum Loblied auf den celeberrimo mæstro Fiascomo.)

Die Neger berichten: der König der Thiere, Der Löwe, wenn er erkrankt ist, kuriere Sich dadurch, dass er einen Affen zerreisst Und ihn mit Haut und Haar verspeist.

Ich bin kem Löwe, ich bin kein König Der Thiere, doch wollt ich erproben ein wenig Das Neger-Recept -ich schrieb dies Poem Und ich befinde mich besser seitdem.

## FESTIVAL POEM

Beeren-Meyer, Meyer-Beer,
What is this noise? What's this we hear?
Say, will you really now give birth
Unto a Christ for us on earth?
Promised and foretold he's been.
Are you really lying in?
Is that yearned-for masterpiece,
Thirteen colic-years' release,
Now born at last, that child of woe,
Whom we as "Jan you Leyden" know?

Nay, it is not the hoax of ev'ry Newspaper—for the child's delivery Has been accomplished, time's accounted, And the birth-pangs are surmounted. The her-in esteemed is resting, His men transfigured joy attesting, Upon his couch with tears all wet. And a well-warmed servictte Does Gomn't o'er his belly drag Now slack as any empty bag. But the confinement-room's still calm Is shattered by a loud starm, Suddenly there's a blaring swell Of trumpets, and all Israel Cries with a thousand voices "Hail!" (Most all unpaid this cry exhale) "Hail the master we admire! Had the mighty Beeren-Meyer! Hail the mighty Meyer-Beer, Who in labor, long, severe, Who in labor, long, arduous, Has a prophet born unto us!"

From the jubilating chorus
One young man steps out before us,
Who in Prussia saw the daylight,
Yelept Brandus, if they say right.
Very modest is his mien.
(Did, as does the Bedouin,
Some rat-catcher fame-possessor.
Music-publishing predecessor.
Drill him till he's up to snuff?)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>There had been a great deal of fuss made for years over Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," before the work was completed and produced

<sup>&</sup>quot;Meyerbeer's friend.

The music publisher.

<sup>\*</sup>Maurice Schlesinger.

He picks a drum up—that's the stuff!—And thumps away with triumph rosy
As Miriam on a time when Mosey
Had won a battle, conquering;
And then he starts right in to sing;

"Genial aweat of artistry, Drop by drop, judiciously, In its reservoir collected, By strong planks from escape protected, Now the sluce-gates raised, it flows, In proud waves bursting forth, it goes, The flood-tide-Wondrous! God the giver! Lo, it is a mighty river! Yes, a stream that quite as great is As the Ganges or Euphrates, Where on banks where palms are waving Elephant calves go a-bathing; As the Rhine, Schaffhausen leaving, Roars and foams its cascades weaving; And the Berlin students, staring, Stand their moistened trousers wearing; Like Vistula, its shares housing Noble Poles, themselves delousing, Whose song their hero suffring staunches Beneath the weeping-willow branches; Aye, 'tis almost like a sea, Like the Red, where wretchedly Pharosh and his host were drowned, While we skipped through safe and sound, Passing dry-shod with our plunder Depth and breadth, O what a wonder! Here upon this mundane globus There's no better water-opus. Like God and Nature great—what's more I HAVE GOT THE VOCAL SCORE!"

## EPILOGUE

(To the Song of Praise upon the celeberrimo masstro Fiascomo.)

The king of the beasts, runs the negroes' narrating, The lion, when ill, cures himself without waiting By seizing an ape, whom to pieces he tears, And swallowing the similar with hide and with hairs.

I am no lion, no ruler royal
Of beasts, yet I wanted to give it a trial
That recipe negroid—so this poem inditing—
I'm feeling much better since then for its writing.

"God and Nature," a youthful work of Meyerbeer's.

This epilogue will convince even the most charitably inclined that Heine's poetic insults to Meyerbeer were "inspired" by animosity more than by moral disgust with Meyerbeer's methods, so deliciously summed up in Heine's poem "Ruhelechzend" in the untranslatable word "Weltbertihmtheitsklacke."

No amount of whitewashing can obscure the lamentable truth. Wirth and other writers may wax eloquent over the essential purity of Heine's character; they may explain away much by Heine's desire to provide for his wife, by his poverty and by his heavy debts. We very cheerfully join them in giving Heine the benefit of the doubt wherever possible, yet the plain fact remains that there was, as Mr. Calvocoressi aptly put it a few years ago in the Musical Times in his article "Heine and some musicians"—
"a blot on the escutcheon"

One wonders what Franz Lizzt thought, when he read Heine's lengthy but unconvincing defense of himself for having accepted for years a gratuity from the French government, officially as a distinguished foreign guest of the French nation, in reality as a maxim-silencer: a bribe remains a bribe whether one be paid to say pleasant things or not to say unpleasant things. Liszt and Heine broke in 1844 and soon Heine became vindictive. The real reason, as has been pointed out by Chantavoine, was not revealed until many years later by Liszt to Lina Ramann, his biographer: he never "enjoyed the extortion of funda" by Heine. The final break came when Heine in 1844 wrote a letter to Lisst (published in 1895 by La Mara in her collection of "Letters of famous contemporaries to Liezt") in which Heine informed his "friend" that an article written by him contained things which might not please Liszt, that he should like to see him to talk matters over, etc. Coming on top of an attempt to borrow several thousand france from Liszt, this gentle hint at blackmail did not have the desired result, as Heine might have foreseen had he known Liszt better. This episode in the relations between Liszt and Heine even in the absence of incriminating documents would have gone far to explain to a psychologist the motives which prompted Heine in turning auddenly so savagely on Meyerbeer, after the fulsome journalistic praise of his "Friend," much of which, of course, was sincere and entirely justified by Meyerbeer's historical position. The diagnosis would have been that Heine was apt to turn on a friend, if he asked for money and did not receive it.

It also happens that in my university days a grandson of Meyerbeer told me of the existence of material in the archives of the Meyerbeer family which would be likely to present to the world a more truthful portrait of Meyerbeer than apparently readers (and therefore the critics) of musical literature had thitherto insisted on and would vindicate his grandfather. Just how Meyerbeer's vindication could be effected unless it could be proved that the maestro had not made temptation easy for indigent journalists to weigh the merit of his operas on a scale of gold, was not quite clear. However, sundry sensational revelations were expected from the secret dosner of letters, etc., especially as the will of Meyerbeer was supposed to have forbidden its publication until fifty years after his death. He died in 1864, and those Meyerbeerians do not as yet seem to have seen the light of day, but as a sort of preliminary shock—the second-hand dealer Henrici of Berlin in 1912 offered for sale, without disclosing their provenience. some letters written by Heine to Meyerbeer between 1835 and 1845. Henrici knew his business well enough to what the appetite of the morbidly curious by reducing the quotations from these letters in his catalogue to a minimum. When in the following year (December, 1915 and January, 1914) Friedrich Wirth published them in their entirety in an article for the magazine "Der-Greif" under the title of "Heine and Meyerbeer, mit ungedruckten Briefen," he argued that Henrici's excerpts had created an impression unjustly detrimental to Heine's reputation.

In coming to the rescue of Heine, Prof. Wirth's tactics are rather naïve. He tries hard to whitewash Heine by flinging mud at Meyerbeer and even at Heine's wife for her extravagance. He maintains that both Heine and Meyerbeer had to make common cause against the gang of journalistic grafters with whom Paris was then infested, and especially to protect themselves by the application of gold against the "fleas," as Heine called them, poured into France by Germany. Says Wirth:

Meyerbeer was rich and gladly spent money for the purchase of journalistic favors. That they had to be purchased, was not the fault of Heine. And to purchase them, was in those days a necessity. We know [do we?] that Liest procured for himself in a similar manner favorable press comments and that Meyerbeer bought up insignificant journalists (like Johann Peter Lyser, as I have proved) for such small sums as 20 florins—And since Heine untiringly worked for Meyerbeer's glory in newspaper offices, he considered himself entitled to the equivalent in money, not taken as presents, as did his journalistic colleagues, but as loans. To expect him to have labored without compensation, would be unfair.

Such specious arguments leave an even worse taste in one's mouth, than Heine's misdeeds. Granting that he, with his

barbed-wire pen, put himself at the easy mercy of journalistic blackmailers, that his venture to found a German newspaper in Paris and other circumstances ruined him financially, that he needed money badly, granting all this and more, there is really little difference between accepting a money present and a money loan-if one does not pay it back. Nor does it seem to have occurred to Mr. Wirth that possibly it was Heine's plain duty as a critic to slay Meyerbeer's enemies gratis and to praise his friend's operas, if he believed in them, without the stimulant of loans. In watching the cooperative game played by this par nobile fratrum one is reminded of jolly Demokritos-Weber's "one hand washes the other and in the process both become dirty." Of course, for a friend to borrow money from a friend is in itself one of the most natural things in the world, but when these borrowings are linked, as appears from Heine's letters, with services rendered or to be rendered, then the matter becomes just a little malodorous. For instance, the reader will be amused by Heine's ridicule of Spontini, but if he knows that Spontini and Meyerbeer were bitter enemies, and in a sense rivals, and that Heine in one of the letters to his friend and "backer" Meyerbeer formulates his plan of attack on Spontini with great glee, then the reader will very properly draw his own conclusions.

The first of the nine letters is dated April 6, 1835, the last Dec. 24, 1845. Money is practically the leit-motiv in all of them. Just when Heine began his "borrowings" from Meyerbeer is not quite clear, but it must have been between the year 1827 when the two became acquainted and the letter of April 6, 1835, in which Heine writes that again his pockets had been completely emptied by the "fleas" and that since his and Meyerbeer's troubles were intertwined, he must again demand money from him—500 frances, which seems to have been Heine's standardized figure.

The break between these two men of genius came in 1845. It appears that either late in 1843 or early in 1844 Heine conceived the brilliant idea that the publication of songs by Giacomo Meyerbeer to some poems in the popular vein by Heinrich Heine would be a profitable affair. Meyerbeer apparently accepted the suggestion, but, slow worker that he was or because of some other reason he did not compose the poems. However, on the strength of Meyerbeer's promise, Heine forthwith drew from Escudier, the publisher, advance royalties amounting to 1000 francs. Then, when Meyerbeer failed to send the music, Heine used that fact as a pretext for borrowing some more money from Meyerbeer. When the latter reacted negatively, Heine ostensibly fell back on

Meyerbeer's default in delivering the promised music, as a ground for "taking leave" from Meyerbeer. That this was a mere bluff, even Wirth concedes, but Meyerbeer, who was not a novice in this game of journalistic poker, called the bluff. While holding out a friendly hand to Heine, the hand remained empty. The breach was not healed, and could not be healed after 1849, when Heine wrote his "Festgedicht." This "Poem" soon found its way into a Hamburg sheet that fed on that type of distribe (significantly called "Der Freischütz") and promptly was called to Meyerbeer's attention. In his desperate desire to whitewash Heine, Mr. Wirth remarks that the publication of the "Festgedicht" was due to an indiscretion and not attributable to Heine. but a few lines further on he makes the terribly damaging statement that Heine himself had vainly tried to have the poem published in the "Allgemeine Zeitung"! He further tells us that Heine became furious when Meyerbeer remained deaf to his demand for participation in the royalties on a ballet "Sakuntala" by Taglioni, staged in Berlin, under the pretext that it was based on his own ill-fated "Faust" ballet-scenario. And worse than this, he informs us that Heine in a letter to a friend wrote that it was about time to "castigate" Meyerbeer, and that in a letter to his friend Kolb of April 17, 1849, one day after the première of Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," Heine sneeringly referred to the opera as a "miserable opus" on which "streams of gold had been spent for publicity purposes." In the face of all this, the musical world is expected by Mr. Wirth to believe that Meyerbeer's refusal further to lend money to Heine had nothing to do with the poet's radical change of mind towards Meyerbeer's merits as a composer, allowing for the poet's disappointment over the Escudier and Sakuntala episodes, his apostacy is put on purely esthetic grounds. That Heine was privileged to change his mind about Meyerbeer's music after 1845 no one will deny; nor that he was privileged to worship at Meyerbeer's temple of music with more esthetic convictions than in the temples of other composers. What lifts the matter suspiciously out of the pure regions of esthetics is precisely the fact that Heine never wrote anything really derogatory about Meyerbeer until his chances for borrowing money from him had definitely disappeared, and that his culogies of Meyerbeer at the expense of others coincided with the years during which the poet, in plain English, behaved and acted very much like the other "fleas."

Insamuch as Mr. Wirth is of a different opinion and reaches the quod erat demonstrandum that "the publication (of the letters) in their entirety will surely prove that they cannot cause us to call Heine simply an extortionist and venal critic," the following letters will serve the purpose of indicating the direction in which the historical truth lies:

Paris, May 13th, 1844.

What I have to write you, great maestro, I know full well; but how I shall write you to-day, I do not yet know. For my eyes are again in a sad condition. I can hardly distinguish the letters which I am jotting down and, to make things worse, my mind is clouded at present by a terrible ill-humor. For the latter you are somewhat to be blamed; indeed I attribute it wholly to you. You have shown me too much love and friendship that I could be seriously enraged at you, but the manner in which you deserted me with reference to the songs is, I confess, unpardonable. The more so, since you knew very well, that I was losing thereby every three weeks 200 france, a sum on which I counted. This deficit has placed me in a position of extreme want

In the beginning, and in order to keep me temporarily quiet, you instructed Gouin' to pay me 200 france. However small this sum was, I accepted it because I have the principle never to refuse money, be it ever so little. (How badly the people know me who denounce me as a man without principles!) Gouin kept me off with the promise of a letter from you. I waited and waited and growled and, to get even with you, I recently went to the Huguenots to hear Mr. Mengis. I forbade my wife to applaud; I told her how abominably Meyerbeer treats me and how it was his fault that I could not yet buy her a new dress—but she need not hiss just for that.

The greater vengeance comes to-day. If ever you deserved sacking and looting, it will be to-day. My eyes demand that I betake myself to some resort and I am obiged to ask you to fortify my consumptive pocket-book with 500 francs. After you have sent me the tunes, I shall restore to you the money, but in the meantime you must send me the 500 francs as soon as possible, indeed immediately, because I should not be writing to you for the money if I did not need it badly. Also, I know that you would help me gladly in this manner, even if I were not so fully entitled to help as I am to-day. I believe certainly that I shall pay you back the money, after I have received the tunes.—If I consider that your tardiness, not counting my trip, costs me about 2000 francs, I reconcile myself with the necessity of writing you to-day.

Paris, December 24th, 1845.

## Highly esteemed Maestro!

To be candid, I cannot bear even to have asked you in vain for a thing. I shall, therefore, now have to take leave of you.

In parting from you, I feel compelled, for my own satisfaction, to let you know that you have not the slightest idea of what great value it

A French financier and devoted friend of Meyerbeer.-Ed.

The rest of the letter is foreign to the subject. -Ed.

was to you and others that I kept my post here in Paris for fifteen years, in spite of the sacrifices of money and health which this feverish and costly place imposed on me. As to the Volkslieder-melodies, I relieve you of your promise. For years you have led me by the nose like a fool; I now desire to have nothing to do with that publication. I have informed Messrs. Escudier to that effect and have returned to them the advance royalty of 1000 francs. Perhaps I shall hand back to you one of these days the 500 francs, with which you recently claimed to have "bought in" your promise; —I prefer to relieve you gratis of that obligation. Nor can I keep from you how I realize now that, though you are a genius in music, it is in that respect only that I can admire and respect you.

HEINRICH HEINE.

## The sketch of Meyerbeer's answer reads:

#### Dearest Heine!

Your letter has deeply wounded me. After my having shown you for many years, whenever you so desired,—charitable proofs of my friendship and attachment, you write me such a bitter letter, because the present condition of my finances does not permit me to accede this time to your wishes. I should feel still more pained, did I not believe that perhaps your present ill-health has thrown dark and critating shadows over your moral mood and that therefore your letter is but the result of a temporary physical indisposition.

However, I, for my part, cannot cease so easily to be the friend of my friends, even though the latter may set the example. Hence, in the future as in the past, you will always find in me the warm admirer of

your great genius and the loyal devoted friend.

## Your sincerely devoted

M.

Heine's genius as a poet and feuilletonist is not impaired by such letters or by his poetic vivisection of Meyerbeer after they had parted company. Nor does Heine's itching palm affect those sides of his character, which will ever remain admirable. Even if it did, this would not be the place to argue the point. Here Heine's weaknesses are of interest and importance only for their bearing on the tone and substance of his musical feuilletons. These are entertaining enough in themselves, but they afford additional enjoyment if one has shadowed Heinrich Heine behind the scenes and there beholds him in the act of moving his puppets on wires of gold with as much malice of afterthought as of forethought.

<sup>1</sup>Apparently this was either the sum asked for by Heine in the other letter or a subsequent loan.—Ed.

## THE FEUILLETONS

THE BERLIN LETTERS (1822)

It is with his first "Letter from Berlin" (Jan. 20, 1822) that Heine's musical feuilletons may be said to begin. Here he mentions Alexandre-Jean Boucher, soloist to King Charles IV of Spain, that executive violin virtuoso who called himself "the Alexander of the violin," and whose concert tours took him to Holland, Germany and England. Says Heine:

Boucher really has a striking resemblance to the Emperor Napoleon. He calls himself a cosmopolite, the Socrates among violinists, rakes together an insane amount of money, and in his gratitude calls Berlin the capitale ds la musique. Yet let us hasten quickly by; here is another confectioner's shop, and there lives Lebeufve, a name which magnetizes. Look at the handsome buildings which line both sides of the Linden! This is where the most aristocratic circles of Berlin reside. But let us hurry on! The great building to the left is the Fuchs confectionary. Everything in it is beautifully decorated: there are mirrors, flowers, marsipan figurines, gilding everywhere, in short, everything breathes the most exceptional elegance. Yet all that one eats there is of the worst and most expensive in Berlin. There is little choice as regards the confectionary and most of it is stale. A couple of musty old magasines lie on the table, and the tall young lady who waits on us is not even pretty. We will not go to Fuchs'. I cat no mirrors and silk curtains, and when I wish to see something worth looking at, I go to Spontini's "Cortez" or "Olympia."

In his second letter (March 16, of the same year), Heine again reverts to Boucher, and then passes to other details of musical life in Berlin.

Boucher, who has long since given his very—very-very last concert, and is now, perhaps, enchanting Warsaw or St. Petersburg with his conjurer's tricks on the violin, is quite in the right when he calls Berlin la capitale de la musique. All winter long there has been so great a singing and sounding here that one could scarcely hear or sec. One concert trod upon the beels of another.

Wer neant die Fiedler, neant die Namen, Die gastlich hier zusammenkamen?

Selbst von Hispanien kamen sie Und spielten auf dem Schaugerüste Gar manche schlechte Melodie.

(Who'll name the fiddlers, one and 'tother Who here as guests met one another?

From Spain itself they took their way, And on the concert platform they Full many a wretched tune did play.)

The Spaniard was Escudero, a pupil of Baillot, a good violinist, young, blooming, handsome, and yet no protégé of the ladies. An ominous rumor preceded him, to the effect that the Italian knife had made him impotent to endanger the fair sex. I will not weary you with recounting all the musical evening conversations which delighted and bored us this winter. I shall only mention that the Seidler's concert was attended to excess, and that we are filled with expectation of Drouet's concert, because young Mendelssohn is going to play in it for the first time.

Have you not yet heard Maria von Weber's 'Freischütz'? No? Unfortunate man! But have you not at least heard the "Song of the Bridesmaids," called 'Bridal Wreath' for short, from this opera? No?

Fortunate man!

If you go from the Halle to the Oranienburg Gate, and from the Brandenburg Gate to the Königsthor, yes, if you even go from the Unterbaum to the Köpnicker Gate, you will forever and eternally hear the same melody, the song of songs, the 'Bridal Wreath'

As in Goethe's "Elegies" we see the poor Englishman pursued in every land by the strains of Marlborough s'en va't-en guerre, so I am

hounded from early morn until late at night by the song.

Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz Mit veilchenblauer Seide, Wir führen dich zu Spiel und Tanz, Zu Lust und Hochzeitfreude.

### Chor:

Schöner, schöner, schöner grüner Jungfernkranz Mit veilchenblauer Seide, mit veilchenblauer Seide!

Lavendel, Myrt' und Thymian Das wächst in meinem Garten. Wie lange bleibt der Freiersmann? Ich kann ihn kaum erwarten!

Chor:

Schöner, schöner, schöner u.s.w.

(The bridal wreath for thee we bind. With silken thread of azure, In wedded days may'st thou find Full store of hope and pleasure.

#### Chorus:

Bridal garland, flowers white and leaves of green. Silken thread of azure, may their life be pleasure! I've planted thyme and myrtle sweet They all have bloom'd and faded; But when shall I my true love meet? How long will be delay yet?

#### Chorne:

Bridal garland, flowers white and leaves of green, etc.)

Though I may be in the best of humor when I rise, all my cheerfulness is dashed at once when the very school children who go by my window early in the morning twitter the 'Bridal Wreath.' No more than an hour passes, and the landlady's daughter gets up with her 'Bridal Wreath.' I hear my barber singing the 'Bridal Wreath' on his way upstairs. The little girl who does the wash comes along 'with thyme and myrtle sweet.' And so it goes on My head rings. I cannot stand it, hurry from the house and in a rage fling myself into a cab. It is well that I can hear no song through the rattling of the wheels. I get out at B. . . . 's. May I see Miss B. . . . . ? The servant hurries. Yes! The doors open. There sits the charmer at the piano and receives me with:

But when shall I my true love meet? How long will be delay yet?

You mag like an angel, I cry with spasmodic friendliness. "I'll begin again at the beginning," lisps her ladyship, and once more she binds her "Bridal Wreath" and binds and binds until I myself begin to the myself into knots like a worm in my unspeakable torture; until in terror of soul I cry out. 'Help, Samiel'

That, you must know, is the name of the evil one in the "Freischitts"; Caspar the huntaman, who has sold himself to him, whenever he is hard pressed cries: 'Help, Samiel!' It became the style here to make use of the expression when humorously embarrassed, and Boucher, who terms himself the Socrates of the violin, even called out loudly 'Help, Samiel' in a concert, when one of his strings apapped.

'Help, Samiel" in a concert, when one of his strings snapped.

And Samiel helps. The disconcerted donna suddenly ceases her binding song and lisps: "What is the matter with you?" "Nothing but pure delight," I gasp with a forced smile. "You are ill," says she, "go to the Thiergarten, enjoy the fine weather and look at the fine folk." I seize hat and cane, kiss her ladyship's gracious hand, cast one last lingering look of passion in her direction, dart out of the door, once more climb into the first cab I can find, and roll to the Brandenburg Gate. I get out and run into the Thiergarten.

I advise you, should you get out once in a while, not to miss the opportunity one of these fine early spring days, of going to the Thiergarten at about this time, say half-past one. Go in at the left, and basten to the spot where our Louise of blessed memory has been honored with a small, simple monument by the female indwellers of the Thiergarten. Our king makes a habit of walking there. He is a handsome, noble and imposing figure, disdaining all outward pomp. He almost invariably wears a modest grey mantle, and I managed to make a simpleton believe that the king was often obliged to put up with such clothes

because the master of his wardrobe did not live in Prussia, and seldom came to Berlin. At this time the king's handsome children may also be seen in the Thiergarten, as well as the entire court and the noblest among the nobility The aben faces are those belonging to the families of foreign ambassadors. One or two lackeys in livery follow the distinguished ladies at a short distance. Officers gallop by on the most beautiful horses. I have seldom seen handsomer horses than here in I delight my eyes with the right of these splendid equestrian figures. The princes of our royal house are among them. What a strong and handsome family of princes! No deformed or wasted branch is put forth from this stem! With joyous vitality, courage and distinction reflected in their faces, the king's two older sons ride by Yonder handsome, youthful figure, with a good face and eyes full of loving kindness, is the king's third son, Prince Karl. But that radiant, majestic woman, who flies by on a tall horse with a shining, colorful suite, that is our—Alexandrine! In a close-fitting riding habit of brown, a round hat with feathers on her head, and a riding-whip in her hand, she resembles one of those knightly female figures which shine forth so charmingly in the magic mirror of olden fairytale, and whom we never know whether to regard as holy images or Amazona. I believe the might of these innocent features has made me a better man, shivers of devotion set me trembling, I hear angel voices, invisible palms of peace wave, a great hymn roses in my soul—and then there is a sudden sound of rattling harpstrings, and the voice of an old woman squeaking the. 'Bridal wreath for thee we bind!"

And now the accurred song accompanies me all day long. It embitters my happiest momenta. Even when I sit down to eat, it is doodled out for me by the singer Heinsius in the guise of dessert. It chokes me all the afternoon. On one side a lame man is playing the Bridal Wreath' on a barrel-organ, on the other a blind man is scraping it out on his fiddle. At evening it begins to baunt one in earnest. We have a fluting and a bawling, a fistulating and a gurgling, and always the same old time. As a change, 'Caspar's Song' and the 'Hunters' Chorus' is now and again bellowed into the general hum by some illuminated student or ensign, but the 'Bridal Wreath' is permanent, when one has ended it another begins it again from the beginning, it sounds forth at me from every house, everyone whistles it with original variations, yes, I even believe the dogs in the street bark it

At evening, like a fallow deer which has been bounded to death, I lay my head in the lap of the loveliest of Borussian girls, tenderly sho strokes my brutly hair, and laps into my ear. "I love youse, and your Luweeser will always never leave off bein kind to thee!" and she strokes and pets me until she thinks that I am about to fall asleep, and then she softly takes up her 'Catharre' (guitar) and sings me the 'Cravatte' (the cavatina) from "Tancred". 'After my sorrows,' and I take my rest after my many sorrows, and tender pictures and dreams flutter round me—when I am once more torn forcibly from my slumbers, and the wretched creature sings. 'The bridal wreath for thee we bind . . . !'

In mad despair I tear myself from the most delightful of embraces, hurry down the narrow stairs, rush home like the storm-wind, and fling myself into bed gnashing my teeth, still hearing the old cook tottering about the kitchen with her 'Bridel Wreath,' as I bury myself even deeper in the covers.

Now you will realise, dear reader, why I call you a fortunate man, if you have not as yet heard this song. But do not believe that the melody is a poor one on that account. On the contrary, it is its very excellence which has made it so popular. But toujours perdrix... You understand.

The whole "Frenchttts" is admirable, and certainly deserves the interest with which it has already been received all over Germany. It has been given here for the thirtieth time, perhaps, and it is still surprimagly difficult to obtain good tickets for a performance. It is causing a furore in Vienna, Dresden and Hamburg as well. This shows conclumvely that it was wrong to think this opera was only exalted here owing to the efforts of an anti Spontini party - I see that the expression is strange to you. Do not mistake it for a political one. The violent party struggles of Liberals and Ultras, as we may observe them in other enpitals, do not break out here, because the royal power, powerfully and without prejudice, stands between them as a mediator. On the other hand, in Berlin we may often see a far more entertaining struggle of factions, those of mune. Had you been there toward the close of last summer, you might have witnessed by personal observation what the hattle between Gluckists and Piccinists once must have been like in Paras. But I see that I must now discuss the local opers a little more in detail, first, because, after all, it is a prime subject of conversation in Berlin, and secondly, because you will be unable to grasp the spirit of many of my notes without the following observations. Of our singers, male and female, I shall not speak here. Their apologetics are stereotype, and may be found in all the Berlin correspondents' articles and neurspaper criticisms one reads every day that Milder Hauptmann is unsurpassable, Schultz surpassing and Seidler superb. Enough, it is uncontrovertible that opera has been raised to an astonishing level of art in this place, and that our opera is second to mone in Germany. Whether this is due to the industrious activity of the late Weber, or whether Sir Gamaro Spontini, according to the claim made by his followers, called all these wonders forth with one wave of his magic wand. I venture to doubt greatly. I even venture to believe that the management of the famous knight has been most disavantageous as regards some sections of the Opera. And I must that make the complete argaration of the Opera from the playhouse, and Spontine's uncontrolled rule of the former, it must suffer ever increasing injury, day by day, owing to the great knight's natural preference for his own great produc-tions, and the productions of geniuses akin to or him or of friends of his, as well as because of his dislike, also quite natural, for the music of those composers whose genus does not appeal to him or does not pay homage to his, or -horribile dieto -competer with his own

I am too much of a layman in the domain of tonal art to be allowed to express my own opinion regarding the value of Spontini's compositions, and all that I say here is no more than the scho of other voices, especially audible in the fluctuation of daily talk

Spontini is the greatest of all living composers. He is a munical Michelangelo. He has blasted new paths in mune. He has carried out

what Gluck only divined. He is a great man, he is a genius, he is a god! Thus speaks the Spontini party, and the walls of the palaces recebe this exaggerated praise. For you must know that it is the nobility to which spontini's music specially appeals, and which deigns to vouchsafe him distinguished marks of its favor. The actual Spontini party, which naturally is composed of a number of people who blindly do homage to aristocratic and legitimate taste, of a number of those who enthuse over the exotic, of a few composers who would like to have their music performed, and, finally, of a handful of genuine admirers, leans upon those noble patrons.

Of whom the opposing party is in part made up, it is not hard to guess. Many disapprove of the good knight because he is a Southerner. Others, because they envy him. Again others, because his music is not German. And finally, the greater part sees in his music only a rumpus of kettledrums and trumpets, sounding bombast and the stilted and

unnatural. In addition there was the vexation of many

Now, my dear fellow, you can understand the noise which filled all Berlin this summer, when Spontine's 'Olympia' first made its appearance on our boards. Were you not able to bear the munc of this opers out in Hamm? There was no lack of kettledrums and bassoons, which led a would-be wit to declare that the new opers should be used to test the staying powers of the walls of the new theater. Another came out of the roar of 'Olympia,' heard the drums beat the tattoo in the street, and drawing a deep breath, exclaimed "At last I hear some soft mune!" All Berlin crack jokes about the numerous trumpets and the great elephant in the pompous processionals of this opers. The deaf, however, were quite delighted with so much splendor, and insisted that they could feel this lovely, thick music with their hands. And the enthusiasts cried "Hosannah! Spontini is a musical elephant himself! He is an angel of trumpets."

Shortly after Carl Marsa von Weber came to Berlin, his "Fruischilts" was performed in the New Theater, and delighted the public. Now the anti-Spontini party had a rallying-point, and on the evening of the first performance of his opera, Weber was fêted in the most spleudid In quite a fine poem, written by Dr. Pörster, it is said of the "Freischutz," that "he hunts nobler game than elephants." Weber expressed himself regarding this line in the Intelligeniblatt the other day in a most lamentable way, cajoling Spontini and blaming poor Förster, who meant so well by him. At the time Weber cherished the hope that he might receive an appointment here at the Opera, and would not have acted with such an excessive show of modesty if all hope of remaining here had already been denied him. Weber left us after the third performance of his opera, and travelled backto Dreaden, there received a splendid call to Cassel, refused it, went on conducting at the Dresden Opera, where he is compared to a good general without soldiers, as before, and has now travelled to Vienna, where a new comic opera of his is to be given. Regarding the value of the text and munc or the green was I tefer you to the extended review which Professor Gubits has written of it in the Gesellschafter. This keen and witty critic has the merit of

<sup>&</sup>quot;Here two lines have been out by the comer. The word the late Weber on the precioling page, of course, was added by Heine after Weber's death in 1886.— Franci.

being the first who unfolded in detail the romantic beauties of this Opera, and who foretold its great triumphs in the most unequivocal manner.

Weber's appearance is not very preposessing. He is small in stature, with a poor physical foundation, and a long-drawn face of no special distinction. Yet this face is overspread with the ingenious sobriety and calm will-power which so significantly attracts us in the faces of the old German masters. What a contrast, on the other hand, is the appearance of Spontini. A tall figure, a dark, deep-set, flaming eye, locks black as coal, which half conceal the furrowed brow, the part melancholy, part haughty line about the lips, the brooding savagery of the yellowish face, in which all the passions have raged and are still raging, the whole head, which might be that of a Calabrese, and yet must be termed handsome and noble—all at once permits us to recognize the man of whose genius "The Vestal," "Cortes" and "Olympia" were born.

Among local composers I will mention our Bernhardt Klein immediately after Spontini, who long since made himself honorably known by some fine compositions, and whose great opera "Dido" has been awaited by the entire public with longing. This Opera, according to the report of all competent judges to whom the composer has disclosed portions of it, is said to contain the most astonishing beauties, and to be a genial German national work. Klein's music is quite original. It differs altogether from the music of the two masters already mentioned, just as the gay, pleasant face of the Rhinelander, full of glad vitality, is a contrast to their faces. Klein is from Cologne, and may be regarded

as the pride of his native city.

I must not pass over G. A. Schneider here. Not that I regard him as a great composer, but because, as the composer of Koreff's "Aucassin and Nicolette," he has been the topic of public discussion from February 26th to this very hour. For eight days at least nothing was spoken of except. Koreff and Schneider and Schneider and Koreff. Here stood some clever amateurs and tore the music to pieces; there stood a group of poetasters and corrected the text. As for myself, this Opera afforded me extraordinary entertainment. The colorful fairytale which the skillful poet had developed in so charming a manner, and with such childlike simplicity, cheered me. I was delighted with the attractive contrast of the serious Occident and the merry Orient, and as the most astonishing pictures, loosely-knit together, passed adventurously before my eyes, the spirit of blossoming romanticism was awakened in me.

'Bleine's sonnet in his Buch der Lieder records his impressions of Schneider's opera, new forgotten.—Fransi.

"Aucamia und Nicoletta"

oder

"Die Liebe aus der guten alten Zeit"

Hast einen bunten Teppich ausgebreitet, Werauf gestickt und leuchtende Figurea Es ist der Kampf feindneliger Naturen, Der halbe Mond, der mit dem Kreuse streitet.

Trompetentusch! Die Schlacht wird vorbereitet; Im Kerker schinschten, die sich Treue schwaren, Schalmeien klingen auf Provencer Plaren, Auf dem Baser Karthages Sultan schreitet. There is always a tremendous amount of excitement in Berlin when a new Opera is given, and in this case there was the additional circumstance that Schneider, the musical director, and Koreff, the privy counselor and knight, are so generally known. The latter we are soon to lose, since he is preparing to take an extensive trip abroad. This will be a loss to our city, for this man stands out because of his social virtues, his agreeable personality and his breadth of mind.

In Heine's third Berlin letter (June 7, 1822), we hear more of Spontini. Heine has been describing the ceremonies in connection with the wedding of the Princess Alexandrine to the Grand-Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerm:

The wedding festivities were not especially noisy. The morning after the marriage, the highly-placed newly-wedded pair attended service in the Domkirche. They drove in a golden coach with great glass windows, drawn by eight horses, and were admired by an immense throng. If I am not mistaken the lackeys were no hair-bags on this particular occasion. In the evening a congratulatory court reception was held, followed by a polonaise ball in the White Hall. On the twenty-seventh there was a midday banquet in the Hall of the Knights, and in the evening the exalted and most exalted personages repaired to the Opera House, where the Opera which Spontini had expressly composed

Freundlich ergötzt die bunte Herrlichkeit: Wir irren wie in märchenhafter Wildnis, Bis Lieb' und Licht besiegen Hass und Nacht.

Du, Meister, kanntest der Kontraste Macht, Und gabet in schlechter neuer Zeit das Bildnis Von Liebe aus der guten alten Zeit!

> "Aucassin and Nicolette" or " A Love of the Good Old Days"

> > To J. F. Koreff

A rug you've spread of colors variegated, Whereon are broidered figures, radiant glowing. The strife of two immic natures showing, The Crescent with the Cross in battle mated.

A blare of trumps! The battle is preparing; Some languah chained, their vows a prison bringing; In Provence meads the chalumenus are singing; The Sultan through Carthage's basear is faring.

A pleasant charm this motly splendor weighs,
In fairy wilderness we seem to stray
Till light and love have conquered hate and night.

You, Master, were aware of contrast's might, You showed a picture in this poor new day Of love as it was in the good old days.

for this festivity, "Nurmahal, or the Feast of Roses in Cashmire," was given. Most people found it very difficult to secure tickets for this performance. I was given one, and yet I did not go. It is true I should have done so in order to be able to review it for you. But do you imagine I would sacrifice myself for the sake of my correspondence? I think with horror of "Olympia," which I was lately obliged to hear once more, for a specific purpose, and which dismissed me with limbs well-nigh crushed. But I did go to the king's chamber musician, and asked him what there were to the opera. He answered: "The best thing about it is that not a shot falls in it." Yet in this connection I cannot rely upon the chamber musician; in the first place, he composes himself, and, in his own opinion, better than Spontini; and in the second place he has been led to believe that Spontini intends to write an opera with cannon obbligato. But in general not much that is good is said of "Nurmahal" It cannot be a masterpiece. Spontini has patched it up with numerous musical numbers from his older operas. Owing to this the opera gains some very good numbers, but as a whole it takes on a patched-together appearance, and lacks the consistency and unity which is the principal ment of Spontini's other operas. . .

It is very quiet in the musical world. The capitals de la musique in just like any other capitals. It consumes what the provinces have produced. Aside from young Felix Mendelssohn, who in the judgment of all the musicians is a musical wonder, and may become a second Mozart, I should not be able to know where to find one other musical genius among the indwelling autochtones of Berlin. Most of the musicians who distinguish themselves here are from the provinces, or even strangers. I take quite inexpressible pleasure in being obliged to mention here, that our countryman, Joseph Klein, the composer's younger brother, of whom I spoke in my preceding letter, justifies the greatest expectations. He has written a great deal that is praised by connoisseurs. Song compositions of his which have been much applauded here, are shortly to be published, and are largely sung in society. Their melodies show surprising originality; they appeal to every mind, and we anticipate that this young artist will some day be one of Germany's most celebrated composers. Spontini is leaving us for a long time. He is travelling to Italy He has sent his "Olympia" to Vienna, but it will not be performed there, because the expense is too great. . . .

"PICTURES OF TRAVEL" (Italy: 1828-1829)

## The Italian Opera Buffa

In the "Pictures of Travel" (Italy: 1828-29), Chapter XIX, we find a politico-musical definition of the opera buffa, together with an appreciation of Rossini.

It was a genuine Italian piece of music, out of some favorite operabuffs, that strange operatic genius which allows humor its widest range, in which humor may abandon itself to all its bounding enjoyment, its mad sentimentalism, its laughing melancholy and its mortal enthusiasm for death which yet yearns to live. It was pure Rossini, the aria as it

is most charmingly disclosed in the "Barber of Seville."

Those who despise Italian music, who also break the rod over this type of Opera, will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell some day, and may be condemned, perhaps, to listen for all eternity to the fugues of Sebastian Bach and nothing else. I am sorry for many a colleague of mine, Relistab, for instance, who also will not escape this form of damnation unless he becomes a Rossini convert before his death. Rossini, divino maestro, Helios of Italy, you who have spread your sounding rays over the entire world, forgive my countrymen who blaspheme against you on writing-paper and blotting-paper! I myself take pleasure in your golden tones, your melodious lights, your sparkling butterfly dreams, which frolic about me so delightfully, and kiss my heart as though with the lips of the Graces. Disino maestro, forgive my poor countrymen, who do not see your profundities because you cover them with roses, and to whom you do not appear to be sufficiently gravid with thought, nor thorough, because you flutter so lightly, on godlike wing! It is true, that in order to love the Italian music of to-day and understand it through loving it, one must actually have the Romans before one's eyes, see their sky, their character, their appearance, their joys, their sufferings, in short, their entire history, from Romulus, who founded the Holy Roman Empire, to the most recent times, when it was destroyed under Romulus Augustulus II Poor enslaved Italy is forbidden to speak, and may only express in music the feelings of her heart! All her resentment against alsen rule, her enthusiasm for liberty, her madness in view of her own feeling of impotence, her sadness at the recollection of the aplendors of her past, as well as her faint hopes, her harking, her thirst for aid, all this disguises itself in those melodies which glide from a grotesquerie drunk with life to elegiac gentleness, and in those pantomimes which tip over from flattering caresses into threatening rage.

Such is the esoteric sense of the opera buffa. The exoteric sentinel, in whose presence it is sung and acted, never suspects the amatory adventures, amatory distresses and amatory teasings beneath which the Italian conceals his most deadly aspirations for liberty, as Harmodius and Aristogiton hid their daggers in a myrtle-wreath. That is all nonsense, says the exoteric sentinel, and it is well that he notices nothing. For if he did, the impresano as well as the prima donna and the prima nome would soon be treading those boards known as a fortress, a commission of investigation would be instituted, all trills dangerous to the State and all revolutionary colorature would be heard in evidence, a number of Harlequins, bound up in the widest ramifications of criminal activities, as well as Tartaglia, Brighella, even serious old Pantaloon, would be arrested, the Dottore of Bologna's papers would be laid under seal, he would habble himself into a still greater danger as a suspect, and Columbine would have to cry her eyes red at such a family mis-fortune. Yet I believe that mischance of this kind will not yet overwhelm these good people; for these Italian demagogues are craftier than those poor Germans who, with similar objects in view, masqueraded in black motley, with black fool's-caps, but made such a noticeably sorry appearance, and cut such long faces and seemed so dangerous at their

profound tomfoolery, which they called 'turning,' that the governments ended by noticing them, and had to put them in jail.

## THE PARIS LETTERS (1832-1839)

Meyerbeer's "Robert le diable"

In Heine's fifth letter, on "Conditions in France" (The Bourgeoise Kingdom of 1832) from Paris (March 25, 1832), we find Meyerbeer's "Robert le duable" used as a means of political characterization.

The supporters of the ministry, that is to say the employees, bankers, owners of landed estates, and shopkeepers, increased the general unease by smiling assurances that we were all of us living in a condition of the greatest calm, that the thermometer of national prosperity, the current rate of exchange of national securities, had advanced, that we have had more balls than ever this winter in Paris, and that we have seen the Opera in its highest state of florescence. This was actually true, for these persons, of course, have the means to give balls, and so they dance at them to show that France is prosperous, they dance for their system, for peace, for the quiescence of Europe, they want to dance up the exchange rate, to dance for a rise. True enough, there were times, during these pleasing entrechats, when the diplomatic corps brought in all sorts of ill tidings from Belgium, Spain, England and Italy, but no one showed any dismay, and all kept on dancing with the merriment of despair, somewhat as Aline, Queen of Golconda, continues her seemingly happy dance even though the corps of eunuchs comes squenking up with one item of bad news after another. As before mentioned, these people dance for their incomes, and the more conservatively inclined they are, the more passionately they dance, why, the most corpulent, most moral of bankers dance the accurred walts of the nuns from "Robert le diable," the famous opera.

Meverbeer has attained the unattainable by succeeding in holding the attention of the volatile Parisians a whole winter long, everyone is still streaming to the Académie de Musique, in order to see "Robert le diable", yet enthusiastic Meyerbeerians must forgive me when I express my belief that many are not merely drawn there by the music, but also by the political significance of the Opera. Robert the Devil, the son of a devil who was as abominable as Philippe-Egalité and a princess as pious as the daughter of Penthièvre, is influenced by the spirit of his father to evil, to the Revolution, and by the spirit of his mother to good. the old regime. Both these natures, which are his heritage from birth, struggle in his mind; he floats midway between two principles, is a 'middle-of-the-roader'. In vain the bellish voices of the wolf's gorge seek to draw him into the 'movement,' in vain the ghosts of the Convention, rising from their graves in the guise of Revolutionary nuns, try to seduce him; in vain Robespierre, in the shape of Mile Taglion, gives him the accolade—he withstands all temptations, all seductions, he is guided by his love for a princess of both the Sicilies, who is very pious, and he, too, grows pious, and finally we see him in the bosom of the Church, priests muttering around him, and befogged with incense. I cannot help but observe that at the first performance of this Opera, owing to a mistake on the part of the machinist, the trap-door on which old father devil descends to hell was left unfastened, and that the devil's son, when he accidentally stepped on it, also went below.

## THE "FLORENTINE NIGHTS"

The "Florentine Nights," forming the first part of Heine's "Salon," appeared in the spring of 1836, in the Stuttgart Morgen-blatt and, in French, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, before the "Salon" was issued in book-form in the early summer of 1837. Prof. Dr. Ernst Elster, in the introduction to his definitive edition of Heine's works, declares that "... out and out grandiose in the first 'Florentine Night' is his description of the effect of Paganini's violin-playing. The manner in which Heine has here transliterated the flood-tide and ebb-tide of tone in startling, magnificent fantasies, in words full of meaning, is one of the most spirited and spiritual achievements in this field, and the celebrated transcription which Richard Wagner has given of Beethoven's 'Eroica' may well have been suggested by Heine's account; yet how far even Wagner himself falls short of attaining his model."

## FIRST NIGHT

. . . You often attend the opera now, Max, and I believe you go to see rather than to hear!

You are not mistaken, Maria, I really go to the opera in order to look at the faces of the handsome Italian women. To tell the truth, they are handsome enough even outside the theater, and the student of history might easily deduce the influence of the corporeal in the Italian people upon the fine arts from the ideality of their features. Nature in this case has taken back again from the artist the capital once loaned him, and behold it has gained interest in a most delightful way. Nature, which once furnished the artist with models, is to-day copying the masterworks which thus came into being. The feeling for beauty has per-meated the entire nation, and as once the flesh reacted upon the spirit, now the spirit reacts upon the flesh. And the adoration of those beautiful Madonnas, those lovely altar-pictures, which are impressed upon the bridegroom's mind, while his bride sees some handsome saint in her passionate imaginings, is not fruitless. Owing to such elective affinities a race has here come into being which is still more beautiful than the lovely land in which it flourishes, and the sunny heavens which frame it in golden radiance. Men never interest me greatly, unless they are painted or sculptured, and I leave to you, Maria, all enthusiasm for these handsome, supple Italians, with their wild black side-whiskers, their bold, noble noses and wise, gentle eyes. It is said that the Lombards are the handsomest among men. I have never investigated the matter, it is

only the Lombard women whom I have given serious consideration, and they, as I have well observed, are really as beautiful as fame declares. Even in the Middle Ages they must have been rather handsoms. Was it not said of Francis I that a rumor regarding the beauty of the Milanese women was the secret incentive for him to undertake his Italian campaign, the knightly king was undoubtedly curious to know whether his spiritual counns, the relatives of his godparents, were as pretty as they were said to be. . . . Poor devil, he had to pay dearly for

his curiosity at Pavia!

Yet how lovely these Italian women are when it is music which lights up their faces. I say 'lights up,' for the effect of music on the faces of these handsome women as I notice it at the Opera, resembles those effects of light and shade which fill us with astonishment when we observe statues at night by torchlight. Then these marble statues disclose to us with a truth that terrifies, the soul which dwells in them, and their mutely horrible secrets. In the same manner the lives of these beautiful Italians are laid bare to us when we see them at the opera; the changing melodies then awaken a series of emotions, recollections, longings and annoyances in their souls, which are momentarily expressed in the alternations of their features, in their blushes, their pallors, and even in their eyes. Those who are able to read may then gather from their lovely faces many very sweet and interesting facts, tales as remarkable as the novels of Boccacio, sentiments as delicate as the sonnets of Petrarch, moods as adventurous as the offererams of Arrosto, at times even terrible treacheries and an exalted malice as poetic as the great Dante's Inferno. It is worth while, under the circumstances, to look up at the boxes. If only the men, in the meantime, would not express their enthusiasm by such a terrible racket. This all too manne noise in an Italian theatre irks on occasion. But muste is the soul of these people, their life, their national cause. In other countries there are undoubtedly musicians who equal those of the greatest reputation in Italy, but there is no musical nation. Music here in Italy is not represented by individuals, but manifesta itself in the whole population; music has become the nation. With us in the north it is quite different. There music has merely become a man, and is called Mozart or Meyerbeer, and above all, when we examine closely what these northern musicians offer us, we find Italian sunlight and the fragrance of oranges in it, and it belongs far more to lovely Italy, the home of music, than to our own Germany Yes, Italy will always be the home of munc, even though its great masters descend into the tomb at an early age or become mute, though Bellini die and Rossini fall inlent

It is true, remarked Maria, that Rossini maintains a very decided silence. Unless I am mistaken he has now kept silence for the last ten

years.

That may be a joke of his, answered Maximilian. He wanted to show that the name of 'Swan of Pesaro' which has been given him, was quite unfitting. The swans sing at the end of their lives, but Rossni ceased singing in the middle of his life. I think he did well, and in this way showed that he really was a genius. An artist who is only talented has the urge to practice this talent to the very end of his days; he is spurred on by ambition, he feels that he is continually perfecting

himself; and he is impelled to strive for the highest. The genius, however, has already achieved the highest, he is content, despises the world and petty ambition, and goes home, to Stratford-on-Avon, like William Shakespeare, or promenades the Boulevard des Italieus in Paris, laughing and joking, like Rossni . If the genius has a pretty good constitution, he lives along in this way for quite a time after he has furnished his master works, or, as it is the custom to say, after he has fulfilled his mission. The belief that a genius must die young is a prejudice, I beheve that the period from the thirtieth to the forty-second year has been given as the dangerous age for geniuses. How often I teased poor Bellini with it, and jokingly prophesied that he, as a genius, would soon have to die, once he had reached the dangerous age. Strange! Despits that it was all in jest, this prophecy frightened him. He called me his jettators, and always made the sign of the horus. . . . He wanted so much to live he had an almost passionate aversion to death, he would hear nothing of dying, and feared it like a child afraid to go to sleep in the He was a good, kind child, sometimes a little naughty, but then it was only necessary to threaten him with speedy death and he would at once grow humble, and make the mgn of the jettators with his two raised fingers. . . . Poor Belling!

Then you knew him personally! Was he handsome?

He was not ugly. You see, even we men cannot answer in the affirmative when someone asks us a question of this kind about one of our own sex. He had a tall, slender figure, which moved daintily, I might almost my coquettishly, he was always perfectly turned out, with regular features, somewhat longdrawn, a faint rosy complexion, light blond hair, almost golden, arranged in thin locks, a high, very high and noble forebead, straight nose, pale blue eyes, a beautifully formed mouth. a round chin. His features were somewhat vague, lacking character, somewhat milky, and over this milky face there sometimes flitted a aweetly-sour expression of pain. This expression of pain in Bellini's face took the place of the intelligence which was missing, but it was a pain without depth, it flickered in the eyes without pomy, it darted without passion about the man's lips. The young maestro seemed to wish to express this flat, feeble anguish in his whole attitude. His hair was dressed in so effusively sorrowful a manner, his clothes fitted his debcate body so languishingly, he carried his little Spanish cane so idyllically, that he always reminded me of the youthful shepherds whom we see folling about with ribboned staffs and bright-colored jackets and pantalets in our shepherd plays. And his walk was so virginal, so elegrac, so ethereal! The whole man looked like a sigh in dancing pumps. Women approved of him highly, but I doubt whether he awoke a strong passion in any. As far as I am concerned I always found something humorously distasteful in his appearance, whose cause was probably grounded in the way in which he spoke French. Although Bellini had already lived several years in France, he nevertheless spoke French as badly as, perhaps, it might only have been spoken in England. I should not use the word 'badly' in connection with his speech. 'Badly' is far

<sup>&</sup>quot;The Swan of Person," may Heise, in his Thoughts and Fauries, "could no langur endure the gubbling of the green."—Franci.

ton good. One would have to may harrible, incestuous, world-destructive! Yes, when one was at some social affair with him, and he broke the hapless Prynch words on the wheel like a hangman, and delivered himself of his colousal cop-à-Cânse with entire imperturbability, one thought at times the world would be destroyed in a crash of thunder. A deathlike stillness would pervade the entire room, mortal fear was depicted on every countenance, whether chalked or vermilioned, the women did not know whether to faint or to fire, the men looked down at their knee-breeches in dismay, to assure themselves that they really had them on, and, most terrible of all, this terror was accompanied by a mortal desire to laugh, which could hardly be controlled. When one was out in company with Bellini, therefore, his vicinity of necessity always imposed a certain dread, one at once attractive and repulsive in its horrible fascination. At times his unintentional calembours were merely of the entertaining sort, and in their droll insipidity recalled the palace of his countryman, the Prince of Pallagonia, which Goethe, in his Italienische Reiss, described as a museum of haroque distortions and monstrous figures coupled without rhyme or reason. Since at these times Bellini always believed that he had said something quite harmless and very serious, his face and his words formed the maddest of contrasts. All I found impossible to admire in his face was the more marked on such occasions. What I did not like was not exactly to be described as a lack of something, and least of all may it have been displeasing to the ladies. Bellini's face, like his whole appearance, had that physical freshness, that fleshy bloom, that rosy color which impressed me, whose preference is for the mortuary and the martile, unfavorably — Not until later, when I had known Belliai for a long time, did I develop a measure of liking for him : This came about when I noticed that his character was a thoroughly good and noble one His soul surely was always pure and unsulted by all ugly contacts Nor was he lacking in the harmless geniality, the quality of the childlike which we never find lacking in persons gifted with genrus, though they may not disclose it to everyone

Yes, I remember, Maximilian continued, as he seated himself in a chair against whose back he had hitherto been holding himself evect, I remember one moment at which Bellini appeared to me in so anuable a light that I resolved to learn to know him better. But it was, unfor-It was one evening tunately, the last time I was to see him in this life. after we had dined together, and grown very merry, and the sweetest melodies had sounded forth at the piano, in the home of a great lody who had the smallest foot in Paris. can still see him, poor Bellimi, how at last, exhausted by the numerous mnd Bellinicisms which he had been habbling, he dropped into a neat. This seat was very low more like a little brach, so that at the same time Bellini came to be sitting at the feet of a lovely lady stretched out opposite him upon a sofa, who looked down on him with kindly malice, while he labored to entertain her with a few French phrases, and was constantly under the necessity of supplying a commentary in his Sicilian jargon on what he had that moment said, in order to prove that it was no absurdity but, on the contrary, a most delicate compliment. I do not believe that the lovely lady paid much attention to Hellim's talk, she had taken his bittle Spanun case, to which he had recourse at times in order to support his feeble

rhetoric, from his hand; and was calmly using it to destroy the gracious structure of curbs above the temples of the youthful mestro. wanton bit of sportiveness, so doubt, was due the smile which lent her face an expression such as I had never yet seen upon a living human countenance. Never will that face fade from my memory! It was one of those faces which appear to belong to the dream-land of poerry rather than the crude realities of life, contours which recalled Da Vinci, the noble oval with the naive dimples in the checks, and the chia, sentimental, and coming to a point, of the Lombard school. Its coloring was more softly Roman, of a dull pearly lustre, a dustinguished paller, a morbidezza. In short, it was a face such as is to be found only in an old Italian portrait, representing some one of those great ladies with whom the Italian artists of the sixteenth century were in love when they created their masterpieces, whom the poets of the time had in mind when they sang their deathless songs, for whom the warrior heroes of Germany and France yearned when they girded their swords and plunged over the Alps, avid for doughty deeds. . Yes, yes, it was a face of this kind, over which played a smile of the tenderest muchief and the most aristocratic sportiveness, while she, this beautiful lady, destroyed poor Bellini's structure of blonde curls with the Spanish cane. At that moment Bellim appeared to me as though touched by a little magic wand, as though metamorphosed into an entirely unknown personality, and auddenly my heart felt a kinship for him. His face shone in the reflection of that smile. It was, perhaps, his life's supremest moment of bloom.... I shall never forget him . Fourteen days later I road in the papers that Italy had lost one of her most illustrious sons.

Strange! At the same time the death of Paganini was also announced. This death-notice I never for a moment questioned, for old, livid Paganini always looked as though he were dying, yet the death of Bellini, young and rosy, seemed incredible to me. And yet the report of the former's death was merely a newspaper error, Paganini is hving,

fresh and hearty, in Genoa, and Bellim lies in his grave in Paris.

Are you fond of Paganini? asked Maria.

That man, answered Maximilian, is an ornament to his fatherland, and surely deserves the most distinguished mention when one wishes to discuss the musical notabilities of Italy

I have never seen him, remarked Mana, but rumor has it that his outward appearance does not entirely satisfy the sense of the beauti-

ful. I have seen portraits of him. . . . None of which resemble him. Maximilian intersected. They make him homeher or better looking, but none of them show his true character. I think that only one person has been successful in putting down Paganini's true physiognomy on paper, it is a deaf painter by the name of Lyser, who in his spirited madness has limned Paganini's head so admirably with a few strokes of chalk, that the verity of his drawing rouses laughter and terror at the same time. The devil guided my hand,' the deaf painter told me, chuckling mysteriously, and nodding his head with good-natured irony, as was his wont regarding his clever buffconeries. This painter was always a queer customer, in spite of his deafness he had an enthusiastic love for music, and is said to have been able, when close enough to the orchestra, to read the munc from the

municians' faces and to judge as to their more or less successful performance of it by the movements of their fingers. He also wrote the critical reviews of the Opéra for an esteemed Hamburg journal. What is there really astomishing about it? The deaf pointer could see the tones in the visible signature of their playing. Are there not pursons to whom the tones themselves are only invisible signatures, wherein they hear colors and figures?

You are a man of that sort, cried Maria.

I regret that I no longer possess Lyser's little drawing; it would, perhaps, give you an idea of what Paganini looked like. Only in hursh, black, fleeting lines could those fabled features, which appear to belong to the sulphureous realm of shadows rather than to the sunny world of life, be realised. "For a fact, the devil guided my hand," the deaf painter assured me, when we stood in the Alster Pavilion in Hamburg, on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there. 'Yes, my friend,' he continued, what the whole world declares, that he sold himself to the devil, body and soul, in order to become the best of violinists, to fiddle together millions, and, first of all, to escape from the damned galley where he had already languished for so many years, is true. For, look you, my friend, when he was conductor in Luces, he fall in love with some princess of the theatre, became jealous of some little abbats, was, perhops, occu, and stabbed his faithless emois to death in good Italian style; was cent to the galleys in Genos, and, as I have mentioned, finally sold himself to the devil is order to get away, to become the greatest of violinists and to be able to extort a levy of two thalers from each one of on here this evening. . But, look! All good spirits praise the Lord! See, there he comes, up the alley, together with his dubious familiar'

In fact, it was Paganini himself whom I saw a moment later. He wore a dark grey overcost which reached to his feet, and which made him appear very tail. His long black hair fell down upon his shoulders in disordered locks, and formed a dark frame for the pale, cadaverous face, upon which sorrow, genius and bell had graven their unmirtakeable signa. Honde him walked with minerag steps a low, comfortable figure, comeally prossir, with a rosy, wrinkled face, in a little, light grey overcost with steel buttons, debyering greetings on all aides with insupportable friendliness, at times, however, squinting up at the sombre figure walking numburly and meditatively beside him with timid concern. One seemed to be regarding Retusch's picture, which shows Faust walking with Wagner before the gates of Leipnic. The deaf parater, however, commented to me on the two figures in his mad way, and called my attention in particular to Paganini's broad, measured tread. 'Dors it not seem as though he were still carrying the iron cross-bar between his legs? He has accustomed himself to this manner of walking once and for See with what contemptuous irony he looks down on his companion at times, when the latter analys him with his prosuc questions. Yet he cannot do without him, a sanguinary contract binds him to this servant. who in reality is none other than Satan. Ignorant people, it is true, believe that his companion is Harrys, a writer of comedies and anecdotes, from Hanover, whom Paganini carnet with him on his travels so that he may attend to the financial details of his concerts. But the people do not know that the devil has merely borrowed Mr. George Harrys'

form, and that the poor fellow's wretched soul in the meantime has been locked up together with other trash in a chest in Hanover, until the devil give it back its fleshly envelope, and he may accompany Masstro Paganini on his journey through the world in more memby guise, that is to

say, in the shape of a black poodle?

But if Paganini had already seemed to me quite sufficiently a creature of fable and a figure of adventure when I saw him in the nounday sun under the green trees of the Hamburg Jungfernators, how greatly his horribly bisaire appearance must have astonished me on the evening of the concert. The Hamburg Compdomhaus was the scene of the concert, and the art-loving public had appeared so early and in such numbers that it was with difficulty that I was able to fight myself into possession of a small place near the orchestra. Although it was a mailday, the whole cultivated world of trade was to be seen in the front boxes, an entire Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, the gods of coffee and sugar, together with their fat better halves, Junos from the Wandralin and Aphrodites of the Drickwoll. A religious alence hung over the entire hall. Every eye was fixed on the stage. Every ear was pricked to listen. My neighbor, an old fur broker, took the dirty cotton batting out of his cars, in order to be better able to drink in the expensive tones, which had cost two thalers entrance money. At last a dark figure appeared on the stage, one which seemed to have men from the nether world. It was Paganini in his black evening dress. His black frock-coat and black wastcoat were of a horrible cut, such as hellah etiquette might have prescribed for the court of Prosperpina, his black trousers wabbled timidly about his legs. His long arms appeazed to be still longer, as he held his violin in one hand and his bow in the other, hanging down and almost touching the ground, while he delivered himself of his unbelievable bows to the public. Something hornbly wooden was observable in the pointed angular curves of his body, and something at the same time foolishly azimal, so that his bowing and scraping gave rise to a curious desire to laugh, yet his face, to which the glaring footlights lent a still more cadaverously white appearance, had a quality so imploring, such an imbecile humility, that a ahuddering pity suppressed our inclination to laughter. Did he learn these courtains from an automaton or from a dog? Is his imploring glance that of a man sick unto death, or is the mockery of a miser lurking behind it? Is be a living man, in the act of dying, who has to amuse the public in the arena of art with his contoctions, like a perishing gladiator? Or is he a dead man rises from the grave, a vampure with a violin, who, if he does not suck the blood from out hearts, at any rate sucks the money out of our pocketbooks?

Such were the questions which passed through my mind while Paganini was paying his endiese compliments, yet all such questions were immediately mienced when the wonderful master put his violin to his chin and began to play. As far as I am concerned, you know my munical second right, my gift of seeing the corresponding tonal figure of every tone I hear played. It was thus that Paganini, with every stroke of his how, called up vimble figures and situations before my eyes, that he recounted to me in his sounding picture-writing all sorts of vivid stories, that he conjured up for me a species of colorful shadow-play, in which

he himself, with his violin playing, always acted as the leading character Already, at his first bow-stroke, the wings about him had changed he now suddenly stood with his munc-stand in a cheerful room, which was decorated in an amusingly disordered manner with scrolled furniture à la Pompadeur round about were little mirrors, gilded Cupids, Chinese porcelain, a most delightful chaos of ribbons, wreaths of flowers, white kid gloves, tora lace, imitation pearls, gilt diadems, and other divine timel such as one is wont to find in the studio of a prime donna. Paganini's outward appearance had changed, and very much for the better. He wore short knee-breeches of lilac-colored satin, a white waistcoat embroidered in silver, a coat of bright blue velvet with buttons covered with gold thread, and his hair, carefully curied in tiny locks, played about his face, quite youthful and blooming, and aglow with sweet tenderness when he cast sheep's eyes at the pretty little lady who

stood beside him at the music stand while he played the violin

In fact, I discovered heade him a young, pretty creature, in oldfashioned attire, her white satin dress puffed out below the hips, her want all the more charmingly narrow, her powdered heir arranged in a high roifure, allowing the round, attractive face to gleam out all the more freely with its flashing eyes, its rouged cheeks, its beauty plasters and impertment little nose. In her hand she held a roll of white paper, and to judge by the movement of her lips as well as the coquettish swaying to and fro of the upper part of her body, she seemed to be singing. But not a single one of her trills could I hear, and only from the music of the violin, upon which young Paganini accompanied this lovely young thing, could I guess what she was singing, and what emotions pomessed his own soul while he played. Ah, they were melodies such as the nightingule flutes in the dusk of evening, when the fragrance of the rose intonicates her prescient springtide heart with longing! Ah, what melting, sensuously languishing bliss! They were tones which kined, then fled each other poutingly, and finally embraced once more and became one, and died away in an intoxicated merging. Yes, the tones played a merry game, like butterflies, when one teasingly avoids the other, hides behind a flower, is finally caught, and then, thoughtleady happy, flutters up into the golden sunshine with its companion. But a spider, a spider, on occasion, may prepare a tragic fate for such a butterfly in love! Did his young heart suspect it? A plaintive nighing tone, like the anticipation of an approaching minfortune, softly glided through the most exchanting melodies radiating from Paganini's He kneels to his amade in adora-His eyes grow moust But, alas, as he kneels to kiss her feet, he spice a little abbate beneath her bed. I do not know what he might have had against the poor man, but the Genoese grew pale as death, he seized the little fellow with furious hands, boxed his ears and kicked him as well a number of times, then threw him out of the door, and finally drawing a long stiletto, thrust it into the young beauty's becaut'

At this moment cries of Brasol Brasol resounded on every side. Hamburg's enthusiastic men and women did homage with the most tumultuous applicate to the great artist, who had just finished the first part of his concert, and who howed with even more angles and curvatures than before. And it seemed to me that in his face there whimpered a

still more imploring humility than had formerly been the case. His eyes were fixed in gruly fear, like those of some poor sinner

"Divine" cried my neighbor, the fur-broker, as he scratched his ours.

"That piece in itself was worth two thalers"

When Paganiza once more began to play, it grew dark before my eyes. The tones did not shape themselves into bright forms and colors; on the contrary, the figure of the master concealed itself in simuler shadows, out of whose darkness his music wailed forth in tones of the most biting lamentation. Only at times, when a small lamp hanging above him showed him in its wretched ray, did I see his pulled countenance, in which youth had not as yet, however, altogether died. He wore a strange garb, split into two colors, one yellow, the other red. His feet were laden with heavy chains. Behind him moved a figure whose face seemed to point to a merry Pandean nature, and I could occamonally see the long, harry hands which seemed to belong to this figure dark helpfully among the strings of the violin on which Paganini was playing. At times they also guided the hand in which he held the bow, and a bleaty laugh of approval then accompanied the tones which coaed out, ever more agonizingly and more bleedingly, from the violin. These were tones like the song of the fallen angels who took them wives of the daughters of men, and who, cast out of the empire of the blessed, descended to the nether world with faces aglow with shame. These were tones in whose bottoraless abysees there glimmered neither consolation nor hope. When the saints in heaven hear tones such as these, the praise of God dies away on their paling lips, and weeping, they voil their goodly heads. At times, when the obbliquio caprid laughter rang bleatingly amid the melodic agonies of this playing, I could see a number of small female figures in the background, who nedded their ugly heads with malicious merriment, and 'fie'd for shame' with a dumb play of flagers in taunting rejoicing. Then ones of fear would sound from the violin, and a distressing eighing and sobbing, such as earth had never heard before, and such as earth, perhaps, shall never hear again, unless it be when the colonial trumps of the Last Day resound in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the naked bodies crawl forth from their graves to await judgment ... But the tortured violinist suddenly gave a stroke, so mad and despairing a stroke, that his chains burst rattling asunder, and his simuter assistant, together with the taunting monsters, disappeared.

At that moment my neighbor, the fur-coat broker and "What a pity! He mapped a string. That's what comes from the everlasting

piantenta "

Had one of his violin-strings really snapped? I do not know. I only noticed the transfiguration of the tones, and then Paganini and his surroundings were once more altogether transformed. Him I could hardly recognize again in the brown monk's cowl, which hid rather than clothed him. His neglected face half-concealed by the bood, a rope around his waist, bare-foot, a lonely, definat figure, Paganini stood on a rocky projection by the sea playing his violin. It was, so it seemed to me, at twilight, the roseglow of evening covered the broad surface of the ocean, which grew ruddler and ruddler in color, and murmured with ever increasing solemnity, in most mysterious concord with the tones of the violin. Yet the ruddler the sea became, the paler grow the

heavens, and when finally the billowing water seemed to be one glaring scarlet see of blood, the skies above had turned spectrally bright, corpsewhite, and the stars stood forth in them, large and thresteningly. these stars were black, black as shining anthracite coal! But the tones of the violin grew more tempestuous and bold, and in the eyes of the terrible nunstrel there sparkled so mocking a lust of destruction, and his thin lips moved with such grisly haste, that it seemed as if he were muttering accurated primal formulas of magic, with which one calls up the storm and releases the evil spirits who lie captive in the abymes of the sea. Sometimes, stretching his naked arm out of the broad sleeve of his monkish garb, in all its lean length, and sweeping the air with his bow, he seemed all the more a warlock, commanding the elements with his mage wand; and an counce howling seemed to be loosed in the depths of the sea, and the horrified waves of blood bounded to such tremendous heights that they almost splashed the pallid vault of beaven and its black stars with their sanguine foam. There was a screeching and a crashing as though the world were crumbling into ruin, and the monk played his violin all the more remorarlessly. He washed to break the seven seals with which Solomon scaled the iron vessels, after he had impresented the conquered demons in them, by the power of his raging will. Those vessels the wise king had sunk in the sea, and it was the very voices of those impresoned demons which I thought I heard while Paganiui's violin was peaking out its furious bass tones. But finally I seemed to hear something like the joy of liberation, and I saw the heads of the demons whose chains had been riven from them emerge out of the sea of blood-red waves monsters of fabulous uginess, crocodiles with hat wings, serpents with stag's antiers, spes capped with funicular shells, suals with long patriarchal boards, female faces with breasts in place of checks, green camel-heads, androgynous brings of inconceivable composition, all glowering with coldly intelligent eyes, and reaching out toward the fidding monk with long, finned paws. . He, however, stood, and in the raging seal of his invocation his hood fell back, and the locks of his hair, fluttering in the wind, writhed about his bead like black serpents.

This apparition so confused my senses that, in order not to go mad, I held my hands to my cars and closed my eyes. Then the spectral vision disappeared, and when I once more looked up I saw the poor Genoses in his usual shape, cutting his customary complimentary contortions, while the public applicated most delightfully

"So that is his famous playing on the G string" observed my neighbor. "I play the violin myself, and know what it means to have so thoroughly

mastered the instrument

Fortunately the interminion was not a long one, or the munical fur-broker certainly would have entangled me in a long discussion on art. Paganini once more quietly rested his violin against his clun, and with the first stroke of his bow the magic transfiguration of tones once more began. But now they no longer took on so strongly colored and corporeal a shape. These tones unfolded themselves calmly, with a majestic flow and swell, like an organ chorale in a minuter, and everything around them extended itself further and further in breadth and in height to a colornal space, such as the finite eye might not grasp, but the

eye of the spirit alone. In the midst of this space floated a radiant globe, and on it, gigantic and proudly upraised, stood a man playing the violin. Was this orb the sun? I do not know But I recognized Paganini in the lineaments of the man; yet idealised in beauty, divinely clarified. reconciliation in his smile. His body bloomed in all the strength of manhood, a garment of clear blue confined his ennobled limbs, his black hair flowed upon his shoulders in shining curls; and as he stood there, firm and steadfast, like some exalted divinity and played his violin, it seemed as though all creation obeyed his tones. He was the manplanet around whom moved the universe, with due solemnity and sounding forth the rhythms of bliss. Those great lights, floating about him in so calm a radiance, were they the stars of heaven? and those echoing harmonies born of their movement, was this the music of the spheres of which poets and prophets have told so many enchanting tales? At times, when I strained my eyes far out into the twilight distance, I seemed to behold nothing but white, flowing garments, in which giant pilgrims were wandering about in disguise, with white staves in their hands, and, strange to say, the golden knobs which tipped them were the same great lights which I had thought were stars. The pilgrims progressed around the great fiddler in a wide circle, and the tones of his violin caused the golden knobs of their staves to gleam with ever increasing radiance, and the chorales which rose from their lips, and which I had thought were the music of the spheres, were really no more than the dying echo of the tones of his violin. A sacred and nameless fervor dwelt in those tones, which at times trembled forth, hardly audible, like a mysterious whisper upon the waters, and then welled up again gruesomely sweet, like the sound of hunting horns in the moonlight; and finally rushed along in unchecked jubilation, as though a thousand bards were sweeping their harp-strings and raising their voices in a chant of triumph. They were sounds which the ear never hears, but only the heart may dream, when it rests at night against the heart of the beloved. Perhaps, too, the heart understands them in bright daylight, when it steeps itself with an outcry of joy in the lines of beauty and the ovals of a Grecian work of art. . . .

### SECOND NIGHT

This short excerpt, the only musical one contained in the "Second Florentine Night," describes a soirée in Paris, at which Liest plays:

It was at a soirée in the Chaussée d'Antin . . . a radiant soirée, and none of the traditional ingredients of social pleasure were missing: there was enough light to illuminate one; a sufficiency of mirrors to permit one to view one's self; enough people to crowd one's self warm; and enough sugar-water and ice to cool one's self off. They commenced with music. Frank Liszt allowed himself to be driven to the piano, stroked back the hair from his genial brow, and delivered one of his most brilliant battles. The keys seemed to bleed. Unless I am mistaken, he played a passage from the palingenesis of Ballanche, whose ideas he translated into music, which was very useful to those who are unable to read the

famous author's works in the original. Afterward he played the "Processional to the Execution," la marche au supplice, by Berlioz, that admirable composition which this young master, unless I am mistaken, composed on the morning of his wedding day. The whole room was filled with paling faces, heaving bosoms, faint breathing between the pauses and, finally, tumultuous applause. The women always act as though intoxicated when Liszt has played something for them. With madder joy they now abandoned themselves to the dance, these Willis of the salon, and it was with difficulty that I managed to make my escape into an adjoining room.

(To be continued)

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

#### CONTRACTS

OF THE

# APRIL, 1922, NUMBER

(SUBJECT TO CRANUE)

MUSIC AND THE GRAND STYLE D. C. PARKER (Glasgow)

Some Notes on Coleringe-Taylor HERBERT ANTCLIFFE (London)

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF FRENCH VIOLINISTS PRIOR TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
MARC PINCHERLE (Paris)

On "Instrumental" Æsthetics of Music HOWARD MARKEL (New York)

In the Marseillaise a German Composition? EDGAR ISTEL (Madrid)

POETRY AND THE COMPOSER

E. H. C. OLIPHANT (South Yarra, Victoria)

Bird-Music

W. B. OLDS (Decator, Ill.)

NOTES VERSUS TONES
ARTHUR GEORGE (Los Angeles)

A REFLY TO "TONIC-SOLFA; PRO AND CON"
W. G. WHITTAKER (Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

THE AUGUSTEO OF ROME GUIDO M GATTI (Torin)

HEINE'S MUSICAL FEUILLETONS

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

CARL ENGEL (Washington, D. C.)



# THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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# MUSIC AND THE GRAND STYLE

By D. C. PARKER

T was Matthew Arnold who searched carefully for a definition of what a well-known critic has called "that mysterious entity," the Grand Style. Arnold's definition, evidently framed with caution, is in itself quite enough to convince us of the difficulty of forming a statement of what constitutes the Grand Style; a statement that is at once accurate and comprehensive close enough to the fact to be of service, and wide enough in its phrase to apply to the works which the literary man will agree should come under the heading. "The Grand Style," wrote Arnold, "arises in poetry when a noble nature, poetically gifted, treats with simplicity or severity a serious subject." Homer, Dante, and Milton—these are the men to whom Arnold allowed the Grand Style. This is interesting, no doubt, but someone is sure to say, and there is justification for the remark, that we need definitions of definitions. Cannot we brush away misunderstanding by using the simplest terms? What, in any case, is style? "Style, the Latin name for a pen," says Professor Raleigh, "has come to designate the art that handles, with ever fresh vitality and wary alacrity, the fluid elements of speech." More briefly, it is elsewhere described as the characteristic or peculiar mode of expression and execution; and, again, as "the man himself," the revelation of personality. When we put pen to paper, we advertise ourselves. Our virtues and defects are there for all the world to read. As the Burtonian maxim has it, "our style bewrays us," and it may be remembered that Pater, in discussing Flaubert's concern for "the word's adjustment to its meaning," stipulates that "the first condition of this must be, of course, to know yourself, to have ascertained your own sense exactly."

Arnold's definition possesses a significance that is poetical only. Nevertheless, it supplies us with a starting point, insamuch as we can make a slight variation upon it, and then see how the result applies to music. This manner of testing has obvious dangers. The original was framed to meet the poetical case. We make only the changes which the name of another art necessitates. May it not be that the statement, as it appears in its second form, proves unsuitable for our purpose; that we have to alter the method of testing? When applying the variation of Arnold's words to the sister muse, we must, consequently, keep in mind that we do so merely in order to come to a closer understanding of what music written in the Grand Style consists. Here, then, we have the Arnoldian dictum as it reads adapted for the present occasion. "The Grand Style arises in music when a poble nature, musically gifted, freats with simplicity or severity a serious subject." Does that satisfy you? Quite candidly, I confess that it does not satisfy "Der Ring des Nibelungen," I consider, possesses the Grand Style. Can we say that the theme is treated with simplicity or severity, relative as those terms necessarily are? Similarly, I consider that "Die Meistersinger" possesses in abundance the proper qualities. Can we call the subject serious? There yet remains the problem of the noble nature, a condition that would rule out any work by Lulli, even were the remaining conditions fulfilled. In music, I claim a greater latitude than this modification of Arnold's words permits, and, it seems to me, at least, that we have a tolerably accurate idea of the Grand Style as exhibited in that art if we say that it is in evidence when the music is big, not only, or even necessarily, in its externals, but in its essential factors and its emotional significance. Pater was right when he affirmed that "as a quality of style, soul is a fact." The matter, needless to say, is hedged round with great difficulties, however well-disposed and cunning we are in grappling with them. And the difficulties themselves are not lessened by being of a subjective nature. To my thinking, if the Grand Style does not imply the presence of the sublime, it certainly implies something very akin to it. When we are confronted with it, we feel that the work reaches the heights, like a spiritual Matterborn, and carries us definitely to the rare and elevated places.

Touching this question, one is inclined to think that more satisfaction to ourselves can be derived from a contact with music than from theoretical disputations, however apt. For in our day-to-day experience we are brought face to face with compositions of all periods and styles, and it is, naturally, in the course of these

artistic excursions that we encounter the examples which we credit with the needful condition, and can say to ourselves, "that, at any rate, is in the Grand Style." It will be just those excursions that will set us thinking, and nurse a desire to settle the problem to our satisfaction. Who, then, are the composers we are willing to place in the exalted position that Arnold allowed to Homer, Dante, and Milton? Who are the world-singers, singers not thrown into the light of publicity because of a vogue or a passing fad, but who hold their courses like great ships upon the deep sea, whatever the state of the tides of fashion?

Most people, I am sure, will feel that Bach is one of the musicians who meet the demands we must make—Bach, who so often sang in a strong and joyful voice for the entire universe. may say that Bach has his parochial aspect, which is true. Steep yourself in the story of his life, turn over the pages of the historian, and you will find that you have been made to see the Lutheran Germany of his day. This is not to deny the greater aspect of Bach. Few students of Shakespeare are without intimate knowledge of the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth. To learn that Shakespeare walked the streets of London, had his plays produced at the Globe Theatre, and frequented the Mermaid Tavern is not to blot out the world-figure. In his greater moments, and they are many, Bach is a cosmic singer, taking not a corner or a province for his own, but the whole, wide world. If the sense of "o'ertopping" be a criterion, then Bach cannot justly be denied his place; if there be a time for employing the oft-abused adjective "consummate," it is, surely, when speaking of such a thing as the Sanctus from the Mass in B minor. This sense of the "bigness" of the man is atrengthened when we think of many of his contemporaries, who have become mere names. If Bach had not been more than a weaver of parts, and a dexterous juggler using counterpoint instead of hats and rabbits, he would have been placed in the museum beside the mummies of the Pharoahs long ago. Bach himself is a world in which the modern musician, for all the later accomplishment, can wander to his advantage, breathing in the air of purity and sanity, quenching his thirst at innumerable springs. For here there is greatness not only in "filling the mould," but in maintaining the dignity of thought and holding the interest by the sheer weight and authority of his genius. The reader will not look for a closer enquiry into the case of Bach; because, in the first place. Bach has his position secure by a consent that is all but universal; and because, in the second, it is known to all serious musicians that Bach's music is strong, deep, and vigorous, flowing steady and true like a great river, and not a thing of erratic bubbles

and splashes, however beautiful.

In Beethoven, likewise, the Grand Style is present. Despite the verdict of heaty youth, for whom the oft-repeated sonatas have grown stale, there is something here that voices the emotions of humanity in a language worthy of that noble task; something, in a word, of that "bigness" to which reference has already been made. The "Eroica," the C minor, and the Choral, these symphonies do not seem to us denominational Than the Choral it would be difficult to mention a work more universal in its scope, appeal, and intention. In its higher manifestations, at least, the music of Beethoven, like the work of some other great men, while deeply personal, soars out of time and place. Certain it is that we have in him a noble nature, musically gifted, treating with simplicity—how much Beethoven could make out of a scale, or a few repeated notes!—a serious subject. More might be said of Beetboven than this, however; something of his spaciousness, something of his music's "alliance to great ends." for example. But there is no need to do more than make the briefest allusion to those compositions that are his authentic passports to the select circle. There can be little hesitation concerning the man when we name some of the products of his genius. The "Egmont," "Coriolan" and "Leonora No. 3" overtures are rendered difficult of appraisement by reason of their frequent programme appearances. Yet, strenuously wrought as they are to-day, we acknowledge them to be sealed with the seal of a great man, and stamped with the stamp of his personality. Some will wish to add the "Pathétique," or "Waldstein," or "Appassionata," or "Hammerclavier" sonata, perhaps all of them, according to their disposition. Truly, no works could be further removed from the tinkling tunes heard at one time so often in Viennese salons; their natural element is the world with its vast horizon. One is struck, not by their restrictions, but by their scope, their search for, and finding of, opportunities that allow, and sanction, the deeper utterance. It was but natural that in his early works the style and manner of the Eighteenth Century should weigh with Beethoven. The shadows of Haydn and Mozart lay across his path. Even a genius has to make a beginning somewhere. No such fact can banish Beethoven from the inner group Either the "Eroica" is an epic page, or it is nothing, and the world stands on its head. True, the apprentice is aware that no man would now score an heroic symphony as Beethoven scored his. We must not be misled by contemplating the subsequent advance in orchestration. Let us put our finger upon

that which counts. Is there any man who exhibited in greater degree the faculty of raising a scale, a phrase, or a figure, unimportant and unimpressive if placed on neutral ground, to thefull heights of significance; is there any who could from the simplest ingredients produce a more extraordinary richness? It is, perhaps, in this that Beethoven, as a master of the Grand Style, appears most clearly. Analyse some of his marvellous passages, and you will say that a thing, not dissimilar, has been written by another man in another place. Still, paradoxical as it may appear, the other man's effect is not like Beethoven's. It is not that Beethoven possessed a copyright in the realm of emotional expression, save that conferred upon him by his genius. The diatonic theme, the voice of the oboe, the stroke on the timpani were at the service of all. The difference between Beethoven and that other less fortunate personage must be accounted for by the relationship which the former establishes, by the grip he has over his theme, by the inherent strength that gives him power to battle with the circumstance.

It is Pater, I think, who makes a subtle distinction between good and great art. To ask more of a work of art than that it should be in barmony with itself is to ask too much. One may be permitted to say, however, that the recognition of this is not incompatible with the recognition of a distinction between the good and the great, the greatness, in music, depending upon the presence of something that adds to, rises out of, or transcends the harmonious condition just mentioned. The good acknowledges and abides by its own law; it preserves consistency within itself. The great does all this and, in addition, communicates to us something that at once impresses us. We are conscious that an added richness and power are present, that they have a bearing upon the quality, effect, and status of the work. We may feel what we cannot describe or define. It is genius working with its pen, and the word "magic" may be pardoned those who call upon it when they have discovered a peak in Darien, or when a new planet swims into their ken. It is personality revealed upon the page; or, to express it otherwise, it is style-"the man himself." In a supreme degree. Beethoven has the gift of thus impressing us. Again and again, we observe how he works, abiding his time, and bringing forth the full flower of his thought in its due season. All the emotions are sounded on his lyre. He bends to some confidential confession; he sings a hymn of humanity. From chaos and darkness, he brings order and light. In him we discern that "agitated soul" which the Aristotelian

view postulates as an essential to the attainment of the grand

or superior.

I said that I claimed a greater latitude in music than Arnold countenanced in poetry. Despite this, I do not find many men to whom I can credit the Grand Style. This is a personal matter, and I may be wrong. To me it seems that, after Beethoven, Wagner is preëminently the man who claims attention. Coming to Wagner we come to one about whom there is no shadow of doubt whatever. If Wagner be not a master of the Grand Style. no one is. If Wagner did not take the universe in his arms, no other musician assumed that burden. Outwardly the musicdramas of Wagner are grand in that they are spread upon an enormous canvas, and that with a stroke of the brush the composer could cause many others to look very small. For it is in the presence of the giant that the dwarf seems most dwarfish. Not alone in sheer length and architectural splendour does Wagner substantiate his claim to the title of master in this regard. The style of his music reinforces that claim, and reinforces it beyond cavil. No man can hear "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Meistersinger" without feeling that he is in touch with one on whom the Grand Style sat unconstrainedly and naturally. Rhetorical Wagner most certainly was; splendidly and opulently rbetorical. In the face of this rhetoric the person who rejects rhetoric as such gives himself some trouble to justify his attitude. The mature Wagner marched on the heights, and if we want to realise how fully and gloriously be employed the Grand Style we have but to compare his work with that surrounding it. Put the love-music of "Tristan und Isolde" against the love-music of the average opera, put the purple patches, (if the phrase be allowed), against the purple patches of others, and you see at once the striking difference. There is nothing small or mean, nothing insignificant or compromising, in the "Liebestod" or "Wotan's Abschied," while practically the whole of "Götterdammerung" touches the peaks of epic grandeur. This ability to grasp the large thing and express it in appropriate accents did not banish the ability to come to close quarters, to sound a tender note, to breathe a quiet charm, or attain the intimate. With Wagner, the creator of Eva as well as of Brünnhilde, the greater included the less, which it does not always do in art. The episode of the Rhinemaidens in Act III of "Götterdämmerung," and the first act of "Die Walküre," are proof conclusive. Like Shakespeare, Wagner could descend from his pedestal; and, as in the case of Shakespeare. there was nothing shameful in the movement. It is a truth that

Wagner held his style easily. He showed an extraordinary freedom, dropping the larger and more imposing to take up the smaller and more delicate, without surrendering one jot or tittle in the matter of quality. Few things are more remarkable than the manper in which Wagner revealed his mastery in this connection. It has been pointed out how his four great works differ in instrumentation; how, again, "Die Meistersinger" is primarily contrapuntal, "Parsifal" primarily harmonic; how "Tristan und Isolde" is chromatic, while "Siegfried" wears a colour that is almost Mozart-There is some truth in this. Wagner worked from within, throwing his enormous power of concentration upon the essentials, But, contrapuntal or not, he is always Wagner. As an example of the reliability of his instinct, one may refer to the first act of "Die Walkure." For the greater part he determinedly holds to a comparative simplicity in the orchestra. The scene between Siegmund and Sieglinde could not further be reduced. One may even say this is applicable up to the point where Sieglinde sings, "Siegmund, so nenn' ich dich." The mention of that name, the drawing of the sword from the tree, the mutual recognition of Siegmund and Sieglinde—these events do not find Wagner lacking. He takes the orchestra and whips it up, infusing into it a new activity and vitality, imparting to it a tightness and an expressiveness not before touched in this act. One need not approach the subleties in order to perceive that the effect got when the curtain falls has been obtained by the way in which the music rises upon itself, so to speak, and attains a higher altitude.

Wagner is leisurely, of that there can be no doubt, and this leisureliness, which would be insufferable in a small man, finds wide acceptance, as, to put it plainly, the stuff is so good. It must be emphasised that haste and fussiness are the arch-enemies of sublimity. But in Wagner's case we find more to say of his leisureliness than that. A music-drama which takes four hours for its performance is not of itself any proof of precocity. It may, indeed, proclaim the industry of the composer; it is as likely to advertise his defects. What ought to be our task here is to demonstrate that while Wagner lets his drama play itself out before us with a kind of sovereign majesty, he does not fill the hour by sacrificing the moment. A four-hour drama could be compounded of ingredients which bear no, or little, relationship one to another; of patches which are joined by the most obvious threads. It would be a bad drama. The length of Wagner's works must always be viewed in the light of their content. The length of any musical production is fixed by the amount of interest it holds, not by the number of moments it occupies for its performance. Wagner sets his pace; he allows himself plenty of room for his metamorphosis of themes; he believes in a policy of saturation. It is a question whether his way of developing his themes could be satisfactorily carried on within narrower limits; it is a question whether a musicdrama of the dimensions of, say, "Tristan und Isolde" could be shouldered by one who viewed music perpendicularly. Wagner is rich in dynamic power. His music progresses, reaching out with strong arms. Even his most atmospheric pages are not static, as that word is now understood. His method, as a method, makes enormous demands upon a composer, demands which only a Wagner can ever hope fully to satisfy. After hours of music which must be counted among the most glorious in existence, he achieves the "Liebestod," a priceless jewel. The leisureliness of Wagner did not result in looseness or diffuseness. I can think of few men who, having penned as many notes, so seldom disappoint Such things ought to be borne in mind, though not to the exclusion of the one central fact that must be sent home; namely, that Wagner's title to master of the Grand Style resides in the nature of his music. His "bigness" is not the bigness of one who uses six trumpets in place of two, who says fortissimo what another says forts, who imposes himself upon us by empty gestures and high-sounding adjectives. It is the "bigness" of one whose artistic stature is equal to the bigness of his theme; of one who, at a given moment, meets the exigencies of the situation completely, generously, and easily; of one who, alike in his thought and his manner of communicating it, towers towards the stars, and takes all things within his embrace. In a word, his music is big by virtue of its "alliance to great ends."

Liszt is difficult to deal with, not alone on account of the disparity in value of his compositions—here the virtuoso has the upper hand, here the pioneer—but on account of the fact that the aim is not always achieved. Some of Liszt's music is grandiose rather than grand, however high the theme, while the projected scheme is often more ambitious than is the power to carry it off adequate. Liszt is not a world-singer in the same sense as Bach, Beethoven, or Wagner, yet we cannot point to any man with a wider view, or to any whom we can less reasonably charge with intellectual parochialism. The "Dante" and "Faust" symphonics are, certainly, on a pedestal, and Lisst's better works, which we must sift from his lesser ones, have not yet had anything like justice done to them by the jury of the public. If, in acknowledging the extraordinary interest and peculiar nature of those two symphonics,

we are prone to make mental reservations, frankness will compel us to declare that what, in the end, separates Liszt from the writer of the authentic and indisputable Grand Style is, as it must inevitably be, the quality of the music, the stuff which he offered. Critical judgment and ingenuity are profitably employed in getting at the right and wrong of this delicate matter. Liszt has a decided claim to be rated very much higher than some pundits and oracles appear to consider. Part, and a great part, of this claim is based on historical ground, which cannot weigh with us very much, if at all, in the present enquiry. List was the heroic expoment of romanticism, as Chopin was its intimate spokesman. Weber its pictorial artist, Berlioz its flame. Viewed in relation to the romantic movement, it is right to say that Liszt had the grand manner, which is not the same thing as the authentic Grand Style. So we are thrown back on the music itself, as it is, and as it sounds. If you feel that the thought, the emotion, the strength, warmth. and suitability of it are in true and full measure worthy of the theme. Lisst has some right to be included among the few who schieved the Grand Style. If, on the other hand, you are convinced that he is bombastic and flamboyant, that this music owes everything to externals, you must reject his canditature. There remains the middle course, the view that credits Lisat with occasional success in this matter, and with, perhaps, more than occasional failure. In Wagner we detected the presence of a kind of divine accommodation, a natural adjustment. He is not always upon the heights, and I, for one, do not think that continual residence at the summit is a necessary qualification. That is to say, a departure from the Grand Style does not of itself render a man ineligible for admission to the favoured circle. It is the cause of the departure which is the determing factor. So the thing needful to remember is that Wagner's descent to the slopes does not arise from a lack of strength, or from a failure to maintain himself where he ought to be. We have reached the cruz of the problem if we ask whether the "dip" in Liszt, which is so noticeable, has the same origin as the "dip" in Wagner.

Was it in reality Liszt's purpose to let his music down thus; or did the lowering in interest, or in the intrinsic worth of his music, come from his loyalty to a theoretical method that insisted upon payment of its tribute, or did it arise simply from the fact that he was a composer less gifted than, say, Wagner? I am inclined to think that the last part of the query offers us the proper clue. Lisst's imagination and ambition marched ahead of his power to realise his vision, though that power was not in itself one

to be scoffed at. Together with this goes the truth that be often overreached himself, with the result that he achieved the very grand style, which, in spite of its description, is a lesser one than that which occupies our attention. Apart from this, there dwells that in his best work which, sooner or later, according to our alertness, will force us to enquire whether we should not make it

clear that grandeur itself may be of more than one kind.

hardly what he obviously meant it to be.

Perhaps the needs of the situation are met if we grant Liszt the Grand Style with specific reservations. First, it is not the Grand Style as we meet it in the composers previously named. Secondly, it alternates with a descent to a lower plane, not merely, or always, to adapt the music to the quieter moment or less pressing occasion. On the contrary, the reduction is due, I believe, simply to an inherent inability to sustain the music on the higher level. It would, of course, be folly to deny that Liszt has also provided examples of a departure from the Grand Style, which serve the same purpose and have the same seathetic justification as those of Wagner. The difference between the two springs from the circumstance that, in many other cases, the practical result is

I want to be scrupulously fair, if only because I believe Liszt to be one of the composers most commonly undervalued. One cannot breathe his name without feeling very strongly that there are a hundred testimonies to his natural gifts which are not produced in the open court so freely as they should be. But the most ardent defender of Liszt's originality and aptitudes will not improve his case by shutting his eyes to the truth. That we are testing his music in the course of an examination into the Grand Style means that we are testing music that is heterogeneous, for Liszt was impressionable at all points and responsive to many influences. At his worst, Liszt can be boring and vulgar. But not infrequently he is more empty than either. I do not imagine that many people will have a great deal to say in favour of "Festklänge," with its barren fanfares. When for the moment his hand lost some of its cunning, Liszt took refuge in a picturesque integument. There are other moments and phases more inspiring, nevertheless. We cannot be blind to his preoccupation with the highest and noblest aspects of his themes. "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne" draws us upward; in characteristic fashion, it contrasts the tranquillity of Nature, her law and order, her inward strength, with the conflicting voices of Humanity. Nature-Humanity; that is the spiritual basis of the work, and it is one which appealed forcibly to Liszt, who as a master of the antithesis

stands beside Victor Hugo. Something of this desire to endow his subject with its utmost significance, to show its applicability to all times and conditions, is present in "Tasso," which he designated as "lamento e trionfo." Upon our ears fall reminiscences of the and beauty of the Venetian canals, the gentle waters of which conjure up visions of departed glories, and seem to hold some of the secrets of those golden, laughing hours when Frivolity went forth masked and powdered to the Carnival, and the song of the carefree floated over the lagoons. Later we are at the court of Ferrara, where the poet attached himself to Duke Alfonso, and argued with the well-lettered. But do we not feel that Liszt saw more in his subject than the tragedy of Tasso? It is the tragedy of the poet, whatever his period and place. Truly, this music sings the tragedy of Tasso, his own luckless destiny, and the increasing fame of his masterpiece. It sings also the neglect, misunderstanding, and ultimate victory of all true poets. The composition owes a great deal to the fact that Liszt saw the tragedy on the larger scale, and informed it with a deep, human feeling. Needless is it to add that Liszt gives us of his best when his imagination, kindled by the contemplation of his hero, or his theme, took wings at a time when his pen worked fluently.

When we leave Liszt, who is not outwith the debatable territory, we come to those who are most certainly within it. For the next composers to be taken in hand must be Strauss and Elgar. The difficulty we encounter in approaching the former is not unlike that to be found in the case just disposed of. It lies in the inequality of the total production. Considering the subjects chosen by him, the matter, manner, scope and compass of the music, Strauss has presented us with plenty of material on which to pronounce a judgment. It is the custom of hurried criticism to enlarge upon the demands Strauss makes in respect of players and instruments, and the natural inference of the unwary reader is that the uniqueness of the writer can be traced merely to the extravagance which he exhibits in this line. More remains to be said of, and for, Strauss than such criticism allows, and it is a thousand times more valuable. The test is once again the music itself. As he appears in "Don Juan," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Tod und Verklärung," "Don Quixote," "Heldenleben," and "Also sprach Zarathustra," Strauss is quite clearly of those who have the Grand To make this plainer, one has but to record the outstanding Style. characteristics of his writing. Normally his theme is not of the scrappy variety; in it there reside a thousand latent possibilities; he looks at music horizontally; he has, if any man living or dead has it, the large curve which carries us on with a magnificent sweep; he can handle a weighty subject, that claims the maximum of concentration, nobly, and frequently sublimely; he can, likewise, hold the attention for some three quarters of an hour while he marches with his giant's steps, and all the time his music is tight and significant. He has a highly developed sense of form; indeed, the only right conception of it, for he realises that it bears a relatiouship to the content. There exist passages with which a general estimate of Strauss is bound to concern itself—the bleating of sheep in "Don Quixote," the battle in "Heldenleben," the fugue in "Also sprach Zarathustra," and other things of a similar kind. These, particularly the first and second, reveal a lesser aspect, undoubtedly. In them he probably shows his Achilles heel. Yet the lesser aspect is the result neither of a small or tired brain, nor of an inability to bring out what was within him. Supposing we take the view that such pages are to be deplored, we can still say that they are the result of a kind of wrongheadedness, of an error in method. Setting them aside, we find in our hands a generous bulk of music that gives us the sense of "bigness," and gains a height not to be reached save by the strong of wind and limb. Consider the opening of "Don Juan," consider the conflict and apotheosis of "Tod und Verklärung," the epilogue of "Heldenleben," the opening, the "Joys and Passions" section, and "Night Song" of "Also sprach Zarathustra," the trio at the end of "Der Rosenkavalier." There can be no hesitation about these examples. Or, to come still closer to the subject, consider the great climax at the commencement of "Also sprach Zarathustra," in which the organ joins the orchestra. The man who wrote that was no small. feeble tinkler. It must be insisted, however, that we are looking at the Strauss compositions in the light of what we conceive to be the Grand Style. Innumerable points to be made obtrude themselves at the bare mention of the titles. We have to keep clear of any discussion as to Strauss's virtues and failings that is irrelevant. On these virtues and failings the reader will have his own opinion. Whatever that opinion happens to be, it cannot alter the fact that Strauss possesses the Grand Style. In an age which hears much tintinnabulation, and at a time when the market is well stocked with musical narcotics, this should need no telling. Strauss has swept the deep sea. The full-breasted wave, throwing its spindrift toward the sky, rises in his surging score. Not here do we need to cry for fresh air, far less for the oxygen cylinder.

In Elgar, also, the Grand Style is present; that is to say, in the Elgar of the two symphonies, and the symphonic study, "Falstaff."

There are those who remain antipathetic to Elgar's music. From them will come opposition to the proposal to set him in the present company, because they see only the external bigness, the length of the works in point of time, but not in point of interest, the richness of the scoring, and, perhaps, the prodigious technique. Where disagreement raises its head is where the emotional value of the music, and its suitability, come to be considered. I can only say that if words have any meaning at all, Elgar cannot be turned at the door. If the Grand Style consists of depth, and weight, and height, in the power to soar with wings that are strong, in a great and impressive significance, in other and sundry qualities of a kindred nature, Elgar cannot be rejected. You may, or may not, like the aura which is designated by the word Elgarian. Like Strauss, Elgar has his own way of doing things. There are harmonies and skips in his melody that are characteristic of him, and of him alone. Once more, we come down to the rock bottom. Can you say that the first symphony is in other than the Grand Style, fully exemplified from the first bar to the last? Can you withhold the title of exponent of the Grand Style to the man who penned the opening allegro and the finale of the second symphony? Finally, can you name the style of "Falstaff" as anything at all save grand-"Falstaff," in which a Shakespearean subject is treated with a proper feeling for its humanity, in music worthy of it, and with what seems uncanny ease? If these three works be not in the Grand Style, I confess that that epithet means nothing to me, and I believe that definition is a lying jade whom we should boldly order to quit.

I do not think that the Russians have the Grand Style. A great deal of the attention paid to Russian music, and of the excitement which it kindled but a few years ago, was owing to its local tinge; we discerned something idiosyncratic of a far-off place, or an interesting people. In the first instance, it came to the Western mind like a breeze from the sea, fresh and invigorating. If something of the fascination has evaporated, and the sense of novelty been lost, the reason is not far to seek. So assiduously and indiscriminately was Russian music thrust upon us-musical geese often being classified as musical swans -that a natural reaction set in. We are paying for a surfeit; many a piece, interesting, suggestive, and charming in itself, is for the present, at least, placed at a very considerable disadvantage. To express it otherwise, the revulsion now felt by some people is an unfortunate legacy of the previous "boom." Here is music unlike that of the Germans, great or small. Place Brahms beside it, and the most

casual and indifferent student must be aware of the difference in mentality and method. Is that which made Russian music so attractive and stimulating at an early stage in our acquaintance with it, a thing that exhausts itself, and does not deeply affect us when we are thoroughly familiar with the compositions? Is Russian music a music that relies for its appeal on the accessories Whether this be so or not, no Russian and superfluities? I am aquainted with has the Grand Style. In saving this I recognise, of course, that there may exist in some inaccessible place a score which possesses it in the fullest measure; that, if it exist, it may be from the pen of some unknown person. Russia is a large country, in which music is widely cultivated. It is, consequently, impossible even for the most lynx-eyed and beaver-like critic to know every bar of Russian music at a given moment. But turn to Rubinstein, for a start. I rule out Rubinstein at once. To him it is impossible to allot a high place as a composer. Was he more than a man who had the scribbling itch? Tchaikovsky and Glazounov are, no doubt in their own ways, symphonists, though the way of Tchaikovsky is as peculiar as the ways of Ah Sin were dark, and the way of Glazounov that of a musical journeyman. aky's music forms a tempting bait; so much can be said for it, and against it. To be allowed the Grand Style, he is too fussy; and we meet too much padding, even in his best work. In him we find also an unusual proportion of a strange kind of confidential utterance—Tchaikovsky wore his heart upon his sleeve—but it is confidence of the wrong kind. The "Pathétique," for instance, is not the tragic muse garbed sombrely, whose grief lies deeply hidden in the soul. It is the fretful, peevish, simpering little figure of fin de siècle, shedding tears all over the world. Familiarity with Tchaikovsky's music tends to abolish any sense of "bigness" that the neophyte may experience; a fourth, fifth, or tenth hearing of the symphonies will bring with it a clearness in this respect, and show the intelligent hearer that the "bigness" for which we call is not in them to be discovered. In fact, what really for a time allures us here is patent, not latent. Tchaikovsky, the musician. has no instep. No sooner have you half persuaded yourself that he is just about to accomplish a great feat, or exhibit a superiority of mind or feeling, than some trivial or vulgar passage assaults your ear. The next page may hold a surprise, or, as you come to know by experience, a disappointment. Glazounov's is a case very different. The plan and the "laying out" of Glazounov's symphonies are sadly at variance with their content. He is empty of vital matter. With every possible technical contrivance in his

box of tricks, has he created a symphony which is not hollow? Language was given to man to conceal his thought, maybe: Glazounov chose music to conceal his lack of it. He is like a geometrical point, having position, but no magnitude. I do not think I am wrong if I say that the other prominent Russian composers do not offer us examples of the Grand Style. Even Rachmaninoff's fine second symphony, with its constant interest and profusion of beauty, with its eloquence equal to that of Tchaikovsky, and its earnestness that is in a measure allied to that of Brahms, fails, somehow, to give me that definite and final sense of the Grand Style. Russian music still draws very generously upon the folk-song, and the folk-song idioms. Even when the composer has approached the West and breathed its intellectual air, he is frequently like the Chinaman who wears his native garb, but lends it piquancy by adding one or two European garments; all of which augments critical interest, if it also supplies us with a text for a sermon on style. Should one, then, say that a more or less strict adherence to the folk-song manner is, in the present instance, incompatible with the attainment of the Grand Style?

And what of the French? I have more than once pointed out that the attraction of French music at any particular period is distributed among a number of musicians, not one of whom can be called, in any historical sense, a master. For all her glory and her wealth in temperament, idea, and phrase, France has not given to the world a Dante or a Shakespeare, nor has she given to it a Bach, a Beethoven, or a Wagner. Berlioz forms the greatest height touched by French music, rough and volcanic as the mountain itself is. But the Berlios of the "Symphonic fantastique" and of "Romeo and Juliet," with his burning imaginative power, seems to me too fragmentary, explosive, and erratic to be set with those on whom the mantle has fallen. Though in a certain and unique way Berlioz has "bigness," it is hardly "bigness" in the sense that justifies his admittance to the favoured enterie. Sublime is not the first word we should use when talking of his music. In speaking thus, I feel that a great deal needs to be said about him which is not usually said; that his shortcomings, which are there for all eyes to see and ears to hear, are pretty generally enlarged upon, while his merits, which are often for the keen eye to see and the quick ear to discern, are but cursorily handled. What I say of him I base on an experience of those works which most commonly figure on orchestral programmes. Unfortunately, it is but rarely that the remainder of his music sounds in concert balls.

Apart from Berlioz, only Franck's one experiment in the symphonic domain need detain us. For, though born in Belgium, Franck may suitably be considered here, as he has come to be identified with an important phase of French music. Regret that he wrote only one symphony will always be mingled with joy that it is a symphony so noble and sincere. The composition, to the last drum tap, discloses the man. Every page has been felt as well as written. The music flows from a fountain pure and clear. In contrast to some symphonics, this specimen is symphonic, holding to a rich speech, and depending neither on tricks nor vain strivings. All that Franck set out to do, he has done thoroughly. At the end of it, a sense of completeness takes possession of us. With this sense of completeness goes one of amplitude. initial large, so pregnant of fateful things to follow, does not turn out a false prophet. In the succeeding allegro we are plunged into the Grand Style. Passion reigns when the first subject dominates the score. On arriving at the inspired, and inspiring, second subject, we have no hesitation in calling Franck, as here revealed, a big man. The music of the entire symphony is, in fact, large in every sense. In listening to it, we have, somehow, got to the very core of things, and penetrated regions the doors of which can never be opened by puny Lilliputians.

Leaving Berlioz and Franck, we pass, I believe, from the region of doubt. No earlier French musician clamours for mention; no later. The Gounod of "The Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" is small fry indeed. Saint-Saëns, Lalo, Bizet, Massenet, Delibes and Chabrier are far outwith our boundaries. Later composers, like Debussy, Ravel, and Dukas, do not come any nearer to it. The Grand Style is the oak; French music of to-day is the poppy. In contemplating it, we have to ask ourselves whether the static music, so widely exploited in France at present. with its perpendicular view and its harmonic (perhaps one ought to say chordal) interest, can ever achieve what we have in mind. Are a wider throw and a more vigorous momentum not imperatively necessary? Is the insistence upon the musical equivalent of "le mot propre," is the preoccupation with nuance and atmosphere, as the modern French interpret the terms, not an obstacle to the attainment of the Grand Style? The artistic world, no less than the physical, belongs to the energetic. Zola held that "une œuvre d'art est un coin de la nature cu à traters un temperament." At the moment the French seem to lay stress upon the "corner." In the aggregate, their music does not leave the commentator high and dry, for it lends itself to criticism, and provides

a rich field for discourse. But one cannot repress a feeling that it has reached the end of the road. It needs the wind of heaven and the ground swell of the ocean. It needs rain from the clouds to give it a fresh complexion, and a healthy appetite. It has arrived at the perilous hour when a new turning must be taken if it is not to suffer the loss of vitality that results from lack of bloodmixture. Echoes of Debussy are as far removed from the authentic Grand Style as anything could be, which said, a word of warning has to be pronounced. This is not a denunciation. acription of the situation as I see it; a statement concerning French music, as it appears when we look at it from the point of view of the Grand Style. That the output of the last five-and-twenty years contains much of eleverness, resource and charm none will dispute: and it should not be incumbent to add that a man must obey his bias, and be loyal to that which reposes within, though this does not mean that he must keep his mind hermetically sealed against the ideas that the world gives birth to. The large and imposing work has its place, time, and function; the small its place, time, and function also. The lover of the epic need not be the enemy of the sonnet, or he who revels in Wagner and Strauss impervious to the sweet voice of Chopin, or the naive accents of the clavecinists. We do not march to knowledge, or enrich ourselves by developing futile antagonisms. The world, life, and human feeling call for the presence of many things, because moods change, because the tropics are hot and the arctic regions cold. because the sons of men are of divers kinds, because monotony of diet brings trouble in its wake. It is not our task to set one art-work against its neighbour. We must use to the full all that is beautiful and ennobling. French music takes its place in the scheme of things; we may leave it at that.

We are still left with an appalling amount of untouched material. It may satisfy the reader if some brief notice be taken of two men who will be familiar to him. What are we to say of Handel, and of Brahms? A large proportion of Handel's music sounds very old-fashioned now-a-days, if not downright archaic. Dissociating it from the stuffy and pedantic type of individual who is so commonly immersed in it, I cannot, with justice, refuse to put Handel in the gallery. In such a chorus as the "Hallelujah," Handel, striking like a thunderbolt, exhibits the Grand Style. There is in the piece "bigness" of the right sort, a "bigness" that is not lost to us though the notes are as familiar as the alphabet, as expected as to-morrow's sunrise. About Brahms there can be no such unanimity, the verdicts concerning his music resembling

those concerning the music of Lisst, in that they are many and varied. Parrot-talk of "the three B's" is compromising. For those who indulge in it. Brahms presumably remains beyond all doubt one of the exemplars of the Grand Style. From others, who do not quite subscribe to the compressed gospel of "the three B's," we may, at any rate, look for more caution. I am not a Brahmsian, if the word represents one who places the Hamburg composer on the same platform as Beethoven. Making all the proper allowances, he strikes me as a musician of lower rank. doubtless, remains a matter of taste and "psychic disposition." More promising will it be to touch the nerve centre of the Brahms problem, as it emerges here. Brahms has two distinct aspects. At his best, he is, certainly, a man of considerable stature, a man who might show his countenance in any company, a man whose music does not in the smallest degree rely upon the trival, the fashionable, or the facile. In his Olympian moments, if he does not offer us the Grand Style as we have it in Bach or in Beethoven, he offers us something near to it. The song has a soaring quality; his music enfolds itself slowly, as though with a trust in its own inherent strength. He sounds the deep, satisfying note, that is the more satisfying the more you hear it. This first, this noble Brahms is the Brahms of the finale of the first symphony, of the second and fourth symphonies, of the masterly violin concerto, and of the alow movement of the quintet. There would be less trouble in "placing" him were it not for the Mr. Hyde that haunted this Dr. Jekyll. In his second aspect, he not only nodded rather more frequently than good manners permit—he positively snored. A considerable portion of the first and third symphonics appears to me to belong to his less happy moods. The entire double concerto. that pyramid of dulness, shows us Brahms at his very worst, a commonplace and mechanical music-spinner, who could write an elaborate work without once exhibiting so much as a momentary flicker of the divine fire. One can hardly believe that the composer of this masterpiece of aridity was the man who put on paper the fourth symphony. Perhaps, in these days of psychology, there remains some doubt as to this; if so, it may be a mitigating circumstance, though, unhappily, it cannot render the double concerto other than it is. If interest be the test of length, this score makes a draft upon eternity.

With the good qualities of Brahms, earnestness, sobriety, a distante of the flashy, a contempt for the half-digested, went grave shortcomings, dulness, writing for writing's sake, or, at least, writing when the impulse was either non-existent, or not

vital enough to make its effect. I should not quarrel with the man who pleaded the cause of Brahms, were it based on the last movement of the first symphony, on the second symphony, and on the violin concerto. I should totally disagree with him if he called the third symphony, or the double concerto as evidence. If we are to allow Brahms to remain with those we have spoken of as possessing the Grand Style, we ought to make it quite clear that he may do so by virtue of such works as the former, and by virtue of them alone.

Not being a Chinese drama, this dissertation has to be drawn to a close. In finishing, I am very conscious that only the fringe of a vast subject has been touched. A thousand questions, like birds on the wing, fly before us. The name of this man, and that, and the other, leap to mind. Little points in style, theme, or manner clamour for elucidation-little, only seemingly, because nothing that deeply concerns art is little at all. In summing up, let us recognise that each man has his own constituency, to which he must be faithful. There are minor composers who, working in a small compass, vie with the Japanese artist in delicacy of touch. The miniaturist being a miniaturist, no good purpose can be served by calling him anything else. It is for us to see in him what he is. Thus, to acknowledge the Grand Style is not to frown on music that cannot boast it. It is merely to hail the great and noble song, when it falls upon our ears. And the time we spend with those who tower high above us, and touch the clouds colossuslike, can hardly fail to be a time rich in its revelations, and inspiring in its influences.

### SOME NOTES ON COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

#### By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

T is related that Jules Massenet, on reading a copy of Coleridge-Taylor's Song of Hiawatha, and without knowing who the composer was, remarked, "That was written by a man of colour." Of course, "the coloured races" are as varied as the white races, or more so; but Coleridge-Taylor was representative in many respects of the vast negro race to which he more than half belonged, as well as the great champion in the opposition to their exclusion on mere grounds of colour from artistic circles. His birth and residence in London, doubtless helped in this latter matter. In spite of the pride which he feels in the history of his country, in spite of a certain arrogance arising from this, and in spite of a foolish despite of all that is outside his insular conventions, there is no one so free from actual racial prejudice as the average Englishman He will not only welcome to his country men of every race and colour, but will help them whole-heartedly even in competition against himself. Not only legally, but socially and in business, every man in England has the same chance, whatever his colour or race. This is not to say there is no natural feeling of distrust and wonder at the achievements of those who are of a different race. Even in the great metropolis of this Empire of mixed races, in London itself, the black man does not always love the white, nor the white man trust the yellow. The difficulties he had to overcome because of his colour, therefore, were just sufficient to make the achievements of Coleridge-Taylor a racial triumph, while they were not so nearly insuperable as they might have been where the race feeling was keener or more bitter. Had he on the other hand appeared among men of his own race and colour it is possible, even probable, that what he did in the way of art would have been largely ignored and forgotten, nor would be have had the same opportunity of developing his talent and its products. From every point of view London would seem to be the place most propitious for the appearance of such an artist, and it was here that he was born and where his first and greatest triumph as a composer was accomplished.

For those who regard signs and dates as of significance it is perhaps not without interest to note that he was born on 10th



Coleridge-Taylor

August, 1875, just six months after the death of Sterndale Bennett, the greatest British composer of the nineteenth century. His father was a full-blooded negro from Sierra Leone, a medical man of considerable ability but little mental or moral stamina, and the boy was brought up by others. His general education, except so far as he acquired it from his own reading and observation, was that of the better type of working class in England, which, it may be observed, is not entirely unmusical, and was less so forty years ago than now. He was a choir boy, and at fifteen found a patron who placed him in the Royal College of Music, where he studied the violin, and later counterpoint under J. F. Bridge and composition under Stanford. His earliest compositions, written about this time and some of them published a few years later, were church anthems, the interest in which lies in the fact that they were written by a boy of that age.

Under Stanford he made rapid progress with his technic, without losing, in fact rather adding to, his individuality. By 1896 he had completed a Symphony which was played by the College orchestra, and showed already his desire to gain for negro music the recognition he considered was its due. Besides this he exhibited more than might be expected of signs of the knowledge and control of orchestral timbre which was one of his most striking attributes later. Thematically the work is partly original and partly based upon negro tunes. Like most other young composers he found the greatest difficulty in writing an effective Finale, and here the teaching and criticism of his professor proved of great benefit. Alterations were made from time to time in this movement, which, at first a mechanical, uninspired work, became eventually a strong, virile piece of music. It was the slow movement, A Lament, which won the most favour at the semi-public performance in the College at the end of the Easter term of 1898. it stands to-day, it is not unlikely that the finale would be equally popular. One of the most striking features of the orchestration is the rich, but often delicate scoring for the brass instruments, which in his later works was nearly always a notable characteristic.

His Four Characteristic Waltzes, written about the same time as the symphony (if not earlier) and which have since seized the popular fancy, have more relation to his other early works, particularly in the orchestration. His constant employment of the device of repeated unison passages varied on each repetition by the use of a different quality of tone was in danger of becoming a mannerism. It escaped this, however, and we find it used with something approaching genius in such a work as his Ballade in A

minor for orchestra, produced at the Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester in 1898. This short work is not only strikingly characteristic of the composer, but is one which every aspiring orchestral composer should know very thoroughly. At the time of its original production it was described as "barbaric," "wild," "uncouth," and by other adjectives which displayed a complete lack of understanding of its qualities, though its popularity was never in doubt. While everybody now admits the incorrectness of these descriptions, the work still remains one that could not have been written by a composer of pure European descent Its themes (there are two of them) are original and perhaps less noticeably negro in their origin than those of many of his other works; in treatment it belongs to the mind of "a man of colour" as much as any of them. Yet never does it go outside recognised methods in either harmonic, melodic, orchestral or formal structure; which fact makes its indubitable originality all the more remarkable. It was not to the advantage of the work that the composer conducted its first performance, for, enthusiastic and painstaking as he was in this as in everything else, Coleridge-Taylor never became more than a second-rate conductor even of his own works.

More than one writer has suggested that the second theme, because of its broad flowing character, is outside his negro tradition; but so far from this being the case, it falls in with negro music in general by its splendid contrast with the vigorous rhythm of the principal theme. This sense of contrast is the possession of all races, but none has it more fully than have those of tropical Africa.

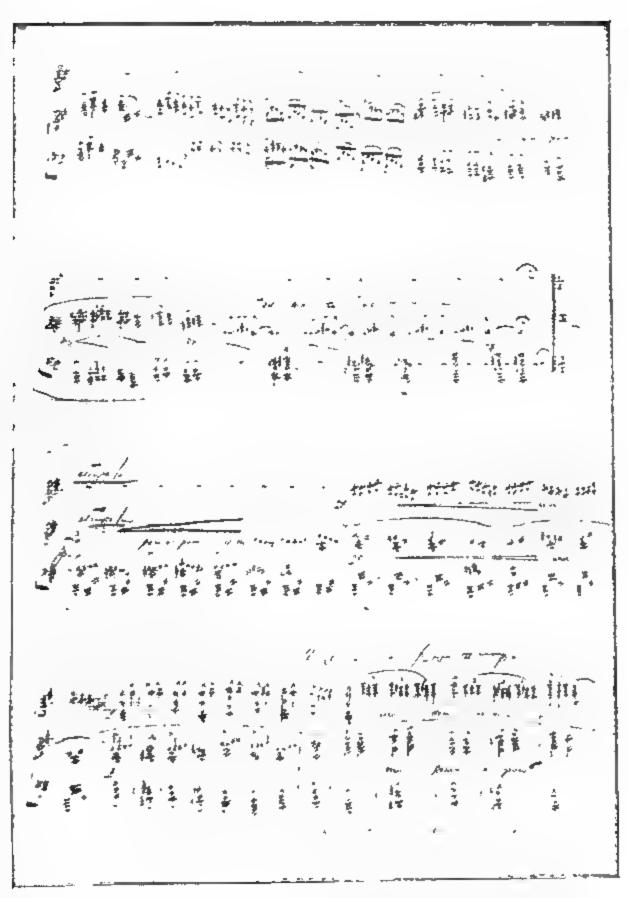
There probably never has been an orchestral work of such importance, intrinsically and in its relation to the world of music. that has been constructed on so simple a scheme of tonality, theme and orchestration. In its 460 measures it modulates from A. minor into the relative major, to the dominant, to C minor, to F major and (for a few bars only) into D flat, i. e., transposed C sharp, major, and to no other key unless it be a momentary transition. As already mentioned it has but two themes, though the first is easily divided, and these two are subjected to little variation. and practically no development. Occasionally they are combined or merged one in the other; more often they are repeated with varied orchestration and occasionally with varied harmony, this last consisting chiefly of inversions of the opening harmony, so that the inverted pedal, e. g., becomes an uninverted one. When we analyse the work to discover the qualities which make it so distinctive, we are able to discern only the one supreme and indefinable one which we call genius. Schubert wrote nothing simpler or more melodious; and neither he nor Weber produced more beautiful and richly balanced tones from the orchestra, while not Haydn nor Mozart was more direct in his structural methods.

This is the work which more than any other strikes the keynote of his style and method as an orchestral writer. It is as distinctive and also as typical as The Song of Hiawatha, and no small part of its effectiveness lies in the fact that it is entirely different. In these two works we see the composer's grasp of his media, two separate media demanding and obtaining entirely different treatment. They are the two works which have won a complete recognition by all classes of music lovers, and though some of his lighter orchestral pieces have perhaps been more popular, the Ballade stands as the classic example of his orchestral genius. It anticipated his other works in its economy of thematic material, as well as in its characteristic energy and unfailing melody. The many varieties of form and colour which later he could give to a phrase or a figure are suggested in it, while the perfect homogeneity of its feeling was as marked as in the works of his latest and most mature period Perhaps one little weakness is the recurrence several times of a bridge passage of no particular significance, though in the sweep of the work as a whole this is acarcely noticeable, and does not seriously interfere with the general interest of the work.

This weakness of constructive method quickly disappeared. and in the Fantasiestück in A major for Violoncello and Orchestra, a work in variation form, one of the most notable features is the absence of any apparent bridge passages at all. After this work had been played several times during the year 1907, the score, unfortunately, was lost in its wanderings, so that only a brief note written from memory is possible. Its theme is a broadly outlined melody in the composer's favourite a-b-a form, announced by the solo instrument, and eminently characteristic of it. Each of the half dozen or so variations remains very faithful to the original theme, though the scheme of tonality is a somewhat diverse one-A major, F major, F sharp minor, A flat major, etc. Although lightly scored so as to keep the solo part prominent against a contrasted background, it works up to a chmax that is big in tone as well as in emotion. Its ideas generally, like most of those in Coleridge-Taylor's music, are persuasive rather than peremptory, and its loss after so few performances makes the world poorer of music that possessed a most satisfying charm.

Being himself a violinist of no inconsiderable ability, it is not surprising that much of his most effective music, a Concertstück, a Sonata, Four African Dances, two Ballades and many smaller pieces, were written with the violin as the principal instrument. Of these the most important, or at least the most ambitious, is the Violin Concerto in G minor, Op. 80. This was written during his first successful visit to the United States, and was based principally upon negro melodies, of which he had made a large collection. As it was commissioned by Carl Stoeckel and intended to be played by Maud Powell, Coleridge-Taylor not unnaturally endeavoured to meet the ideas of these two, both of whom he recognised as musicians of a high order. One of their suggestions which he accepted was that he should use "Yankee Doodle" as one of the principal themes, which he did by making it the second theme of the finale. Unfortunately neither this tune nor the original first theme of that movement inspired him to any real outburst of music, and the result was a movement that was scrappy and unsatisfactory, though not without some moments of beauty and some fine strong writing for both soloist and orchestra. Less pleased even than were his crities, the composer decided to lay the work aside, and had not better counsels prevailed it would probably have shared the fate of other unsatisfactory works and been consigned to the fire. On his return to England he decided to rewrite the work entirely, and in doing so discarded both themes and treatment of the last movement and used only short fragments from the second one. What the cause of dissatisfaction with this second movement was, it is difficult to see, for it is a piece of real beauty, based on the negro melody, "Many thousand gone." It is now published as a separate work. Possibly it was the same general feeling of dissatisfaction with what was done and of the great potentiality of what was to come which made him from time to time offer huge holocausts of manuscripts on the altar of efficiency and good work.

In the new version the first movement, in which he retained the principal theme as well as many of the details of the original work, and the finale, stand out for their nobility, as well as for the effectiveness from the technical point of view of their rhythm and orchestration. We find in the themes, just as in those of some of his earlier works, melodic cadences which theoretically are feminine, but which in effect are not only virile but masculine. Very striking in this respect is the opening theme, which forms a strong contrast to its companion theme, the latter being actually and clearly feminine in its close, or the curiously piquant second



A page from the original manuscript of Coloridge-Taylor's V olin Concerto.

theme of the finale. Although written some years later, there is a certain affinity between two of these and the principal melody of the orchestral Ballade, while it will be remembered that the same feminine cadence occurs again and again in the thematic material of The Song of Hiawatha.

Another work commissioned by Stoeckel was an orchestral piece, for which he supplied the Bomboula, an early work rewritten with the experience of later years, and particularly with his increased knowledge of negro music. It gets its name as well as its principal motive from the dance melody well known from its association with the negroes of the West Indies. What have probably done more to cause its popularity than anything else are the energy of its movement and the piquancy of its orchestration, for it carries the hearer along in a swirl of sound that never fails of sensation. Its eleverness is not so obvious as is that of some of his other works. Here he laid himself out to write a work which should be simple and popular, and achieved these characteristics in a marked degree. Not that it is in any way unworthy of its composer or lacking in real musicianship; but it is not a work which strikes the hearer as anything more than an able and interesting little number which most qualified musicians with a bent to constructive work could have written. Unlike many popular numbers by composers of higher powers, it helps towards popularity without detracting at all from his serious reputation. It preserves the original movement of the native dance, but also contrasts, and by doing so somewhat accentuates, its character with a theme that is more in keeping with conventional musical ideas, although even the contrasting theme is based on that with which it is contrasted. In this matter it bears a close resemblance to the Ballade.

Several times and at different periods Coleridge-Taylor tried his hand at opera writing, and with widely differing results. His first attempt was a little romantic opera, The Dream Lorers, which is notable for its delightful feeling and suave melody rather than for its dramatic qualities or those of a deeper musical character. Later he wrote a cantata-operetta, The Gitanos, for female voices, which also is more musical than dramatic Endymion's Dream, a short one-act work to a libretto based on the work of John Kests, is essentially Wagnerian in its methods. It has been published as a cantata and in that form is not unpopular. It has only occasionally been played as an opera, the Kests Centenary forming the occasion for several such performances. Without being equal to the best of his other work, it is full of passion and feeling, and its scoring is in a manner new to the composer, if not unique in all

his work. In it he seems to be preparing the way for the style which fully appeared for the first and last time in A Tale of Old Japan. Not so the longer and more ambitious three-act work,

Thelma, upon which he himself built great hopes.

If we judged his dramatic capabilities by this work we should be bound to place them in a low category. Its style seems to be modelled on that of the Italian-Irish composers of the nineteenth century, of Balfe and Wallace, and, to a less extent, of Bishop and Nicolai. There are nevertheless rhythms and instrumental combinations characteristic of Coleridge-Taylor himself, and there is, particularly in the last Act, some decidedly picturesque writing. The practised hand of the musician appears on every page of the score, but not the hand of the opera composer. This is curious in view of his experience, not yet exhausted at the time he wrote the opera but already very considerable, as a writer of incidental music for spoken plays. Thelma, however, is quite different from anything else he wrote, and with a more concise and dramatic libretto, allowing of strict condensation in the music, might have been made quite effective

Some of the music was subsequently utilised for other purposes, chiefly in the incidental music to Othello, which is probably the most popular of his "Konversations-Musik," for which purpose it is used almost exclusively. Of incidental music for the stage he wrote much, chiefly for Beerbohm Tree, and nearly all was of a brilliant and sometimes gorgeous type, Besides Othello he wrote music for at least five dramas, Faust, Nero, Herod, Ulysses and The Forest of Wild Thyme, besides a ballet on Hiawatha. Most characteristic was that for Nero, and the least so-why it should be so is difficult to understand—that of the ballet. It is curious that this should be so, for, as a rule, interesting as this stage-music is, and full of melodies of an obvious but virile character, as a whole it falls nearer the mark of Kapellmeister music than anything else he has written. Still more striking is the comparative failure (I say comparative because it is good music and has met with a large amount of popular success) of the Hiawatha ballet, for some of his lighter music, the Petite Suite de Concert, for instance, possesses just the characteristics required for a good ballet. Some of the music published as pianoforte music, too, has these same qualities, and not improbably was intended for something of the kind. All his orchestral music was written first in close score, and generally without any indications of his wishes with regard to the orchestra. It seems likely, therefore, that in the last busy years of his life, when his works in general seemed likely

to be popular, he would write a number of pieces that would come in useful as occasion should demand. These he would leave in their original condition until he knew the resources available for the occasion of their utilisation.

His Symphonic Variations on an African Air (Op. 63), however, are in no wise occasional music, and these he seems to have written with very precise ideas and indications as to their orchestration, and to have scored with the utmost care and imagination. attaining something of the classical spirit in their construction. When one considers the strange neglect of Coleridge-Taylor's serious orchestral works, the most striking instance is this, the biggest in almost every way of them all, which will compare favourably with similar works in the repertory of many leading orchestras, and might with advantage be on the table of every student. of orchestration and musical development. Like many other works in the same form it is based on a theme that is not only very brief (eight bars repeated), but quite commonplace in character. Nevertheless, interest is aroused at once by the piquant scoring: melody on three trombones, pp, with accompaniment for strings, tremolando, timpani and gran cassa, to which flutes in short shakes are added on the repetition. Here again we notice the cross accent. the composer's native fondness for which has already been commented upon. This is in Common time and in E minor. A new melodic interest arises in the first variation, in triple time, with the theme, played by Oboe and Clarinet, extended by decorative arpeggi and varied by grace notes, to which is added a light but full and characteristic accompaniment in A minor for strings and harp. A rapid waltz-like movement, scored for strings, wood-wind, triangle and occasionally horns, follows. A casual reading of the score of this variation will lead to the criticism that it is commonplace and such as might easily be written by any ordinarily accomplished musician. There is in it, however, something very convincing; the onrush of the rhythm, the downward swoop of the melody in the first part and its subsequent soar to a climax, its fidelity in primary emotion to the theme and its perfect fusion of the tones of wind, strings and percussion, all make it a supreme example of its kind, even though that kind be a common one. Almost as noteworthy is the succeeding appassionate movement in duple time, a continuous melody for strings, supported by flutes, oboes and clarinets alternately, with sustained chromatic harmony on horns and bass trombone. After this the Waltz variation is repeated. Here we see again the composer's fondness, which was at times almost an obsession, for the simple ternary form. It is used later in this work, though not so strictly, when he repeats the eighth variation, a beautiful plaintive little tune in alternate 6-8 and 3-4 rhythm, after a somewhat more vigorous one accompanied by a curious countermelody of triplets and quadrolets.

One is strongly tempted to describe at length each of the fourteen variations, for there is not one but has some characteristic, some figure of melody, some tonal quality, some device of metamorphosis, that is distinctive. It is not necessary to ask of such a work if it is a great emotional one or not. If it develops the theme on which it is based in such a manner as to make the interest cumulative, if it displays striking ingenuity in construction and invention while yet each figure and each development is based on the theme or on some part of it, and if it works towards a musical and stirring climax of tone, it carries out what is its primary and essential object. Coleridge-Taylor's Symphonic Variations does this, certainly, and I think it does considerably more. Even the Ballade in A minor and The Song of Hiawatha are not so thoroughly representative of the man, for the former is an early work in which his full personality and technique as an orchestral writer were not developed, while the latter is more of a magnificent interpretation of Longfellow's poem than an expression of his own nature. the Variations we get a full exposition of the man's musical nature at its highest development, with all the variety of thought and all the vigour and tenderness of his manhood at work. We witness the piquant individuality of the man, his geniality and sentimental but virile tenderness, his racial fondness for strong rhythmic accents and his natural conservatism and regard for classic tradition. For these reasons, and particularly for its happy and rare combination of individuality and classicism, it is a work which properly presented should be as popular in its way as any of his smaller and lighter works. Certainly it might with advantage take the place of several works which appear in orchestral programmes ad nauseam, and with a fair certainty of being acceptable to all classes of hearers.

One need not, in considering the characteristics of Coleridge-Taylor's orchestral works, devote any very deep consideration to such of them as Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Hemo Dance, or the march, Ethiopia Saluting the Colours—They are works which are always interesting and enjoyable, both to performers and hearers, but they follow too closely the line of his more striking works of the same genre to provoke more than a passing reference. Of the first it may be said that, though not programme music in any serious way, it was probably his nearest approach to that

fascinating line of artistic activity. It was written in honour of the coloured soldier of that name and with his greatest exploit in mind. but there is no serious attempt to describe that or the emotions which caused it. Its object is rather that of a "Huldigungsmarsch" than a representative piece. The titles of the Four Visions in the Faust music, "Helen," "Cleopatra," "Messalina" and "Margaret," also suggest a programmatic idea which is partly carried out; but these, it must be remembered, are incidental to the drama, and such suggestions must necessarily, in order to avoid any clashing between stage and orchestra, betentative and indefinite. Somewhat disappointing is this lack of attempt to write any serious descriptive or programmatic music for the orchestra, for his powers in this direction were undeniably great, and would have developed with exercise, particularly as he was deeply interested in all kinds of literature. These powers he exerted in some of his choral works with almost magical effect, not only when voices and instruments are combined, but also when the latter are heard alone.

After his great success with The Song of Higgsatha he never reached quite the same height of inspiration as a choral writer, possibly owing to the difficulty of finding poems suited to his individual genius. His successes, too, were on quite different lines and different subjects, and were more dependent upon the combination of chorus and orchestra than upon the pure choral writing. Even his part-songs, which are all good, but are none of them comparable with these greater works, are dependent to a large extent upon their accompaniments. Of his later choral works the most notable is Meg Blane, a short work for mezzosoprano solo, chorus and orchestra. Here he gets all the rugged but tense emotion of Robert Buchanan's poem of the sea, as well as its graphic suggestions of the storm and the little boat struggling against the powers of nature. In the solo part there is a degree of pathos and expression that is nothing short of tremendous. But chorus and orchestra share in the picturesque side of the work, and the latter has the larger share. The subtitle of the work is "A Rhapsody of the Sea." and while it is rhapsodic the work is also one of the most dramatic in the whole literature of music. All the terror. the anxiety, the activity, the awe, the grandeur of the scene are represented, yet there is also all the exhibaration of the natural circumstances. In no other work has he written more finely for the orchestra, while the vocal parts fill in the narrative in an emotional manner that is more than adequate. Kubla Khan, for a similar group of voices and orchestra, is at the opposite pole of emotion and activity, but affords scope for the composer's great descriptive powers, which were aroused by the actual setting of the words rather than by the abstract inspiration of the

poems which pleased him.

Something of the same inspiration and technique obtain in A Tale of Old Japan, a work which came late in his career, but which branched out so successfully in an entirely new direction as to arouse hopes, finally crushed by the composer's early death, that he might even evolve a new style of choral ballad. He had already shown a degree of delicate lyricism in the Bon Bon Suite, a series of six short movements to words by Thomas Moore. In A Tale of Old Japan it was developed and refined to a high degree, and yet used as the expression—a perfect expression, though beyond the comprehension of some of our too realist modern musicians—of deep emotion. Yet it is an emotion that becomes tense only occasionally, and as a whole the work is one of lightness and charm, which is its greatest triumph!

Some of his critics have objected to the work of Coleridge-Taylor on the ground that it is marred, if not ruined, by his strict adhesion to classical forms. There can be no question that this has militated against its ready acceptance by a large body of conductors and performers who have been satisfied by the many inferior and lifeless works in these forms which it falls to their lot to examine every year Possibly—for he was of a somewhat timorous nature, even in his music—had he launched out more freely in matters of form and expression, Coleridge-Taylor would have been a more powerful writer than he actually was. It cannot be denied. however, that while he lacked the kind of initiative which invents new forms as did that of Liszt, Chopin, Debussy and some of their successors, or reconstitutes the old ones as that of Richard Strauss. Vincent d'Indy, Edward Elgar or Ildebrando Pizzetti (particularly in his great Sonata for violin and pianoforte), he has, like his elder contemporary Alexander Scriabin, adapted very thoroughly to his own purposes the classical forms.

One point at which, like Beethoven, he has always taken his own course without regard for precedent, is at the cadence, and here also he never repeated himself. A twelve-bar tonic pedal seems to have been a favourite device, but how varied he could make it is seen by comparing the close of the Ballade in A minor with that of a posthumous Interlude for Organ, with its full chords descending in irregular chromatic sequence to the Common Chord. That of Meg Blans is also on a tonic pedal, but with tonic chords only, major ninth, major sixth, minor sixth (first inversion of the

common chord of the flattened sixth) and tonic common chord. In A Tale of Old Japan the tonic pedal is inverted, with a descending chromatic bass, which rests and returns on the last three chords before the tonic triad, the bass notes of this return being the flattened sixth and flattened seventh. Yet in all of these is felt a perfect sense of strong grip and no loss of the satisfaction which a contrast of chord or tonality would presuppose. Higwatha he repeats a cadence that so far as the bass is concerned (key of E major descending, E, B, C sharp, C natural, B, C sharp, B. A sharp, A natural, E) might satisfy the schoolmen. When one analyses the harmony of these few closing bars, however, one discovers a disregard of convention that was working out by evolutionary methods and quite independently, and also without the scientific and arbitrary theories of Debussy and Scriabin, some of the chords and scales the use of which made the followers of the French and Russian composers hail them as great discoverers.

Coleridge-Taylor was a fluent writer and did not always wait for inspiration. In fact, he worked in almost too businesslike a way, keeping regular hours at his work, and not allowing concert engagements, of which he had a considerable number, to interfere with his daily quota of composition. In some matters a keen self-critic, he destroyed at regular intervals whatever manuscripts he considered not worthy of his talent. By this means it is not unlikely he sacrificed some works which posterity, or even his own further consideration, might have approved, if not placed in a high category. Unfortunately it did not comprise some which years of knowledge fail to make satisfactory: The Atonement, The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé, and some of his songs, for instance. Yet the works we have considered, and the fact that of the others not one lacks some inspired passages and all are written with keen musical and poetic feeling, make it appear strange that his reputation is based on so little of what he wrote. His orchestral works certainly ought, as a whole, to be as well known as those for voices. and the Symphonic Variations, the Ballade in A minor, the Violin Concerto, and possibly some of the chamber works for violin and pianoforte, to be placed in the repertory of instrumentalists on a level with The Song of Heawatha and A Tale of Old Japan in the repertory of choral societies. Some of his work suffered, as did some of that of Schubert, of Mendelssohn, of Franck, even of Beethoven, and still more of Bach, from his too great fecundity; but none of it suffered, as does some of that of most facile and versatile writers, from prolixity or carelessness of production. He was conservative because his work was rooted deeply in the soil of classic tradition, and his thoughts were sufficiently selbstständig, sufficiently self-contained and independent, to dispense with the invention of new methods of expression. He was, in fact, one of the most original thinkers among musicians of his generation, which enabled him to avoid any conscious or shallow attempt at originality for its own sake.

# THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF VIOLIN-ISTS IN FRANCE BEFORE THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

#### By MARC PINCHERLE

HE earliest violinists of whom we have any record are those of King Francis I. From the accounts of the Master of the Revels (Menus-Plaisirs) for February-March, 1529, we learn that "Jehan Haury, Pierre de la Planche, Pierre Champgilbert, Jehan Bellac, Jehan Fourcade, Nicolas Pirouet, violinas (violinas), hoboys and sackbuts, received the sum of forty-one livres (Tours currency), given and decreed to them to supply their needs and necessities."

Until the middle of the century we have hardly any other data than the lists of largesses which the musicians enjoyed at the hands of the sovereign: in 1583, twenty crowns (écus) each as a contribution toward the upkeep of their horses; in 1584, three hundred crowns collectively; in 1587, Jean Henry (the same whose name is spelled Haury in the document of 1529) is awarded the office of sergeant verger (sergeant d verge) of the Châtelet of Paris, "to dispose of for his own profit, and to administer for revenue as may seem good to him, in 1588 he is rewarded with the goods and property of Étienne Fourré, confiscated and escheated to the Crown, following a criminal homicide committed by the said Fourré. One could multiply these instances of marks of favor<sup>1</sup> at the court of the king of France as well as at those of the Dukes of Lorraine or the Italian princes

Violinists in the costumes of Muses played at the entry of Henry II into Rouen' in 1550. Marguerite of Valois enumerates still other instances in her account of the festivities arranged by the city of Bayonne for Catherine de' Medici and her son, Charles

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>H Prunières. La musique de la Chambre et de l'Écurie. Année Musicale, 1911, p. 244. Contrary to the accepted opinion we are dealing here with a new family of instruments of which the soprano is really a violin in the modern sense of the word and not a modified form of viol.

Actes de François I<sup>47</sup>. Paris, 1896-1905, tomes II, III, VII, VIII, passim. Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France. t. VIII, pp. 857, 358. Paris, 1836, etc.

C'est la déduction du sumptueux ordre, plaisants spectacles et magnifiques théâtres . . dressés et exibés . . à Henry Second et à ma Dame Katharine de Médicis . . . Rouen 1851 chez Robert le Hoy

IX: "each troupe dancing after the manner of its native land, those from Poitou with the bagpipe (cornemuse), the Provençals dancing the *volte* with the cymbals, those from Burgundy and the Champagne with the little hoboy, the soprano violin and the little drum (tabourin de village).

We must not conclude from the fact that in the beginning we always find the violinists associated with the festivals of the nobility, that they occupied a particularly brilliant position. All the texts, edicts and accounts which mention them indicate their quality of domestics, acting "by the command and for the pleasure" of a master. The welcome which they receive from music lovers is rather reserved. In certain provinces they are ignored for a long time There is no mention of a violin in a very long list of instruments given in 1557 by an amateur in Poitou: "The instruments with gut strings, which we use in this district (Poitou), are the hurdy-gurdy (vielle), the rebec, the viol, the lute and the gittern.. Thus the hurdy-gurdy is the instrument of the blind. the rebec and the viol are for the minstrels, the lute and the gittern are for the musicians." And if, at Lyons, the great center of violin making (perhaps its cradle), we find, a year earlier, a circumstantial description of the instrument, we may note the tone of marked disdain for the violin in which it is couched: "The violin is very much the opposite of the viol," writes Philibert-Jambe de Fer. "Its body is smaller, flatter, and it is much rougher in tone . We call viols the instrument which gentlemen, merchants and other people of quality use for their pastime .. The other sort is called the violin, and it is the instrument commonly used in playing for the dance; and this for good reason, for it is easier to tune, because the fifth is pleasanter to the car than the fourth. It is also easier to carry, which is a very necessary matter, even in conducting a wedding or a mummery. There are found few people who make use of it except those who make their living by it, as a trade." In England also, at this period, according to Roger North, "the violin was scarce knowne tho' now the principall verb, and if it was any where seen, it was in the hands of a country croudero, who for the portability served himself of it."4

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Mémoires. Publ. by Guessard. Paris, 1842; p. 9.

Discours non plus métancolique que divers . . . Poitiers 1857 ches Enguilbert de Marnel (Bibl Mazarine.)

<sup>\*</sup>Épitome musical des tons, sons et accords . Lyon 1556. On Philibert sau the excellent article by G. Tricou, Revue Musicale de Lyon, May 15, 1908.

Memoires of Musick, 1728. Edited by Rimbault, London 1846, p. 80.

Thus the violin plays, with regard to the viol, the same rôle as that formerly played by the rebec. It was considered noisy,

shrill, good at most for playing dance music.

This lack of esteem is easily explained. It is due in the first place to the brusquely increased sonority, which was so much the more noticeable as the well calculated proportions, the supple varnishes of Gasparo da Salò, Amati and Stradivari, which tempered its shrillness, had not yet been discovered. All progress along the line of tonal dynamics provokes a furious reaction. Like the criticisms which described Wagner's music as a tumult, so, at the height of the development of eighteenth-century music, Hubert le Blanc, whose fame as an author rests on his defense of the bass viol, voiced in vehement terms his regrets for the passing of the discreet tone qualities of former days.

But above all the awkward technique of an entirely new and in itself very difficult instrument was an obstacle to its diffu-

sion.

In the rudimentary stage of its development this technique compelled the violin to restrict the display of its qualities to ensembles, where it performed its part with less suppleness than the other melody instruments or the human voice. How could it bear comparison with the lute and the viol, which, thanks to the greater number of their strings, their easier system of tuning, were capable of executing the most varied ornamental formulas, sustained accompaniments and even polyphonic pieces, and which, sufficient unto themselves, conferred upon the player the individuality of the virtuoso?

This situation was soon to be altered. When Brantôme adjudges Balthasar de Beaujoyeulx "the best violinist in Christendom" it is possible that the eulogy might still have been considered somewhat faint, and to have been paid rather to his qualities as an organizer of ballets. We know, on the contrary, that fifty years later talented players had appeared, who had set the true nature of the instrument in its proper light. Thenceforward we no longer meet with those musicians who united in themselves the rôle of oboe and violin players, as was the custom in England throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, a usage which bore witness to a twofold mediocrity "Those who have heard the King's twenty-four violins," writes Mersenne,

The latest mention of this which I have met is on the \$5th of April, 1597, a donation to Jean Périchon, hoboy and violin of the King's chamber. See Écorchville: Actes d'État-civil de musicians insunés au Châtelet de Paris. Paris, 1907 p. 79. For England see the numerous examples of "violin and sackbut, or cornet, or hoboy" up to 1699 in Cart de Lafontaine, The King's Musick, London (Novello) p. d,

"admit that they have never heard anything more ravishing or more effective. Hence it comes that this instrument is, of all, the most proper for the dance, as we may observe in the ballets and on all hands elsewhere. Now the beauties and the graces that are practised upon it are so great in number, that one may prefer it to all instruments, for the strokes of the bow are so ravishing, that there is no greater disappointment than not to hear it to the end, particularly when they are intermingled with trills and with easy touches of the left hand, which compel the hearer to confess that the violin is the king of instruments."1 Bocan, Lazarin and Constantin figure in this period as artists. Their renown spread over the whole of France, and although they were in certain points far inferior to the Italians and to the Germans, yet foreigners at times sought lessons of them.' They, in their turn, looked down upon the miserable rebec. The Roi des Ménestriers (Chief of the Guild of Minstrels) in reiterated ordinances forbids the use in cabarets and ill-famed places "of soprano, bass and other kinds of violins, but only of the rebec."3

This, however, does not prevent the continued distinction between the noble instruments, above all the lute, and the violin whose use devolved upon hired musicians and was restricted

to the performance of ensembles.

The king's violins had the rank of domestics. Of course, numerous pecuniary privileges, exemption from certain taxes, unattachable emoluments, gratuities of all kinds, sometimes made rich men of them. But they were subjected to a stern discipline, particularly when Lully undertook to train them in his style. Their obligations were to play during the King's repasts, in ballets, "upon entries into cities, at weddings and on other solemn or joyous occasions." At times they had to dress in costume and to take part in various figures of a ballet, as in the Ballet de Flore (1869), in which they represented "six African men, six African women," and natives of four other parts of the world; or in the ballet of the "Doubles Femmes," in which "the entrés was made by violins so dressed as to appear to play their instruments behind their backs."

Traité des matrumens à chordes. Liv IV, p. 177. Paris, 1636. In the same treatme we find interesting details about the vibrato, the trill, the graces and the "diminutions" already practiced by the flite.

On French violents at the English court, chiefly under Charles II, see E. Van der Straeten The Romance of the Fiddle London, 1911

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>Fr Tholnan Louis Constantus, roi des Violins. Paris, 1878, pp. 8 and 9. 
<sup>4</sup>De Maroltes, cited by J. Écorcheville. Vingt suites d'orchestre du XVII\* 
siècle français. Paris, 1906. Tome I, which see for data relating to the material attention of the Twenty-four Violins.

It soon became the fashion for every nobleman to support a band of violins, or, more economically at times, to engage, with a twofold end in view, lackeys who were capable of serving at table and of playing for the dance, as did the Count of Montbrun, "who had a number of domestics to serve him, but who took none that could not play the violin."

Taken all in all, it was a happy enough lot, when one compares it with the lot of the minstrels, deprived of such patronage, subjected to very strict police regulations, paid poorly or not at all, obliged to band together to travel the highways in search of some occasion for the exercise of their trade, or to be, like Pierre Guiard of Grenoble, "weaver and violin player" at the same time, or happy, like Barthélemy Vallier, to receive in exchange for their lessons "the price of four livres, ten sous for each month, a bonus of four livres, and in addition a four-ox cartload of wood and a measure (charge) of wine from the valley of Lumbin."

This humble condition of the violinists did not fail in its turn to reflect upon their instrument a permanent character of vulgarity and ignobility, which delayed for some time its admission into polite circles. As Tallemant des Réaux relates, "the small reputation of Chabot [the Duke of Chabot] for courage, his beggarliness and the dance by which he made his living were responsible for more stories about him than were warranted. One day in the Palais Royal on the occasion of I know not what grand ball, the Marquis of Saint Luc, when the violins had been ordered to proceed from one place to another, remarked in a loud voice. 'They will do nothing of the kind unless you give each one of them a duke's title ' By which he meant to say that Chabot, who had made a courante and who was nicknamed Chabot la courante, for he had two brothers, was nothing but a violin player ""

This condition of discredit continued until it was ended by the introduction into France of a new musical form—the sonata. Coming from Italy, the sonata gave the violin a singular relief in the concert of instruments. The loftier style of this genre, its character of individuality, the fact also of its ultramontane

See Michel Brenet: Les Concerts on France sous l'ancien régime. Paris, 1900. p. 67 et esq.; and A. Piero in the Revue Musicule, Nov. 1, 1920; pp. 14-16.

Becercheville Op. cit., p. St.

Ta 1656 See E. Maiguen: Les Artutes Grenobleis. Grenoble, 1887, p. 165. "Ibid., p. 350.

<sup>\*</sup>Historiettes (written before 1687), publ. by Monmerqué. Paris, 1884. T.III, p. 438.

origin, were factors calculated to awaken the interest of the music lovers of that day.

Thanks to the sonata, the violin gradually made its way among genteel people. By the beginning of the eighteenth century it was accepted by them without reserve. Lecerf de la Vieville, in 1755, writes: "This instrument has no high rank in France. one finds few people of condition who play it... But after all, a man of position who is minded to play it does not discredit himself." In 1738 the Mercure de France is obliged to curb the zeal of the grands seigneurs, who, not content with merely playing upon the instrument, make a display of their skill and enter into rivalry with the professionals. The violin has won the vogue which was denied it for two centuries. The private concerts, the provincial academies, seek it out; its virtuosos are fêted at court; the Concert Spirituel gives it so large a place in its programs, that the public has to protest against the abuse of the concerto.

The caprices of fashion which from time to time have raised up rivals for the violin—the hurdy-gurdy (vielle) and the bagpipes (musette) about 1730, the harp after 1750—could oppose no obstacle to the successes of Guignon, of Anet, of Gaviniès or Viotti.

With Paganini, in the nineteenth century, the art of violin playing was to reach the apogee of a glory which seems now to be on the decline. The marvellous development of the orchestra, the more and more polyphonic turn of mind of contemporary composers, a more difficult style of writing, gradually embracing all the instruments, making of each player a but modestly disguised soloist, a tendency (the reaction against the romantic attitude, or the social instinct of equality?) to repudiate the superiority of an individual over the ensemble—and still more, the insupportable vacuity of most of the concertos, all this tends to the suppression, pure and simple, of the mere violin virtuoso. There is no indication, however, that this must of necessity be detrimental to music for the violin.

(Translated by Ottomar King.)

## AN "INSTRUMENTAL" ÆSTHETICS OF MUSIC'

#### By HOWARD MARKEL

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E hear much about the "creative" in our day. Until recently to create meant to produce significantly: God created the world, the artist created his paintings and fugues, the inventor created. It was a term reserved for the select few who were blessed with the gift for innovation. But to-day we have succeeded in delegating something of the divine fire to all of humanity; we have discovered a reason for the special dignity—so we choose to call it—that attaches to the species man: it is the ability to create. And not merely a few of us can create, but every man, if he will, if he is given the chance. So it is that we now conceive that to live well is synonymous with the indulgence of the creative faculty. Let each man produce his own salvation, for he has it in him. And we go on to speak of creative intelligence, creative industry, creative criticism, even creative evolution. Every man his own artist.

Suppose we carry the notion over to sesthetics, the field of the beautiful. The implication is obvious. In the observation of what is beautiful one does not, and certainly should not, passively receive impressions, inhaling beauty as one inhales air. What occurs is that this beautiful thing becomes part of experience, and is interpreted with the whole of experience as background. In addition to receiving, one creates. Theory recognizes this creative esthetics that is native with every man when it speaks of "Einfühlung" We have sound psychological proof of its existence. It makes the observer or hearer almost as important to the art as the artist. The artist proper produces something, but it rests with others to give that sympathetic response, to experience that "Einfühlung," that justifies calling a piece of work beautiful. The artist lends his ability, the reciprocant his interpretation. Both create.

'The term instrumental is employed in the title and throughout the article in the same sense that an instrumental (or social) philosophy employs it, such, for example, as John Dewey's. It involves investigation for the sake of something—here the musical public.

"The "Rinfuhlung" theory is dealt with later.

But when the creative faculty—(psychologically still a very blurred thing)—is spoken of, as it is so much to-day, it is always implied that it is something to develop, that man should make much more use of this potential ability. Why? Because it will give interest to living, because it will be instrumental in making life less one-colored. That is just what aesthetics should do. It should make conscious that part of the creative faculty that concerns itself with the contemplation of the beautiful, especially in the arts. It should serve the arts. It should be instrumental in establishing a sound appreciation of the arts. Appreciation. That is the important thing. Once it is conceded that contemplation of the beautiful helps make life worth living, let aesthetics, as the science of the beautiful, proceed to foster its appreciation. Then we shall have an instrumental aesthetics.

#### П

Nowhere is this more necessary than in music. Not only is there not a sufficiently widespread interest in it. That is perhaps true of all the arts, though the revival seems to be setting in. But what music suffers much from, in contrast to the other arts, is the poor and dilettantish quality of much of the interest in it. One need but attend any recital given to discover how unreal, and certainly uneducated, the interest of many concert-goers is. Sincerity is the crying need in music appreciation. It is not necessary to assert dogmatically this is good and that is bad music. But it is absolutely necessary to have every listener call beautiful only what appeals to him as such. That is the first task of an instrumental esthetics in music: to make the response native and personal. Hypocrisy excludes appreciation.

The pitiful thing is that even those people who are musically quite sound and capable of preaching true doctrine rarely succeed in doing so, and the failure is always due either to the poverty of method or the poverty of conception. First, method. Too often we do find just that positive statement of good and bad the chief method of making the amateur familiar with the art. No one can object to the expression of æsthetic enthusiasm: too many of us know what a stimulant it is to find it in a more gifted friend. This "transfer of emotion" is perhaps the greatest aid to appreciation that exists; the sympathy and honesty of this emotion is exactly what is desired. No, enthusiasm never did any harm. The great objection is to the attempt to transfer æsthetic opinions in the same manner that one makes known the law, so that the

novice goes into the concert-hall with the feeling that "This is Beethoven," "This is Mozart"; "That's good music." It is the sincerity that is missing, and before long it develops into chronic hypocrisy, with the result that the person and the art suffer—the person by wasting time, the art by a coquettish love. Such may be the evils of method.

It has been plain to many ever since Gurney published his "Power of Sound" that the only legitimate method must have for its precepts psychological fact. If experimental psychology has taught anything, it is how much can be learned by careful observation. And we are fast realizing that a psychological esthetics, a true "science" of beauty, has more to teach in the few, but enlightening, facts collected than in all the theorizing that has been done since Plato. Obviously, these facts must be the groundwork of the instrumental esthetics, and not mere statements in praise of music. It is very well to speak of divine harmony and the music of the spheres, but there are so many who do not appreciate even the earthly harmonies.

Not only do we find the method of teaching music often very poor, but also a false conception of the nature of the art. Conception—what one believes music is—is even more important than method. It is here, of course, that aesthetic theory comes most directly into play, since its purpose is to discover what is beautiful and appealing in an art. When it is ascertained why music makes its appeal, and what distinguishes beautiful from not-beautiful, we shall be in a better way to use that knowledge to further appreciation. At present we must make use of the very promising hints psychological study has yielded. One distinct fruit of that study we have already: the importance of form in all art, which is only gradually penetrating musical theory, and which permits no excuse for the erroneous conception so often found of the nature of music.

What is that misconception? But first let us go into detail about what music is, what it is made up of, what its technical and formal equipment is. Then it will be clearer what it is not.

#### HI

When we consider that music as we know it goes back scarcely further than the sixteenth century, it is not so surprising that that question is still being asked. And when we consider the strange, mystical answers that have been made to it, as we shall later, it becomes one's duty to ask it. What is wanted is not a

rhapsody, a prose poem on the art—what most descriptions of music are—but a definition, an analysis. A definition that explains, not eulogizes; that scientifically analyses the elements of music; that is psychological and physiological, not pathological. We want to know what music is and what its appeal is. Such a definition must contain two things: that which is intrinsic in the art, and that which enables one to appreciate it; in other words, the make-up of music itself, and the make-up of the listener and composer who derive pleasure from it. In fact, knowing what it is that appeals to the intelligent listener, to the intelligent composer, is a fairly certain way of finding what is significant in music itself. It is not flattery to indicate the vast importance of the listener to the art. It is a question if he is not as influential in shaping the art of the composer. Though even the composer is nothing more than the ideal listener, who has listened so well that his interest overflows into creation.

What is there, then, inherent in the nature of music that might appeal? First, it is plain that music, like poetry or painting, is a form of expression. It is an organized way of saying something, and the organization, or FORM, is as important as the "something," or subject-matter, or EXPRESSION. Consider these separately:

Music differs from a sound as a scream differs from speech. Just as speech is noise with a purpose, music is noise with an idea behind it. It is this idea that gives the form and organization. A scream means something, but it might mean anything. A good speech, like good music, means something very definite, though a musical idea is very different from the ideas we use in ordinary life.

These musical ideas are at the basis of musical form, and are the only part of form that is inspirational. Just as the single line must come to the poet, containing the rhythm and idea of the poem it will take him many hours to expand, so the beginning of a fleeting Schumann mood, of a Debussy atmosphere, of a Brahms symphony, of a Strauss story, must be the minute, but potentially pregnant musical ideas we find in these compositions. Only this idea, this inspiration, is by the grace of God; the remainder is by the labor of man. But, as indicated, the few notes that make up the idea are all-important, since they are the starting point of the entire composition. The single line in poetry gave the thought and rhythm, the few notes give the thought (or mood) and rhythm and material out of which the rest develops.

As to the nature of this musical idea, it is often what is known as a motive or theme. It is a combination of tones, and nothing

more. Taken for what it is a group of tones—it need mean nothing outside itself. It is intrinsically good or bad. There is no reason why one should not be capable to pass judgment on a musical idea just as it is done on a mental idea. One is a group of words, the other, of notes, and in judging the latter we should be able to feel its essential goodness or badness as surely as the other, after sufficient experience with such ideas. Although we shall feel the musical judgment almost entirely instinctively, as a question of appeal or no appeal, whereas the other calls forth reasons for like or dislike. But the important thing is that themes and motives are the ideas of music, and in passing judgment we are justified in considering nothing but the music itself. That may seem very obvious, but when we hear musicians say condescendingly: "Oh, that's programme music," as though to relegate it to the primitive stage of musical society, the necessity to emphasize that music is music is plain. The good musician does not condemn ragtime because it is popular, but because its musical ideas are so uninspired and insignificant and empty, usually. He feels that instinctively. He is musically intelligent. Which does not imply that he is intelligent in other things, that he is as capable of judging any idea as he is of judging a musical one. We have but to refer to music biography to appreciate how unintelligent the lives of the majority -yes, the majority of great musicians were, contrasted with the Greek and usual ideal of a full and rational life. We see men like Mozart and Schubert who knew very little of any world but the musical, and not all of that: like Beethoven, to whom dispussionate contemplation of social affairs was a form of anemia, who must needs explode about a thing or not think of it at all, who produced a cry of triumph when Napoleon appeared as the saviour of peoples, and went into a fit of rage when he was made emperor. After all, the Moussorgskys, the Cuis, the Borodines, who can produce an army, a bridge or a chemical discovery as well as good music, are rare. And perhaps the other type breeds better music. Even Wagner, for long proclaimed great musician, philosopher and poet, sounds to many now commonplace in his poetry and crude in his philosophy. No, be it remembered, musical intelligence does not imply social intelligence. All of which is by way of showing how absolutely the two kinds of ideas, the artistic and the every-day mental one, are unrelated.

It is important to remember that these musical ideas may be conceived horizontally or vertically, that is, melodically or harmonically. For example, the opening of the Siegfried funeral dirge in "Götterd#mmerung" is effective harmonically, but Schubert's "Hark, hark, the Lark!" is a melody. In a composition there may be one or many of these ideas. Work like the Chopin prelude has one, while the sonata, overture and symphony have many.

These ideas—to repeat—are the inspirations of music, the raw material (not forgetting that each of us has heard such as were quite uninspired). A good musical idea cannot be manufactured any more than an impressive painting or lyric. It is upon these ideas that the composer builds. He is not—as I remember once reading about Beethoven's anything but "Moonlight" sonata -of a sudden struck with a sonate or symphony, whereupon he rushes to a piano and plays the entire thing through, or stays up the whole night jotting it down on paper. Composition was never so simple, as one who has tried will tell. Was it Brahms who said that he carried themes about in his head for months. even years, and only then set to work to make full compositions of them? But the classic example is Beethoven and his sketch books, in which he would put down musical thoughts as they came to him, wherever he was. It was after he had these that the work began. Sir George Grove says of him that there is hardly a bar in his music that cannot be said to have been rewritten at least a dozen times. It was in the working out of the original thoughts that form was developed. These thoughts were the elements of form. Form need be defined as nothing more than the working out of these ideas in accordance with the principles of all art (if not all living), of unity, which gives the composition a definite thesis, and coriety, which prevents it from becoming monotonous. That is obvious in the simplest rondo and the most subtle symphony. And the genius of the composer is shown in this architectural side of music as much as in the purely inspirational. Once we follow his method of handling his musical ideas we are studying form, and if Tolstoy in "What is Art?" had attempted this he might have found Liszt, Wagner, Berlioz, Brahms and Strauss less the "mixture of strange loud sounds" from which one "receives no clear impression." Much as may be said about sonata, minuet, rondo, scherzo, etc., forms, or of canons and fugues, we are only illustrating in different ways that form is the presentation of musical ideas. So much for form.

But we said music was also expression. Whereas form is objective and we can see the workings, expression is subjective

<sup>&#</sup>x27;It should be clear that by "expression" is meant here emotion in the concrete, like love, etc. The opinion of Henry James and so many others that "art is expression" is justified, since it only means that all art has something to ony.

and individual. By giving the creative faculties free play, music becomes expressive. Though the development of the form of a composition is deliberate work, yet it becomes fascinating work because it does give the opportunity for expression. It becomes its own compensation. An unalloyed example of this working with musical ideas is the Bach fugue, a sort of syllogistic reasoning in music, where one might think the process so obvious and mathematical as to lack appeal. But what sophisticated (musically only!) listener can hear even so simple a thing as the second fugue in the Well-Tempered Clavichord without feeling something of the delight it must have given the composer to create? Another example of the expressiveness of even the strictest musical forms is the liking all the great composers have shown for the theme and variation. In the so-called classicists we might expect it, but even the romanticists (also so-called), like Schubert in the fine andante to the second sonata, or Schumann in the Symphonic Studies, and a modern like d'Indy, are attracted to it. Which examples show that form does not mean formalism, but organized expression.

This expressive quality may become more definite. That is, work may be inspired by some particular state of the composer, like love, reflection or anger. However, though this particular state may be the starting point, it does not signify that the composition means love, reflection or anger. It means nothing but music, though it may suggest anything. But more of this later. At present it is only necessary to establish that, in distinction from music whose cause for creation is a love of music—which we feel to be true of all of Bach and much of Beethoven, and surely of Mozart—there is that which has a more personal quality for the composer and is connected with emotions and moods, such as the Beethoven sonata "Les Adieux," the Schumann "Fantasiestücke," the Schubert songs, Wagner's leading motives, Liszt's "Les Préludes," d'Indy's "Jour d'été à la Montagne," or Debussy's 'T'Après-midi d'un Faune." All these latter, besides their musical content, may suggest other things.

Then again, expression may become so concrete and precise as to try to tell a story in music, to follow a programme, and if we wish to know what the music is about, we must know the story. We must know the fiery tale of Francesca, the stories that filled a thousand and one nights, the eventful Heldenleben, the pranks of Till Eulenspiegel, or the midsummer night's dream. Or we must know what a pastoral scene is like, what a "fête" and a "carnaval" are, how a thunderstorm sounds.

Thus may we distinguish between pure, emotional, and detailed expression, though there has been scarcely a composer who has not known all three to inspire him.

#### IV

Knowing these two elements, form and expression, which differentiate music from mere sound or noise, and for which the artist works, the question arises: What and why is their appeal? That we find these elements in all composition is sufficient proof that they do appeal. But why? It is this question that psychological aesthetics deals with, and the answer is still anything but complete. Yet some very interesting possibilities have come to light. Why musical form should have so definite an appeal is satisfactorily hinted at, while the answer to why the expressive power of music should be so great is somewhat vague and uncertain.

As explaining the attraction of beautiful forms, the "Einfühlung" theory of Lipps has received much recognition in psychological aesthetics. It is outside the scope of this paper to inquire into that theory minutely.\(^1\) The action of Einfühlung, of inner sympathy, of a literal "rising with the cathedral spires we are looking at," of the circling of the horizon, etc., seems quite a sound explanation of the attraction of various visible forms. That is, it does seem we are very active while looking at a beautiful landscape or a fine portrait, even if we seem to be doing nothing but looking on. It is this activity that breeds admiration or dissatisfaction. As Vernon Lee states it: "The sense of form is the active perception of spatial relations."\(^1\)

It is easy to see the application of such a theory to visible form. But if this definition is to be carried over to audible form, which we have in music, we must establish the spatial element in music. When we say, on turning a page of piano music we are reading at sight, and after playing the last note on the page: "I wonder where that note goes," are we not talking spatially? Melodies do go up and down, or, in the language of visible forms, have height and depth, while the third musical dimension is provided by harmony." So, if we are willing to accept this translated terminology, we have a very logical explanation of the appeal of form in music based on the Einftihlung theory.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;It is presented as well as anywhere in Vernon Lee's little book: The Beautiful

<sup>\*</sup>Contemporary Review, 1904.

The foregoing is the theory of Daurisc.

How it is that music is able to express, to suggest emotional feeling, so that the composer, emotionally moved, writes music under its inspiration, and the listener, hearing notes, may have particular emotions, even certain concrete experiences, suggested to him, has not been so logically determined. There is no doubt that this suggestion does exist. In discussing the expressional element in music, we saw that it can at times be very definite, as when it tries to tell a story. That mere notes can portray in that way is a remarkable thing, and constitutes the baffling character of music. Of course, there is nothing remarkable about the mere imitation of natural sounds: the rushing up and down of the high strings and woodwind, over a rhythmically confused bass and persistent tympani, easily produces a thunderstorm, even a Beethoven pastoral thunderstorm; or the gasping breath of a dying man as in "Tod und Verklärung" is suggested without trouble rhythmically; or the "Jeux d'Eau," with its sensuous gurgling, through harmonies: or the crowing of the cock in Rimsky's opera; or the feeling of "Warum" produced by an upward inflection, as of the voice. These are not remarkable, because they are only imitations, repetitions of the same sound, although they are very well done, and very effective. But that we should feel the strut and dignity of "Ein Heldenleben," that we should speak of themes of love and hate, that we find compositions named Aufschwung, Sonata Tragica, Eroica Symphony, Nuages; that is the puzzling thing. This is not imitation, but an expression in sound of what even speech finds hard to say.

The advance of psychology and physiology will undoubtedly throw much light on this problem. It has already given very interesting hypotheses. We know, for example, that sound has a more immediate and unconscious effect on the senses than any other stimulus. There are many things the eye can see calmly, which will strike a note of terror when a shrick is added. It seems that there is an intimate connection between the aural nerves and the central nervous system, which would account for the uncontrollable effect sound can have on the nerves. Mere sound is a stimulant and makes the listener susceptible, so to speak. But to what? To the "emotional memory," as it has been called. By the emotional memory is meant the retention, from concrete emotional experiences, of the accompaniments of such experiences. For example, emotion is usually accompanied by a hastened pulse. a rush of blood, a choked breathing, and other bodily changes, probably very complicated. The essence of these bodily changes -their physical basis—is motion, as is suggested in the terms rush, quickened and breathing. And the physical basis of music is sound in motion, as evidenced by the pace—or rate of speed—and rhythm, or regulated motion. Since these emotions consist of motion, and music consists of motion, we have possibly a reason why the latter can suggest the former. In addition, music exposes the senses through the stimulating action of sound, Sound gives the "nervous sensitiveness," while rhythm and pace give the emotional suggestions. This theory can be taken for what it is worth. It is at least an opening.

#### v

Now, we have discussed what music is, and what its appeal is, with suggestions why it appeals, all with the avowed intention of proving how it is often misconceived. And again we ask: What is that misconception? It has been illustrated so often in the writings of various people that it would be best presented by quoting from them. First, there is the opinion of the ordinary man of letters:

Music is the only sensual gratification mankind may include in. . . . -(Addison)

Music forces me to forget myself and my true state; it transports me to some other state which is not mine. . . . . (The Kreutzer Sonata, Tolstoi.)

We might note the remarkable rightness of this from De Quincey:

Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure according to the temperament of him who hears it.

#### Or this from Boswell:

I told him (Johnson) that it (music) affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing . . . . pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears, and daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle. "Sir," said he, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool,"

Perhaps these men can be forgiven, having no intimate connection with the art. Then there are the poets:

What passion cannot music raise and quell?—(Dryden)

'The foregoing is a combination of psychological theories presented by Verzon Lee in the article mentioned before. The part motion plays in music and emotion seems correctly analysed, but whether the interaction of the two can be deduced from this is a question.

Herrick calls "To Music, to Becalm His Fever," to

Charm me asleep and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.

If music is the food of love, play on.—(Shakespeare)

We might add Swinburne, Shelley, and countless others (though we should hesitate long at Milton and Browning). But Plato proved long ago what an irresponsible lot poets are. There are also the philosophers, with whom we associate aesthetic feeling more or less. The following is a quotation from Santayana, taken in preference to the numerous aestheticians because it is contemporary and well put:

There is perhaps no emotion incident to human life that music cannot render in its abstract medium by suggesting the pang of it.... The passions, as music renders them, are general... A thousand shades of sadness and mirth find in music their distinct expression... Thus music is a means of giving form to our inner feelings. It makes the dumb speak, and plucks from the animal heart potentialities of expression which render it even more than human.

All these foregoing might be excused on the ground that music never penetrated very far into them, and was not one of the necessities of life for them. But what shall we say when musicians blunder about their art, when Wagner says:

The organ of the emotions is sound, its intentionally æsthetic language is music.

#### and Bach:

The result (of playing figured bass) is an agreeable harmony to the glory of God and justifiable gratification of the senses; for the sole end . . . of all music should be pleasant recreation.

We can only say that they were too tied up with it, that music was too much with them, which is quite proper if it produces such glorious work.

All these opinions of music would be well enough when applied to the art in its primitive state, which was little more than rhythm, relieved sometimes by a touch of melody to avoid monotony. To-day, when we use it to keep a regiment in step, or to mark the time of the dance, it reverts in a sense to its primitive condition. (Remember, however, there is nothing derogatory in this, since it only proves the strong rhythmic sense present in every man.) Just

as primitive music proved the rhythmic capacity, Greek music, if the little we know of it is true, proved its expressional capacity with the use of the modes, expressing severity, love and sorrow.

But music has come far from both of these. There is no denying the expressive power of music. As we have seen, that is one very important element of music. The fallacy lies in conceiving that as being all that the art has to give, which it most emphatically is not. The above opinions and definitions are only half truths. Music is organized expression-expression plus form, and unless we concede this we deny the dignity of the art, which lies in the intelligent use made of the musical ideas. If music were merely emotional expression, it would seem only necessary to lie back and absorb it in a semi-conscious state, instead of following closely what is said. Well, the point is, it is no more possible to do that and know what it is all about than it is to listen only to the measured beat and smooth flow of the syllables of a fine poem. Both cases exhibit that mood so well described by Santayans as the "lazy freedom of reverie," the "drowsy reverse relieved by nervous thrills." A Beethoven symphony requires no less attention than "Paradise Lost."

But, you say: "Who does not know that?" And the answer is: "No matter how many know it, there are few enough who act on it " Take, for example, the ancient controversy carried on by the best of musicians about the relative merits of classical, romantic and programme music. How often is the statement made after a hearing of Strauss. Debussy and many others, even music like Schumann's sometimes, that it is nice and pleasing, but of course it is not as high a form of art as pure music, so called, because it has a name or tells a story In other words, while they realize it is wrong to like a piece of music only because of the story it tells, they cannot see that it is just as wrong to dislike it merely because it tells a story. Musical puritanism is about as obnoxious as any other kind. They appreciate as little as the amateur that the story is only incidental, that music must be judged on a musical basis, that they are listening to music and not a fairytale. It is about as sensible as saying that an idea is not an idea unless it appears in a philosophical work. How incidental the title or story of a composition is should be clear if we listen to the composition without knowing the story and try to discover it from hearing. Could anyone see the "Reflets dans l'Eau" or the bustling, strutting hero of "Heldenleben" without ever knowing they were supposed to be there? Obviously not. Any theme is liable to suggest anything. If we are to judge music as music, the only thing it is necessary to consider is the quality of the musical ideas, and the use that is made of them.

If we would be further convinced that music is seldom enough taken as such, let us go into any concert-hall. It is probably true that you will invariably find two kinds of listeners: those who insist on being thrilled every now and then, and those whose interest is in what is being played. The first type uses the music for a romantic recollection of past experience or somnolent daydreaming, which quite forgets the music and is disturbed only in time to applaud to applaud, it would seem, their own aimless wanderings, since they have not heard the music. These feelings are anything but æsthetic; such a person is as likely to be moved by a cheap waltz as a Tschaikowsky love passage. They never reach that disinterested interest which is the basis of all æsthetic feeling and the life of the art. If our analysis of music into form and expression holds good, if the importance lies in the kind and use of the musical ideas, to which they give no attention, they are missing the only real thrill that can be had. And what a thrill it is anyone will testify who has followed with amazement the perfect work of a great symphony or the perfect quartet Not only does unmusical enjoyment deprive the listener of the best, but it also injures the art by the application of unintelligent standards. The history of music is almost entirely a history of None of the arts has punished its innovators maltreated genius more: none has honored its mediocrities more. To be original was to be condemned. And always because unintelligent listeners or bigoted critics refused to see music as a thing of ideas. listener did not does not even hear the ideas, and the critic would not, because the way they were set did not agree with past performances, as though there were a law of form as inviolable as that of gravitation. Between a false conservatism and a mistaken emotionalism music has suffered much, to say nothing of starving, weary genius.

#### VI

It still suffers, and it will be the work of an instrumental seathetics to relieve it through the teaching of better doctrine. As seathetic theory is constituted now, it is wholly incapable of refining or inducing appreciation. It may be interesting to discuss categories, to try to find where the beautiful ends and the sublime begins, but it is also futile. It would seem a much better thing to direct the seathetic proclivities of that vast majority which finds

beauty somewhere, without distinguishing between the sublime, the tragic, the comic or the grotesque. It seeks beauty, and not categories. An instrumental theory must admit first that the sense of beauty is one of the most useful things we possess, and must then proceed to cultivate it. There is no reason why the school-teacher should not have as definite and psychologically sound a method for teaching what is beautiful as for teaching, let us say, arithmetic. At present the interest a child may take in painting, music or drama is self-attained and undirected by any school training. If we admit the use of beauty we also admit the necessity for teaching it. The three "R's" should be expanded to include Art. And the esthetician should study beauty having in mind what should be taught about it and how. That will be his contribution to a life worth living.

Not the least part of that contribution will be a finer appreciation of music. The present writer not only had no fundamental teaching in the essentials of good music throughout his elementary school career, lasting through twelve years, but cannot even recall having heard a piece of good music played in the school in all that time. (That in the "great" city of New York, too!) There were "music classes" where silly scales and songs were sung, and notes and peculiar signs copied from the blackboard, after which it was surprising that any interest in music was retained. In fact, there was a complete loss of interest until quite accidentally a good orchestra was heard for the first time in a good program, and a miracle had been performed for the world of sound as

great as any the world of sight had known.

But to stumble on an art is a dangerous method of approach for the stumbler and the art. Æsthetics must present the opportunity for a long acquaintance and a pleasant one. But first it must know where the true beauty of music lies. We have tried to show in this essay where that beauty is: in the form-perception, as in all art, and not in the incidental emotional suggestions; and that these form-perceptions imply the use of musical ideas, a kind of intelligence distinct from any applied in the visible world. Nor is there any reason why intelligence cannot be achieved in this as in all things.

It is time for the musician to cease debating classicism, romanticism, and modernism, and to talk music.

# IS THE MARSEILLAISE A GERMAN COMPOSITION?

(The History of a Hoax)

By EDGAR ISTEL

Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.

T is pleasant that even in the midst of the frightful world-war more agreeable episodes happened. If a man thinks that he has to do with a fact of world history, and his discovery reveals itself finally as a horrible swindle, then all of us of whatever nation, without prejudice, will rejoice at the remarkable occurrence.

On July 14, 1915, the bones of Rouget de Lisle, the poet and composer of the Marseillaise, were carried in state from Choisyle-Roi to the Invalides in Paris. There they were given a provisional place until a special statute makes possible their removal to the Panthéon. On June 14, four weeks before this historical memorial, there appeared in the Berliner Tageblatt, one of the greatest and most influential of German papers, an article by the celebrated writer Alexander Moszkowski which seriously represented poor Rouget de Lisle a plagiarist; the text of the Marseillaise came, it said, "from several passages in Racine's tragedies," the melody was nothing else than a "forgotten church chant from the German side of the Bodensee."

The tone of Moszkowski's article may be seen from the fact that he compared this world-shaking discovery at least to a victory by General Hindenburg; in fact, if Herr Moszkowski (who, by the way, was born in Pilica, Poland) had established that the French national hymn had been stolen from Germany, he might have had a chance to see his name immortalized among the great discoverers, like Columbus.

But unfortunately the joy of Herr Moszkowski was short. I wrote a little article in answer to his, in which I showed in a few words that his whole story was a swindle. This refutation was accepted by the editors, but its publication was, in spite of my urgent reminders, delayed. Were they afraid of the truth? were they unwilling to incur the reproaches of their readers? Finally

I was requested to be so good as to withdraw my article from publication, since it was not in accordance with national interest to glorify Rouget de Lisle; also I was reminded that Herr Moszkowski had a brother living in Paris (a naturalized Frenchman, the composer Moritz Moszkowski) and that my article might cause him unpleasantness. I answered that it was in any case more to the national interest bravely to spread the truth abroad than to let a lie go uncontradicted; and that if the French didn't know who composed the Marseillaise, then my authentic article would do the Parisian Herr Moszkowski less harm than his brother's. which was based on fantasy. It was truly a stiff battle. They asked me at least to permit a counter explanation by Herr Moszkowski as conclusion of my article; against that I made no objection, but I refused under any circumstances to give up my right to the publication of the article which had been accepted Finally, precisely on July 14, my article appeared. To my astonishment the editors omitted the name of Herr Moszkowski and there was no answer from him!

Truly it was a shame that good Herr Moszkowski should have such luck. His article showed such persuasive clarity, that I myself might perhaps have believed him literally, had I not already, in my studies, gained so intimate a knowledge of the subject. Thus writes Moszkowski:

### A Modest Home of a Musician at Meersburg on the Bodensee.

A century and a half ago there lived at the court of an electoral prince a prosperous choirmaster named Holtzmann. He was a copious composer of church music, and then more church music, of which none at all ever reached the outside world. The music has vanished away, and according to the probabilities of musical history, nothing of value was lost with his Chorals, his Motets and his Glorias—But one day, when he was writing still another Credo, he had luck—Struck by an isolated flash of genius, he put on his paper a melody which soared above the commonplaces of municipal music. This melody of Holtzmann's, composed for the Church, intended for the edification of the good people of Meersburg, is—one pinches oneself as one writes it—is the Marseillaise.

Doesn't it sound like a pretty fairy tale, that begins with the words "Once upon a time"? Well, it is only a fairy tale, for— I, too, like Herr Moszkowski, pinch myself as I write it down this Kapellmeister Holtzmann never existed at all and his alleged Credo is a falsification.

"I like," says Goethe's Faust, "to expound the whole text."

Let us examine these circumstances ab oro.

As a matter of fact, the Marseillaise was composed, words and music, by Rouget de Lisle at Strasbourg on the night of April 24-25, 1792. It was printed by Dannbach in Strasbourg on a loose sheet, without the author's name, under the title Chant de guerre pour l'armée du Rhin (only later did it receive the name Marche des Marseillais). Immediately after, the assertion was made that Rouget was not the author. We can point to testimony that is beyond question to show that there is no truth in the accusation. Grétry writes in his Mémoires ou Essais sur la musique, Paris, year V (that is, 1797, in a note in the third volume which bears the date Sept., 1794):

The Marsellaise is ascribed to me and to all those who have furnished it with an accompaniment. The author of this song, of the melody as well as the verses, was the citizen Rouget de Lisle. He sent me his hymn "Allons, enfants de la patrie" from Strasbourg, where he then lived, six months before it was known in Paris. According to his wish, I had copies made and distributed."

Thus is the authorship of Rouget, in so far as other contemporary French composers or poets could call it in question, unassailably established. In the lifetime of Rouget, who lived forty years after the composition of his most famous work, no one ventured to contest the authorship with him. Thus he was able to say truthfully when he first printed it over his name in the year 1825 in a definitive edition which is a sort of musical testament (the Marseillaise is number 23 of his Fifty Songs): "I wrote the words and air of this song at Strasbourg, the night of the proclamation of war at the end of April, 1792."

In 1842 the story first appeared that the Marseillaise was of German origin. Amédée Rouget de Lisle, the nephew of the composer, in a pamphlet (appearing in 1865, of which only 100 copies were printed, now extraordinarily rare) La vérité sur la paternité de la Marseillaise, mentioned a version which had cropped up in a Carlsruhe paper. The Carlsruhe legend rests on an unauthentic note in the Chronique de Paris for August 29, 1792, wherein the words indeed were ascribed to Rouget, but the music was said to have been composed by a certain "Allemand." This name "Allemand" the Carlsruhe writer turned into "Deutschen" (German), but the learned Alsatian Georg Kastner in the Revus et Gazette Musicale for March 26 and April 18, 1848, clearly exposed the mistake. It was Kastner, too, who reduced to silence the further accusations of plagiarism brought by Castil-Blaze and by Fétis. Since Fétis adduces no German composer, I will pass over his

remarks here. Of more weight is Castil-Blaze, who affirms the Marseilloise to be of German origin. Thus Mosskowski writes:

Castil-Blase, the most universal [?] among French musical critics, gives in the Revus Musicals for July 18, 1852, [?] proof that the melody is German, a song with chorus and refrain, which was first heard in 1782 at the house of Mme. Montesson, the wife of the Duke of Orléans. This French assertion was firmly established beyond all doubt [¹] by an archeological find on German ground: the musician Fridolin Hamma, city-organist at Meersburg, discovered in 1861 the manuscript of a Missa solennis by Holtsmann, and this manuscript established the fact that Rouget de Lisle not only used the Credo of this mass for his text but that he copied it note for note.

One thing is already clear to the unprejudiced reader. How can a "song with chorus and refrain" be "established firmly beyond all doubt" by the Credo of any Mass whatsoever? Simple logic says there is some inconsistency. But I shall show that the assertions of Castil-Blaze are not corroborated in the least by the

so-called Mass by Holtzmann.

In the first place, I find in the Allgemeins Musikalische Zeitung, number 51, for the year 1847 a postscript to the Parisian's statement. by Dr. F. S. Bamberg, to the effect that Castil-Blaze repeatedly made requests that he might be informed of evidence in Germany that the Marseillaise was made from a German song. That would at this moment certainly be interesting, for the discussion about the origin of the Marseillaise had again become a matter of interest on account of the narrative in Lamartine's Girondists. To these open questions there appeared but one answer (number 3, 1848). This answer came from Karl Gaillard, a friend of Richard Wagner's, then editor of the Berliner Musikalische Zeitung. Gaillard said, "Without being able in the least to rouch for the truth of the statements" that he had heard from older people in Berlin, that when the Marseillaise was first heard in Berlin, people were surprised to recognize in it a German song already known there. As authors of this German hymn were credited the poet Forster and the composer Reichardt; they were both known for their enthusiasm for the French Republic. This German text, said Gaillard, was later published together with the French by Rellstab in Berlin.

It is particularly remarkable that not a single copy either of Forster's poem or Reichardt's composition has been discovered up to this time. I surmise that the following is at the base of the rumor. In some way, Forster got the text of the Marseillaise sooner than anybody else and set himself to making a translation of it; since the first copies had only one air with no accompaniment, Reichardt (especially as the cause appealed to him) had only to

prepare the accompaniment, and thereby he got the reputation of being the composer, just as Grétry had done. That people in Berlin who knew this German setting before the original French form might have taken it for the original, is easily to be seen.

It is harder to explain how Castil-Blaze, who in 1847 knew nothing about the alleged German origin of the Marseillaise, could a few years later make the statements quoted by Moszkowski. He repeated them in his book Molière musicien in 1852. They are also to be found in Anatole Loquin's Les mélodies populaires de la France, page 113, where the older French claims about the Marseillause are discussed in the light of the weightiest documents. Loquin also dismissed as untenable the statements of Castil-Blaze, and a few years later Pétis, in his discussion with Kastner, could not adduce them. It is enough to add that Castil-Biaze's own son, Blaze de Bury, in his book Musiciens du passé (published in 1880) does not agree with his father's theory. How Castil-Blaze juggled with the truth may be seen from a few of his notes; he wrote: "For half a century the German papers had been advertising their Marseillaise; Rouget de Lisle was still living and I did not wish to tell what I knew." Thus, Castil-Blaze, who, five years before, had openly inquired in Germany whether it were true that the Marseillaise had its origin there and had received an answer not very gratifying to his own opinion, now acted as if he had already known the truth in Rouget's lifetime. That the "German papers had advertised their Marseillause for half a century" cannot be supported by a single instance.

It is of course not impossible, though there is no proof, that some German folk-tune in some form may resemble the Marseillaise. or that Rouget de Lisle may have heard some such tune in Strasbourg. But how little one may draw conclusions from such resemblances to popular tunes Wilhelm Tappert has shown in his essays Wandernde Melodien (2nd edition, Berlin, 1880); he even gives a striking illustration from the Marseillaise. Beyond a doubt one line in the Marseillaise (Contre nous de la tyrannie, etc.) sounds literally like a passage in the German Choral Der goldenen Sonne Licht und Pracht: yet it appears, as Tappert rightly shows, as a phrase which is a musical commonplace and nobody's property; he further shows that such a sequence of tones may be found in French folk-music as well as in German, that it has been taken over in classic music (Mozart's Bandl-Terzett). On the other hand, the German Song of Rinaldo, which in part is identical with the beginning of the Marsoillaiss, was certainly composed after it, since the novel Rinaldo Rinaldini by Goethe's brother-in-law

Vulpius, from which the words of the song come, first came out in 1800. There is a similar explanation for the story given by R. F. Meyer (Versailler Briefe, Berlin, 1872); he tells of a song from Upper-Bavaris, Stand ich auf hohen Bergen, which was sung in 1842 by an old lady of seventy years, the melody of which went back to her grandmother's time, and which was said to be very similar to the Marseillaise.

Tappert, whose manuscript notes relating to the Marseillaise I have examined in his papers in the Berlin Royal Library, has also striking contributions to make to the clearing up of the Hamma-Holtzmann case. I emphasize this especially because Tappert (who was a man of great wisdom and colossal industry, an intimate and valued friend of Wagner, who fell into dire want as a result of an unsuccessful suit) after his death suffered from such contempt in Berlin that any ignorant journalist did not hesitate openly to abuse his views—a state of affairs of which I was to get a taste

in the course of my controversy.

And now at last to my main theme, the Credo of the "Hofkapellmeister Holtzmann." No man had any inkling of this epoch-making musician or of his work until suddenly in 1861 there appeared in number 16 of the Gartenlaube, one of the foremost family magazines of the time, an article bearing the arresting title: The Marseillaise composed by a German. The article was signed J. B. Hamma. In truth, the author who is famed only for this one short article was named Fridolin Hamma. According to Schubert's musical Konversationslericon (1871) Hamma was born in 1818 in Friedingen on the Donau (Württemberg), was Musicdirector in Schaffhausen, then official organist in Meersburg on the Bodensee; in 1871 he was music-director and principal of a music-school in Neustadt (Palatinate); he died sometime in his eightieth year, the exact date not being ascertainable. Let us see now what Hamma has to tell us. I will leave out all superfluous matter.

The hymn of the Revolution, known under the name of the Marseillaise, is not, as hitherto supposed, by the poet Delisle [sic] but by a real German, the Hofkapellmeister Holtzmann. It is the same Holtzmann in praise of whom Mozart writes in his letters to his father from Mannheim and a religious cantata by whom was produced during Mozart's stay in Paris.

Here I choke, as Faust says. No one who knows Mozart's biography and letters has ever found any mention of Holtzmann:

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Hamma perhaps confuses Rouget de Lisle with the poet Jacques Delille (1758-1813).

he does speak of the well-known Ignas Holzbauer, who was born in Vienna, in 1711, and died in 1783, nine years before the composition of the Marseillaise. Hamma's assertions apply to him well enough: he is indeed "a true German," for Leopold Mozart writes to his distinguished son on November 10, 1877, "Herr Holzbauer was always a brave, true man." But although Wilhelm Heinse. the author of the noteworthy musical novel Hildegart con Hohenthal. rightly says of Holzbauer that he was the living chronicle of eighteenth-century music, still he did not -shall we say, unfortunately? compose the Marseillaise. This I shall show positively. For Holzbauer's works, among them the well-known opers "Günther con Schwarzburg," admired by Mozart, have been edited by the most distinguished historians of music, men like Kretzschmar and Riemann; and up to to-day no one has discovered any trace of the Marseillaise. Still, perhaps Hamma was more lucky. Let. us look further on, at what the man writes:

When this Kapellmeister composed the melody of the Marseillaise, it was not at all his intention to produce so world-shaking a tune, for—who would suspect it?—the melody around which cluster so many bloody memories was originally the music for the Credo of a mass which was composed certainly twenty years before the French Revolution.

The manuscript from which I made this discovery is marked 1778. During my residence in Meersburg, as organist and director of music in the city church of Constance, I examined with care the library of music in the bishop's residence which came under my management, and which is remarkably rich in manuscripts.

Especially interesting to me were manuscripts which had come from Kloster Salem to Prince Dalberg and from him to the city church: these were mostly masses, vespers, etc., by Italian and German masters. Among them I found six Masses with this title:

VI Missas breves, stylo elsgantiari ad modernum genium elaboratas,

comp. de Holtzmann.

These especially appealed to me for their beautiful airs, their flowing melodies, rich setting, and delicate instrumentation. I looked them through carefully, and naturally was not a little surprised to discover in the Credo of number IV (in G) the complete air of the Marseillaise. As one can see, this is not a question of a similarity, of a reminiscence which might happen accidentally, but it is a note for note identity in melody, in harmony, measure, and key, so that Delisle must have had Holtsmann's Mass before him, must have copied it off when he set the music to his poem.

Stop a minute. So it wasn't Holsbauer. If we provisionally accept the truth of Hamma's find, we are confronted with the facts that a certain Holtzmann (whom Hamma confuses with Holsbauer) wrote a mass in 1778, the Credo of which "as one can see" was note for note like the Marseullaiss. Yes, but one "saw"

nothing. Hamma took good care not to publish his discovery, for then the swindle would have been discovered sooner. Whoever knows the true story of the Marsvillous knows how impossible it would have been for Rouget de Lisle in that famous turbulent night, even with the best will in the world, hurriedly to copy down the melody from a mass. Listen to Hamma's naïve explanation:

The thing is easily [?] explained. Delisle wrote the verses of his hymn and wanted to have it sung; but since no composer was at hand, he put down the music himself, being somewhat of a dilettante in music. Probably, ['] he had often played and sung in churches and convents, so that he knew Holtsmann's masses, which though still only in manuscript had become known on the Rhine, in Alsace, in Speier and in Strassburg. [One question—if they had become so widely known, how does it happen that no copy has been found except the one at Meersburg?]—He found it then more convenient to supply his words with a time already at hand than to hunt up a new one—We will not find fault with him for it; he made a good choice, and if this were the only robbing of German property which occured in those times, then our forefathers were to be congritulated. Nevertheless, I believe it my duty to the truth to give the proof—which I do the more gladly that it concerns the ventable property of a German composer, whose work deserves to be snatched from oblivion…

I do not know any biography of Delisle, but it would be possible from knowing where he lived to discover the church where he found the jewel with which he adorned his spirited poem and through which it won its greatest significance. In the meantime I announce to those who are interested in the circumstances, that the masses of Holtzmann are kept as the property of the city church in Meersburg in the collection of church music there, and that the original of the Marsvillaiss Credo referred to

will gladly be shown by the present director of music.

Two points in this statement are especially noteworthy:

1. The tone of absolute truth in the statements of Hamma.

2. The reference to the proof at Meersburg.

Let us see how these two points stand.

Naturally, Hamma's article attracted unusual attention in Germany, and not less in France. Though people in France were not inclined on patriotic grounds to believe Hamma, still they could bring no counter-proof, since Hamma was so prudent as not to publish his Credo. On the other hand, people on the German side energetically attacked him, though unfortunately not publicly.

It was not until 1887—that is, twenty-six years later—that the musical critic Ernst Pasqué published in Number 10 of the News Musikusitung of Cologne a notice in which he brought forward the following facts. The son of Hofgerichtsdirektor Christ, of Baden (who had belonged to the famous Frankfort Parliament in 1848, and who is clearly shown thereby to have been a prominent man)—this son told Pasqué that his father once, in 1861, journeyed to Neustadt to see Hamma, because the researches which Christ had personally pursued in Meersburg had been entirely without success. Hamma had—so Christ affirmed—answered evasively: "It must have got lost in Meersburg." Also a copy of the Credo which he said he possessed, he refused, on trifling grounds, to show.

With that the thing was clearly enough branded as a swindle. I must and will, however, give the further proof, since it has been believed for years and since to me in 1915 a "proof" of the ex-

istence of Holtzmann's masses was openly offered.

The first to reopen the question after Christ's energetic statement was Wilhelm Tappert. In his papers there is a copy of a letter signed by F. Hamma from Munich, August 19, 1882. This runs:

I discovered the Masses of Holtzmann at the time that I was choirmaster and organist to the earlier bishop's church in Meersburg on the Bodensee (1845-49). I was then still very young and treated the discovery as a musical curiosity without realizing the political bearing of it. That did not become clear to me until later. The burgomaster, Henstetter, who played the contrabass in the church, was interested in the remarkable Credo and took the Holtzmann masses to his house, which could happen the more easily in that Herr Dekan Heim was very indignant after the first performance, and forbade me to repeat it.

Up to this point the story seems plausible. Now come some remarkable statements:

During my residence in Geneva I related the fact in a company and some Frenchmen got angry about it. I had despatched to me an attested copy. This copy I gave later to M. Fétis in Brussels, who entered into conflict with the descendants of Rouget de Lisle about the authorship. That led to a suit, which, as I read in the newspapers, he won.

The exact contrary is true: Fétis lost his suit with the nephews of Rouget and finally had to state in a letter to Kastner, dated October 27, 1864 (printed by Loquin), that he had no longer any doubts about Rouget's authorship of both the words and music. "Dès ce moment, toutes les doutes sont dissipées, et toute polémique doit cesser." ("From this moment, all doubts are dissipated and all discussion should cease.")

Moreover, in this whole discussion, Fétis made no reference to Hamma's discovery: he either never received Hamma's alleged offering or he had not taken it seriously. Fétis had attributed the authorship to Navoigille, but he was convinced of the contrary by Kastner. Hamma goes on:

Burgomaster Henstetter with his wife and daughter died and it was not possible for me to get the original copy of the Mass in question: also the choir-regent in Meemburg could give me no information except that the masses of Holtzmann appeared on the inventory but were no longer to be found.

So, between 1845 and 1849 took place the first and the last appearance of the Credo in Meersburg, the original of which the Burgomaster took home. But in 1861 in the "Gartenlaube" Hamma referred everyone to the original in Meersburg, while in answer to the demands made by Christ, he tried to excuse himself by telling of the death of the burgomaster. However, finer things follow:

But I happened to find in the Cistercian convent at Ochsenhausen an old copy of the masses in question, which, tempted by an extraordinarily high price, I sold to an American. The copy of the melody, which I sent you, is from a copy of the original which I wrote hastily in my notebook at the time. Copies of the Holtzmann Masses might undoubtedly be found in the churches of Upper Swabia and Baden. Several years ago there was in the Swabian Merkur an advertisement of the auction of musical instruments and music from the church administration in Constance, where masses of Holtzmann were mentioned. Unfortunately I could not go to Constance as I intended.

Remarkable circumstance! Unfortunately, too, the lucky American who alone possessed "authentic" masses by Holtzmann, never turned up again. Tappert notes that he kept with the letter a copy of the passage from the sketch-book referred to in it:

Whoever has any experience with old things, must see at the first glance that the Credo is formed from the *Marseillaise*, not the other way around. It doesn't matter who did it. Perhaps such a composer as Holtzmann never existed.

So Tappert, who straightens out a few other inaccuracies in Hamma's long letter. Hamma brings up the opinion already noted on the authorship of Reichardt (he writes "Reichmann"!) and falsely asserts that the text of the Marseillaise was only a translation of a war song by Eulogius Schneider. The truth is, what even Tappert did not know, that some six months after its composition, Schneider translated the poem into German. (See Tiersot, La Marseillaise, Paris, 1915, p. 73.) This version by Schneider seems to have been printed in the paper Argos oder der Mann mit vier Augen (editors Schneider and Buttenschön). Neither Hamma nor Tappert could have run across copies of it. Hamma declares that he got this information from Buttenschön

in Speyer and Schmolze in Pirmasens, two intimate friends of Schneider. At all events this "proof" that the authorship of the text may be attributed to Germany, is shattered. Tappert shows in conclusion:

The credibility of Herr Hamma's account is unfortunately weakened with those who know him and who know the circumstances. I must say that to me the contradictions between the first statement in the Garten-laube and the letter of 1882 are extremely suspicious. Lack of fundamental knowledge and trustworthy memory are combined with unusual credulity. He is taken in by every old gossip.

Unfortunately I can not find among Tappert's papers the air sent to him by Hamma. It seems on the whole as if the letter of Hamma's given above had not been sent to Tappert himself, as would be thought at first, but to August Reiser (1840–1904), who was from 1880-86 Editor of the Tongersche Neue Musikzeitung in Cologne. In November, 1892—that is, not until \$1 years after Hamma's discovery—there appeared in the periodical Chargesang a contribution from Reiser dated May 1 and entitled Neues von der Marseillaise. In the introduction to this article it was stated that the trustworthiness of Hamma was to be doubted, as indeed were also the Masses and even the existence of Holtzmann. In this connection it was mentioned as "new and interesting" that the author had happened upon an apparently old copy of the Credo in question in a manner surprising but unimportant for the subject (!). Reiser wrote further:

That the composition which is reproduced in this number can make claim to authenticity is an open question; I do not venture an answer. Merely proof was to be furnished that the "legendary" Credo did actually exist. In the style of this composition one can not fail to see the fashion of the old local masses. But that does not prove much, for unfortunately similar methods were very much the fashion with us a few years ago. This unusual work will at least arouse interest as a curiosity!

I find a strange commentary on this article of Reiser's in Tappert's marginal note:

On August 10, 1881, Reiser sent to me from Cologne the fragmentary manuscript of the Credo of the supposed Holtzmann. Reiser acted as if he had discovered anew an old document. Not at all! According to my conviction it is only a fruit of the Hamma swindle Wrote to Reiser Nov. 19, 1892. Reiser is publishing the copy which Hamma sent him; on this see passages in Hamma's letter to Reiser, Munich, Aug. 19, 1882.

Before I now republish Reiser's copy of the Holtzmann Credo, I shall sketch the further development of the affair. From Reiser, the violinist Adolf Köckert (1828-1911) got a copy, about which he spoke in an article in the Schweizerische Musikusiung (1898). Köckert (who incidentally took Grison for the author of the Marseillaise, a theory long ago disproved) added an interesting news-item to the controversy. He writes:

Authentic documentary proof does not appear, only the word of Fridolin Hamma, who as he lay ill and at the point of death in Cannstatt assured his brother Franz Hamma, now royal music director in Mets, (to whom I owe this information): "What I wrote is true: I had a copy of Holtsmann's Credo which I can't find. I will do nothing more in the matter" [Apparently Fridolin Hamma had sent this copy to his colleague Reiser, and then forgotten it.]

Now we must ask this question: Was Hamma a deceiver or was he a dupe or was he both? I think he was the last, and this impression is strengthened by a conjecture of Köckert's. He surmises that in order to make fun of the revolutionary ideas of Hamma, who had taken so serious a part in the revolution of 1848 that he had to fly to Switzerland, a joker had imposed on him with this mass the Marseillause Credo. And after carrying out his joke, the joker had taken back the mass. And later Hamma, when he went on the search from Munich to Meersburg, failed to find it, as did many other people who "without the least result" took a great deal of trouble to get a trace of the treasure. The more remarkable is it that suddenly, when I had confuted Moszkowski's fantasies in the Berliner Tageblatt, I was opposed by a certain Rudolf Franz in a long article, Das Urbild der Marseillaise, in Vortedrits (the great Social Democrat paper) for August 9, 1915. He asserts that the earlier seekers in Meersburg must have gone about it "very indifferently," for he had himself seen in the choir of the church about three years before, at least one mass by the alleged Holtzmann. He declares that he was at Meersburg at the beginning of August, 1912, where the organist helped him search with his son. In a cabinet of music he found among eighteenthcentury masses one by Hamma and one by Holtzmann. ever, the one by Holtzmann, a missa solemnis (where Hamma spoke of a missa brevis), proved not to be the one sought for. All the other old music had been either burnt at some earlier time, or sold as waste paper. Franz, too, had to conclude that it would hardly be possible to find the Credo of the little mass by Holtsmann in the diocese of Constance. But he does not give up hope:

Perhaps it is still tucked away in some other corner of the southwest. Germany has supplied many spiritual weapons for the battle of mankind's deliverance, and it would be a small comfort if also the revolutionary Song of Songs that is brought back to us to-day after a long while should be proved to be old German property.

I then answered Herr Franz that since the "Holtzmann" manuscript found by him lay in such suspicious proximity to one by Hamma, I could only believe that Hamma had "baptized" other old manuscripts besides the Marseillaise mass with the same name. But even if I granted the existence of Holtzmann, even if I granted the authenticity of the Credo, there still remains a great stumbling-block. I can prove with mathematical accuracy, not only that the mass was not in existence before 1792, but even that it came into existence after 1825. Compare the two following versions of the Marseillaise: the first is that of the first printed edition of 1792, the second is the one which Rouget de Lisle published in 1825 as the authoritative form. (It was further "officially revised" and somewhat spoiled under General Boulanger.) Whoever cannot see that the Holtzmann "Credo" which I reproduce is fashioned after the second version, is beyond help of mine; musically he cannot be saved:

THE MARSHILLAISE, 1792 AND 1825





HOLTZMANN'S CREDO



# POETRY AND THE COMPOSER

## By E. H. C. OLIPHANT

'HAT the composer of vocal music must, in order to achieve complete success, provide work of more than mere tonal beauty or musical distinction or harmonic originality is generally recognised. Those are the purely musical features that may be demanded of a wordless rhapsody. Of him who is giving a musical setting to a piece of verse it is demanded also that he shall clothe the poem in a fitting musical garb, adequately express the sense of the words, reproduce the atmosphere, and reveal the hidden meaning (if the poem have any), so as to enable the musicloving public to enter into its spirit. Too often nothing more is asked of a musical illustrator of words; but, in asking only this much, the critics demand practically only what is asked of the writer of any piece of programme music or any composer endeavoring to create a definite impression or to excite particular emotions. For those who take the large view of the setting of a poem and are content to provide an equivalent for it that does not profess to be an equivalent in detail, words are really of little consequence. Debussy's "Chevaux de bois," for example, would under the same title make scarcely a less appeal to us were it destitute of words; and in piano pieces examples may be found of the representation of an underlying idea not conveyed in the titlethe analogy to the hidden meaning concealed beneath the poet's words.

But, in addition to the recognised requirements of the composer for the voice, that he shares with all musicians, and those that he shares with every species of musical illustrator, there is a third class for which there is no analogy in any other branch of music. More or less unrecognised, the demands of this class are concerned not merely with the idea, but with the poem itself; and it is of them I particularly wish to speak. Before doing so, however, I shall say a few words regarding the four recognised requirements already referred to—that the composer shall find the true musical equivalent for the plain sense of the poem in its totality; that the variety of his setting shall be no less than the variety of the poem and shall adequately portray its various phases; that he shall have regard not merely to the words

themselves, but also to their dramatic value; and that he shall appreciate the poem's underlying significance, realise its spirit,

and convey to his hearers all it hints as well as all it says.

The first two are not to be confused. In a sense they represent two clashing schools of song-composition—one holding to the theory that the music should convey only the general impression and not descend to detail, the other maintaining that every phase of meaning should be followed. There are, in fact, poems that seem to call for the one method of treatment, and poems that call for the other. It may be urged, then, that we have here not two requirements, but one only; but, in reality, the complete exclusion of either of these two conditions is a mistake. No poem can stand as a whole if its parts be not right, and no musical illustration of it can be satisfactory that does not recognise the call of the parts as well as the call of the whole. There must be a shading and a refining, so that the general impression may not be destroyed; but that is by no means the same thing as the ignoring of the individual words and phrases. The composer, then, besides satisfying the requirements of the poem as a whole, must pay due attention to the sentences that make it what it is.

It is a rare thing in these days to find any vocal composer of class unheedful of the meaning of his words. Even the purveyor of music for the dramatic trash whose claim to be called "musical comedy" can be justified only on the lucus a non lucendo principle is careful to fit his melody to the sense of the verse, and it is hardly to be doubted that the days when heroines died to waltz-tunes have gone never to return. Where one sees a composer of any eminence apparently ignoring the meaning of the words it is generally clear that he is doing so deliberately, in order to get away from a recourse to the obvious. To do that is merely

to step out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The realism that results from the perfect musical rendering of the words of a poem is well illustrated in a few examples that occur to me—among modern songs, Ravel's setting of Renard's "Le paon," Debussy's rendering of the "Chevaux de bois" of Verlaine, and Mallinson's "We sway along," set to words by Henley; and, among earlier ones, Parry's version of Shakespeare's lyric "When icicles hang by the wall." The strut and the hoarse cry of the peacock, the infernal racket of the steam merry-go-round, the swaying of the train and the screech of the railway engine, the heavy tread of the bearer of solid logs into the squire's hall are all perfectly rendered in these admirable Lieder; but, if we take into consideration another song where the realistic quality is of

the very highest, Debussy's setting of Pierre Louys' "La flûte de Pan." we shall see of how much less importance is this realistic quality than is the imaginative, for it will hardly be urged that the wonderful rendering of the croaking of the frogs is the supreme merit of that loveliest of songs. Rather is its chief charm to be found in the marvellous realisation of the spirit of the poet, in the extraordinary ability shown in the creation of atmosphere. and in the perfect beauty in which the whole is bathed. In that greater quality which grasps the spirit behind the word, lays bare the whole of the lyrist's meaning, and clothes his work with a new beauty, other songs that may be mentioned are Schubert's "Doppelganger," Borodin's "Belle au bois dormant," Mussorgsky's "Trepak," Strauss's "Im Spathoot," and more than one of the songs of Wolf. Fauré, Ravel, and Kerchlin. Wolf's setting of Eichendorff's "Das Ständeben" is worthy of particular remark. verse constitutes an address by the poet to a gallant whom he hears serenading his lady-love. The poet is reminded of his own serenading days and of the death of his sweetheart, and his sadness permeates the whole poem. Wolf, giving to the voice the words of the poet, gives to the piano the lute accompaniment of the distant serenader, and so, without any disturbance of the words or of the sense of them, creates just the right atmosphere.

The relation that the atmosphere of a poem has to the words as a whole has a parallel in the relation that the dramatic value of individual passages has to the words constituting those passages. When I speak of "dramatic value," I mean that behind what is said we have to consider by whom it is said and the circumstances attending its utterance. Thus in Housman's "Is my team ploughing?" we have to bear in mind that half the poem is spoken by a dead man. In Vaughan Williams' setting the general idea is excellently conveyed: but he fails to preserve the capital conception with which he has started. Apparently forgetting that the spokesman is but a spirit, he makes him shout out his last query to his supplanter, and the living man shouts back still more loudly. Fine as the song is, dramatically it goes to pieces. His setting of the last stanza might or might not be regarded as anpropriate could we forget between whom the dialogue was being maintained; but that we cannot forget without disregarding

the whole purpose of the poem.

For every one who knows Williams' setting of Housman's verse there are dozens who are acquainted with Schubert's setting of Goethe's "Erlkönig." To question the perfectly dramatic characterisation of that song may be deemed blasphemous; but, as a matter of fact, ought not the Erlking's words to be colored by our (and the child's) knowledge of his malevolence? Ought not his tempting to show, beneath the sweetness of his words, beneath the beauty of the musical phrases he employs, something of the evil that inspires them? Neither Loewe nor Schubert makes any attempt to do more than illustrate the actual words. Though it is obviously the boy's realisation of the wickedness behind the temptation that makes him so agitatedly fearful, the music shows us nothing to account for the terror he displays in the earlier verses.

If I am to name a song that, though undeniably beautiful, fails to reproduce the spirit of the poem it attempts to illustrate musically, it shall be John Ireland's setting of Masefield's "Sea fever." The tone of Mascfield's verse finds no analogy in the robe of plaintive melancholy in which the composer has enveloped Vaughan Williams' setting of Stevenson's "Vagabond," on the contrary, is in just the right vein, for this composer, without being great in detail, has a marvellous faculty for finding the fitting figure for illustration of the general movement of a poem, though of the soul that lies beneath the movement he sees little. Where the meaning of a poem does not lie upon the surface, French composers realise the inward significance much better than do their English rivals, and much better than do the modern Germans, with the exception of Hugo Wolf; and it is not therefore surprising to note to how much greater an extent French composers choose for musical setting lyrics which leave much to the imagination. A Verlaine poem is an impression, calling sometimes on sister arts for interpretation; and French composers respond to the call gladly, as they would not do to the call of verse of much clearer significance.

To render musically the atmosphere of a poem, to reproduce its spirit melodically and harmonically, to give adequate representation to the words, and to see beneath the words into the very soul of the poet: these things imply the possession of a strong imaginative faculty, but they do not necessarily imply that the composer is gifted with any literary sense. Too often indeed the composers of the English-speaking peoples have none, and make wooful display of their failing in almost every vocal work they put forth; and it may be taken for granted that they will continue to do so till a school of musical critics shall arise that will insist

that due attention be paid to the structure and form of the verse set. For that to happen, however, it will be necessary for the musical critics themselves to have a thorough mastery of verseprinciples—to be, in fact, not merely musical critics, but, potentially at least, literary critics also.

The demands made on the composer with regard to the words as literature may be divided into three classes. The first calls for no acquaintance with the mechanism of verse; the second, merely for a slight literary instinct; and the third, by far the most important, a thorough understanding of the rhythmic principles on which verse is constructed. The requirements of the first group are three in number, all of a very elementary character.

First of all, the composer must respect the words of the poet: he must not alter or omit or add or repeat words to suit the exigencies of his melodic line, or for any other purpose whatever not even to stress a vital phrase. Secondly, the pauses must be accurately fitted to the sense. Thirdly, there must be proper

relation between notes and syllables.

To begin with the first of these three rules, it will readily be granted that to alter the words of a poem is unpardonable, and that to insert or omit words, to the ruin of the metre, is the act of an ignoramus; but it is no crime for a composer to omit an entire stanza, so long as the sense is not interfered with. The commonest form of neglect of this rule is not, however, in the direction of the omission of words essential to either the metre or the sense, the substitution of alien words and ideas for those of the poem, or the introduction of additional words, to the alteration of the verse: or the meaning or both. It is to be found rather in the duplication of existing words and phrases, lines and stanzas. The repetition of an entire stanza is a very venial fault, especially where the composer can make a good effect by repeating at the end of a song the stanza with which it began. Even part of a stanza may thus be repeated without the composer's being guilty of a fault worth speaking of. No one, for example, is likely to blame Schubert for closing his "Gretchen am Spinnrade" with a repeat of the first two lines of the poem, since it is in entire harmony with the spirit of the verse and is dramatically effective. But the evil of a repetition is in inverse ratio to its extent. To repeat a stanza does not affect the poem, if the choice be made with discrimination (though of course many poems will admit of no such duplication), whereas the repetition of a single line alters the stanza-form (without, however, affecting the metre), while the repetition of only a portion of a line may seriously affect the metre. If it be a complete foot

that is duplicated, it is only in the length of the line that the metre is changed; but, if it be a single word that is doubled, or a whole foot and a portion of another, the rhythm is ruined. Thus if in the line

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold

the last six words be repeated, it means practically the insertion of an additional two-foot anapæstic line. If the repeat consist of "like a wolf" only, the line becomes a five-foot instead of a four-foot one; but, if the composer repeat the word "down" alone or "down like a wolf," he entirely alters the metrical construction of the verse.

Duplication of the words of a poem may have three different effects. It may do no more than alter the stanza-form; it may ruin the metre; and it may (in addition to either or both of these evils) rob the verse of its beauty, its simplicity, its force, or its sense. The standard examples of sins of this character are afforded by Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Liszt's "Lorelei"; in the later and greater of these two famous songs, Heine's simple lines containing the direct statement

Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei gethan,

become such an insane medley of words as

Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei, die Lorelei gethan. Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei, die Lorelei gethan, Die Lorelei gethan. Und das hat mit ihrem Singen Die Lorelei, die Lorelei gethan, Die Lorelei gethan.

In Beethoven's song the senseless repetitions are perhaps even more irritating; but I might give dozens of instances of this class of fault from works of some of the greatest composers. Among

present-day men, Bantock is an especial sinner.

Cases where, without impairment of the sense, the stanzaform is ruined by repetitions are also common. Brahms, one of the greatest of song-composers, does not hesitate to repeat lines, to the destruction of the mould of the poem he is setting, and one can scarcely find a leading composer who has not done so when it has suited his purpose. When the repeat is at the end of the stanza no great harm is done; to see the fault at its worst, one has to look for it in settings of some of the fixed forms of verse, such as the sonnet, the rondel, or the triolet, especially those (like the two last named) based on a system of repeats in definite places. To repeat these lines elsewhere or to duplicate other lines anywhere is destructive of the form. It is therefore amazing to find Charles Kœchlin, than whom scarcely any composer living shows more respect for the verse he is setting, spoiling one or two of Théodore de Banville's rondels in this way.

Even more objectionable are duplications that are destructive of the rhythm. And here again I will illustrate from the work of Korchlin, for the reason that such faults are exceedingly rare with him. In "Le colibri" he flaws what would otherwise be an almost perfect song by his repetition of "tant d'amour" in the line

Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose.

It would be possible to cite many worse cases; but this one is interesting because rhetorically it is justified. An orator often makes his impression by repeating the phrase he wishes to imprint upon the minds of his auditors, and the musician may obtain an effect similarly. If it were possible to justify such a liberty, it would be justifiable in this case, for the composer has steeped the duplication of the words in the very languor of love. If there is no variation in the words, there is assuredly a variation in the music. There is no sterile repetition, but a revealing one, full of beauty, perfectly expressing the idea. From every point of view but the one, it is pardonable, and indeed admirable; but it has the fault of breaking the rhythm of the verse.

The question of pauses is also deserving of consideration. The musical phrasing must fit the idea like a glove. It will not do to have the voice flow on after "I am the captain of my fate" in Henley's famous poem, to rest after "I am" in the next line—"I am the master of my soul." The composer who would do that would be on about the mental level of the Prologue of the "base mechanicals" of Shakespeare's fancy—"If we offend, it is with our good will." It might not be impossible for him to set

There is a providence that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them as we may,

with no rest at "ends," but with a break after "rough." To thus transfer the rest from where it should be to where it should not be is folly one can scarcely expect to find; but it is found nevertheless in composers of high reputation. In Cyril Scott's delightful "White Knight," for example, the words "In a meadow fair" are attached to the preceding "Weep no more" and separated by a

whole bar from the succeeding "By his grave friars four speed his soul with prayer," to which they properly belong; so that the lady who is addressed is bidden not to weep in a meadow fair. as if there would be some particularly heinous sin in watering a meadow with tears which should be reserved for her boudoir. Faults of this double character, where the pause is not where it should be and is where it should not be, are not remarkably common; but we do often enough find errors either of commission or of omission. Sometimes the fault is partly the poet's. Wilde's "Requiescat," for instance, he has

> Lily-like, white as snow, She hardly knew She was a woman, so Sweetly she grew.

George Butterworth, in setting the words "woman, so sweetly she," presented them as hall hall be trying, not very successfully, to preserve the lilt of the verse, he ignored the necessity for a separation of the words "woman" and "so." The composer cannot afford so to overlook the sense. By running straight on from the one word to the next, Butterworth practically ignored the comma, and, so doing, clouded the meaning, and the use of a crotchet accentuates the difficulty thus created.

Sometimes a rest is found between the syllables of a word, That is hopelessly wrong, unless the idea is to convey a sense of sobbing or violent agitation. The reason for it in such a song as Wagner's "Im Treibhaus" is difficult to discover; nor can any reasonable excuse be made for the rests between the final words of

Goethe's "Erlkönig" in Loewe's setting-



As a cry wrung from the heart of a father, this might have been fitting enough in mere narrative it is quite out of place: there is no call for utterance so spasmodic.

Of these three demands that, though concerned with the mechanism of the verse, call for no prosodic knowledge on the part of the composer (for even in the matter of the rhythm all he has to do is to avoid interference with the sequence of the words), at once the most serious and the least recognised is the need for so welding the music and the words that every syllable shall be represented by a single note. To allow the voice to wander over a succession of notes for the expression of a single syllable, as in Purcell's "I attempt from love's sickness to fly" or Godard's well-known and attractive "Chanson arabe," is wholly to ignore poetic form. If, instead of singing, we read Charpentier's rendering of a line in Verlaine's "Chevaux de bois,"

Tousnez-ez, au-au son joyeux des-es-es tambou-ours

we perceive how painfully absurd it is. The matter may be put in another way by contrasting the words to which the music has been wedded with words that it would have fitted. Thus, a line of the poem in Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and his people" which Arthur Foote has made famous as "An Irish Folk-song" runs, "You'll be comin' back, my darlin'." The composer has fitted to it a musical phrase that would be better suited to a line consisting of the words "You'll be comin' back again, O my dearest one."

In singling out songs by Charpentier and Foote for examples of this fault I am not desiring to attach to those composers any evil preëminence. The difficulty is to find a composer who does not, when it suits his purpose, ignore the very obvious claim of the verse to dictate the contour of the music that is supposed to represent it. There are not many who follow the admirable example set by Jaques-Dalcroze in his beautiful and dramatic "Chansons rustiques," the greater number of the songs in that set observing the rule (whether it has ever been formulated or not) that in the voice-part every syllable shall have a note, and every note a syllable. Examples may of course be gathered from the songs of Schubert and Schumann and Franz; but the rule has been, on the whole, even among the very greatest writers for the voice, "more honored in the breach than the observance." By far the greatest offenders to-day are the composers of the Englishspeaking nations. The fault is perhaps to be seen at its worst in Noel Johnson's fine song "If thou wert blind"-

> If thou wert ble ind, I would gi-ive my si-ight, Lest my darkness should set me far from thee-ee.

That is horrible.

\* . \*

Between this group and the more important one yet to be dealt with mention must be made of a rule which should be scrupulously observed, but is occasionally disregarded, often apparently as a result of ignorance of the simplest rudiments of English verse.

One showing himself capable of counting the number of syllables in a line of verse would not necessarily be considered a master of prosody; on the contrary, incapacity in such a matter on the part of a presumably educated man would be deemed astounding; yet some of our best song-composers show themselves incompetent to perform this elementary task correctly, or, if they are competent, most callously ignore the poet's intention, either suppressing syllables used by him or using ones he has suppressed. Examples are most easily found in the case of words where poetic license permits the addition of a syllable not employed in prose (as in the use of "bereaved" for "bereaved"). For the composer to alter the poet's determination in such a matter is unpardonable. There are, moreover, many words in English in which the number of syllables is not rigidly fixed. Such words as "flower" and "heaven," for instance, may be treated either as monosyllables or as dissylables. The choice is a privilege possessed by the poet; but that privilege does not pass to the composer, for he cannot depart from the lead of the poet without detriment to the verse as verse.

I have said that often his disregard of the poet's intention is due apparently to misunderstanding of the metre. It seems to be so in Cyril Scott's "Evening," where, in the second stanza, the name-word of the song, used by Dowson as a trisyllable, is taken dissyllabically, the deliberateness of it being shown by the binding of two quavers that might well have formed the first two of three syllables; but it may be that Scott, disliking this absurd outstretching of the word, preferred to sacrifice the metre rather than repeat the blemish. Further on in the same song, however, the poet is followed in making "oblivion" a word of four syllables, in order to enable it to rhyme with "sun." Here probably the composer felt that he could not depart from the author's rendering. He was "between the devil and the deep sea," with a choice between unfaithfulness to the poet and the spoiling of his own work. He might have realised that, in the circumstances, it was best to consider the poem not one for setting.

• . •

The two remaining requirements, forming the final group, are more exacting than those already dealt with, since they call for the appreciation of prosodic principles: the one demands correct accentuation; the other, the proper distribution of notes on a duration-basis consistent with the length of the syllables

that make up the verse. It may be convenient to take the two

in some measure together.

English poetry is a matter principally of the distribution of stresses. It may be said broadly that the stressed syllable is one in two or one in three, or it may be irregular in its incidence, consisting sometimes of every second and sometimes of every third syllable. The poetic stress is generally, but not invariably, identical with the stress natural in such a collocation of words. But English verse does not consist merely of an arrangement of accented and non-accented syllables; quantity also enters into it. A wonderful and not easily definable system of equivalences constitutes almost a root-principle of our prosody, three or four or five unaccented syllables often taking the place of an entire foot. Such a line as

For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute.

from that fascinating horror "The Revenger's Tragedy," is certainly not to be taken as a regular 6-foot line with a feminine ending, or even as a pentameter with a sprinkling of anapæstic feet (\_\_\_\_\_\_\_), but as a line of four stresses distributed thus—

For the poor benefit of a bewildering minute.

the long succession of unaccented syllables in the middle of the line being taken as the equivalent of a regular foot.

Everyone realises more or less that the bar determines the relation of the musical accentuation to the poetic stress; but very few appear to appreciate the fact that the "quantity" in the verse has its equivalent in the duration of the notes musically representing the syllables. The feet in any English verse are approximately of the one length; and, if an extra unaccented syllable be intruded, it and its fellow must each be passed over more lightly than a single unstressed syllable would be. Similarly, in a musical setting, the place of, say, a quaver for a single unaccented syllable must be taken by a couple of semiquavers for two such syllables—or at least the two together must have no greater value than a quaver.

In case anyone is in doubt as to the difference between accent and quantity in music, I shall give a very simple illustration.

> Little Jack Horner Sat in a corner

is, so far as accentuation goes, perfectly represented by

but to be accurately represented as to quantity it should be JAMIJAMIJAMIJAMIJAMI because the second syllable of "Horner" and of "corner" is in the reading of the verse more or less lapped under the preceding syllable, and because the other unaccented syllables are not given the same distinctness and importance as the accented ones. Who would, as the first of the above two musical settings would suggest, read the verse

> "Lat-tle Jack Hor-ner Sat in a cor-ner,

giving equal length to every syllable in each foot? That is the mistake Strauss makes in the loveliest of all his songs, "Im Spätboot," where he represents the line "Nur der Wind, der mir im Haare weht" so evenly and regularly as this



missing the lilt altogether.

On this matter of "quantity" in music no questions are asked, though the asking of such questions is highly desirable. The only demand made upon the composer in regard to the verse as verse is that he shall not be guilty of incorrect accentuation (he must not, for example, give us either "the lass with the delicate air" or "the lass with the delicate air"); but even on this score it is only when the mistakes are flagrant and glaring that any exception is taken to them. Yet there is little chance that the stress in the music will follow the stress in the poetry unless the composer has mastered the principles of verse-construction. Probably no composer is so totally lacking in the poetic sense as to think of setting iambic verse anapæstically, for to avoid doing so he needs only the most rudimentary knowledge of prosodic law nothing more indeed than an elementary instinct for rhythm. But it is quite possible for one who recognises the general principles dominating any piece of verse to make a terrible hash of it in detail. So far as English poetry is concerned, consideration of the way in which blank verse is rendered on the stage or lyrics recited on the platform, leads to the behef that the proportion of people capable of approaching the rhythmic beauties of such

verse is exceedingly small, and a study of many settings of English lyrics does not induce one to regard our composers as belonging to the minority. To turn to the work of French composers is to find quite another state of affairs. Unless we are to regard them as merely more careful or more conscientious, we have to admit that they are much better acquainted with the laws of verse. Either they have a better instinct for metre or they have taken trouble to master the principles governing it. It is in their favor that French verse consists of a succession of practically unstressed syllables; but it is not to be supposed that therefore it is impossible for them to err. To dwell on a syllable that, though sounded in verse, is not sounded in ordinary speech—as, for instance, the "ge" of "mensonge," which, in Fauré's magnificent "Arpège," is

made by anyone setting English verse—much worse indeed than the lengthening of the second syllable in "lovely" or "maiden." In French, however, such sins are pleasantly uncommon; in English they are lamentably common. Too often, with us, a "feminine ending" is given by the composer a ridiculous degree of importance, so that the singer finds himself expected to sing about "beauTY" or "evER" or "ranDOM"; though it must be confessed that, as a rule, he does not in the least mind doing so, and is indeed altogether unaware that he is doing anything absurd. So, too, we find less frequently, but still far too frequently—important words slurred over, three or four syllables, including one calling aloud for accentuation, being squeezed into semi-quavers in the midst of a group of crotchets.

If, as I have said, false accentuation is much rarer in French music than in English, I may yet mention a very marked case in a really beautiful song, Fauré's "Accompagnement." He has set one line thus:—



Here note the accent on the second "ame," whereas the verse requires the accentuation of "leur" and "mon," which are treated antithetically. Fauré, failing to realise the point, has mangled the verse.

For an example of both wrongful accent and false quantity in French composition, let me quote the following from Chausson's "Cantique à l'épouse":



That a stressed minim should do duty for the concluding light

syllable of the verse is deplorable.

It is not necessary to give examples of obvious false quantities or errors of accentuation in English songs: the reader has only to take up half-a-dozen by some of our best composers, and he will be lucky if he finds three out of the six free from such faults. But, apart from flaws that cannot fail to strike anyone with the most elementary knowledge of the principles of English prosody, there are many that will strike the reader possessed of a real sense of verse-values. He who is deaf to the lilt resulting from the complex system of equivalences to which I have already referred is deaf to all that is most beautiful in the verse of Shakespeare and the other masters of our tongue. He, for instance, who reads the first line of Hamlet's famous soliloguy as if it were pure iambic verse ("To bé or nót to bé: that is the quéstion") or so treats the King's line, "A very ribband in the cap of youth," turns the true poetry of swaying movement into the most ludicrous jog-trot. But, if English verse is the most difficult of all verse to master, the more call is there for our composers to give it loving study before they set to work to interpret it.

One difficulty in the setting of English poetry lies in the illustration of such a piece of verse as that of Wilde's already quoted, where the sense calls for the merging of one line into the next. The composer may be tempted to do as many reciters do in such cases-ignore the line-division. To do that, however, is to conceal the rhyme and practically to turn the verse into That is the mistake so often made by elocutionists and by actors in Shakespearean drama. Such fault is the very reverse of the fault of Butterworth, who, in the passage quoted, gives us the rhyme to the obscuring of the sense, whereas Wolf, in his setting of Eichendorff's "Das Ständchen," obliterates the opening rhyme because the stress it calls for is unnatural. What is needed. both for declaiming and for singing, is that the sense shall be preserved (preferably by a proper provision of pauses), but that the line-ending shall receive a certain degree of stress, however unimportant may be the word filling the position. Where, the natural and the poetic stress being at variance, the composer cannot agree with both, he may be allowed to choose between them.

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To how very slight an extent the rules here laid down are observed, or even recognised, may be realised by a consideration of any number of the world's greatest songs. I have examined 70 of my prime favorites, to find that 23 (about 83 per cent.) fail to show the required respect for the words of the author, three are at fault in pauses, 38 (approximately 54 per cent.) err in the matter of accentuation, and 43 (over 61 per cent.) fail to fit the length of their notes to the importance of the syllables they represent. (In all but the first of these four, the percentage of faulty songs is probably greater than I have stated, because I have not examined with such meticulous care as to be certain of having overlooked no flaw.) With regard to making the number of voice-notes coincide with the number of syllables, I tested 73 songs, adding to the previous 70 three Russian songs that I was, owing to my ignorance of the Russian language, unable to test in other respects; and of these 73 no less than 57 (or about 78 per cent.) were at fault. I made no investigation for deviations from the text's syllabification, because obviously there would be no opportunity for such errors in any but a small proportion of the The songs examined were examples of Schubert, Loewe. Schumann, Wagner, Cornelius, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, Mahler, Schillings, Fauré, Duparc, Chausson, Debussy, Keechlin, Ravel, Roussel, Parry, Bantock, Williams, Butterworth, Carpenter and Mussorgsky; and, of the whole 73, only two fulfilled all the conditions, these being both French-one by Keechlin, and one by Ravel. That is not surprising in view of what I have already pointed out that French composers have much more respect for the poems they set and much more knowledge of prosodic law than have the composers of either the English or the German race.

## BIRD-MUSIC

### By W. B. OLDS

OR several years I have been a student of bird-music, and the more I study the subject, the more fascinating it becomes. While every excursion into birdland may bring its new records of melody, there is always the ever new delight of listening to the rapturous outpouring of exuberant spirits in songs as varied in style and quality of tone as do the singers themselves differ in Where else in nature can we find music so similar to our own, both in its style of delivery and in its melodic form? Indeed, I feel strongly that greater consideration should be given to the part which bird-music must have played in the origin and development of the music of mankind. It is quite conceivable that many folk-songs might have had their inspiration in the melodies which were heard repeated every day in the trees just outside the caves of our remote ancestors. A short melody often heard is easily remembered and imitated and will sometimes suggest words or syllables. Perhaps the melody will be repeated with other words having a somewhat similar sound. Then possibly a second theme differing more or less from the first will be conceived, followed by a return to the original melody, and we have a full grown folk-song.

But how little is bird-music appreciated, and what little use is made of the wonderfully beautiful melodies which every spring flood our meadows and woodlands. As a rule, composers have been content to write songs for children about the birds with no auggestion of the song of the bird under consideration, which might have been made an integral part of the song. So, too, for the most part, compilers of bird-guides and hand-books for bird study have been content to suggest merely the syllables which seem best to imitate the quality of the bird's voice, without giving any suggestion of the actual pitches or intervals sung. I recognize the fact that most of the ornithologists and writers on birdlife were not musicians, and presume that they took it for granted that music notes would mean nothing to the majority of their readers. But times are changing, and, thanks to the increasing attention given to music in the public schools, the page of printed music is no longer unintelligible to all save the initiated few. After all, there is not much information in the statement that a hird says, "zwee, zwee, zwee," or "wesee, wesee, wesee." One writer says that the Chewink sings "Chuck-burr! pilla-willa-willa!" But I have a friend who says that when her husband goes out of the door of their summer cottage in the woods of Michigan, a Chewink calls out: "Preacher! tee! hee! hee! hee!" Now, if the actual intervals which these birds sang were supplied, together with the imitative syllables, we should have a much clearer idea of how they sang than can be gained from the syllables alone, and a song using the notes together with imitative words as a starting-point would be of still greater value in teaching bird-lore.

A great wave of interest in bird-life has swept the country during the past few years. Is it not an opportune time to direct greater attention to the beauties of bird-music, and to suggest that we make more systematic use of it as a means of identifying birds?

When I was a boy I could usually tell a Sparrow when I saw one, but to distinguish the different kinds of Sparrows either by their appearance or by their songs was beyond me; indeed, I was scarcely aware of the fact that each species has its own distinctive habits, its distinguishing markings and individual style of singing. As an illustration of the variety of style to be found in the songs of one family of birds, let me suggest here a few points of interest in the songs of some of the common sparrows.

Where can we find a more perfect accelerando than in the performance of the Field Sparrow, which may be heard any day in spring or early summer floating across the meadows and pastures?



Or where is there to be heard a finer legato or more definite rhythm than that of the White-throated Sparrow?



To be sure, most of us hear him only during his migratory visits, but in the springtime, the high, clear, fife-like tones seem to breathe the very spirit of freshness and revivification, while there creeps into his October song a certain plaintiveness quite in keeping with the season of slackened energy.

Acompanying the White-throat in his travels may often be heard the White-crowned Sparrow, whose song has also a very

definite character, varying in intervals, but of a form quite unmistakable. Instead of the clarity of the White-throat's voice, however, we find a thin, reedy quality. Two interesting songs which I have noted are the following.



Of course, we soon tire of the Chipping Sparrow's monotone as he rapidly repeats his name "chippy-chippy-chippy," over and over, sounding, as some one remarked, like a Singer Sewing Machine. Nor can we see much beauty in the song of the Grasshopper Sparrow, which sounds more like an insect than a bird; but the Vesper Sparrow, easily distinguished in flight by his white outer tail feathers, has a really fine, clear voice and interesting songs, as the following will testify.



The finest singer among our resident sparrows is without doubt, however, the Song Sparrow; in fact, I am inclined to rank him as the finest melodist in all birddom. In tone quality he cannot compare with the Thrushes, but for variety and beauty of melodic themes, he is without a rival. And it is an easy matter to note most of his melodies, for his custom is to repeat one song at intervals, several times, until, seeming to tire of it, he switches to another, perhaps in a different key. His tonality is usually quite definite, and a given song is repeated time after time and day after day with practically no variation, and, most astounding of all, in the same key! There is little question that this bird, in common with several others, possesses the gift of absolute or positive pitch A certain song means to him not merely a definite succession of intervals in a fixed rhythm, but absolute, fixed tones, from the sounding of which he does not vary. I have tested this many times and found it to hold true. Four years ago, I heard a New York Song Sparrow in the vicinity of Schroon Lake. singing this song day after day, and always in the key of A flat.



Three years later I revisited the spot and heard precisely the same song with no variation except that it had been pushed up very nearly a semitone. Undoubtedly the performance of the same bird, the variation in pitch due perhaps to his advancing years! This song he alternated with the following.



Here are three songs from the repertoire of a Song Sparrow living near Crystal Lake, Michigan.



In considering this whole subject of bird-music with a view to presenting something which might be of interest, it has seemed best to disregard family lines, and to suggest certain arbitrary groupings, with reference to the general character of their songs and style of delivery, as one might hear them during a stroll through wood and meadow. Possibly this grouping may be of value in assisting some to discriminate between those birds whose songs sound somewhat alike. I wish especially to emphasize this point, however, that one need not expect to hear any of these longer songs exactly as they appear here, as no two individual birds of the same species are likely to sing exactly the same songs. These are merely typical examples which I have happened to hear, though in each species the general form of song and style of delivery is fairly uniform.

#### I. SINGLE SONG OF CONSIDERABLE LENGTH



Of these five birds, the songs of the Grosbeak and Tanager are the most commonly confused, though it may be observed that the Grosbeak's is delivered in a very flowing style, while the Tanager accentuates his song in a vigorous, emphatic manner. Here, too, is an interesting example of differing tone quality, as the Grosbeak's singing voice is a clear whistle, though heavy and rich, while the Tanager's has a beady quality. In the call-notes of these two birds we discover opposite characteristics, that of the Grosbeak being decidedly metallic and the Tanager's "Chip-chur" quite clear.

It will be noticed that the song which I have ascribed to the Warbling Vireo has somewhat the form of the Grosbeak's. They are not often confused, however, as the Vireo's song is given at a much more rapid tempo and with a lighter tone quality.

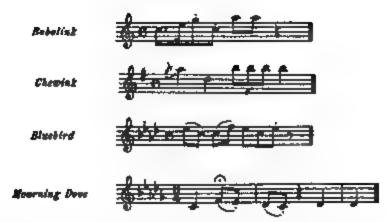
The song is the very essence of lighthearted carelessness.

The Indigo Bunting is probably the most commonly heard of this quintet as he sings throughout the spring and early summer. Devotees of golf should be particularly well acquainted with him, for, without deviating from their course down the fairway, they may hear his entrancing melody issuing from an adjoining thicket. Different songs of the Bunting may differ greatly in form, but when once heard, his individual style will always serve to identify the singer.

For the most of us, acquaintance with the song of the Ruby-crowned Kinglet is limited to his visits during his migratory journey of the early spring. To me, personally, there are few bird-songs of such ethereal beauty as the fairy-like, silver toned, ecstatic song of this tiny bird. It seems scarcely believable that such a cascade of sparkling tones, extremely high in pitch but wonderfully clear, could proceed from so small a throat. The musician who has not heard it has something to live for.

#### II. SINGLE SONG OF MEDIUM LENGTH





Vesper Sparrow. (For melodies see page 244.) White-throated Sparrow. (For melodies see page 243.) White-crowned Sparrow. (For melodies see page 244.)

Bewick's Wren is not as well known as the House Wren, but there is no mistaking his clear, ringing song, usually delivered

from the top of a tall tree in the early spring.

The Baltimore Oriole has a style all his own, characterized by a succession of sharp, staccato tones and portamentos, with rhythms sometimes so markedly syncopated as to come close to the border of rag-time. His performances are, indeed, very interesting on many counts. Not the least is his action during singing, for instead of perching upon a twig and giving his undivided attention to the business of pouring forth his soul in song as do many others, he continues industriously at his task of hunting for worms, caterpillars, etc., interjecting his remarks between the disposal of the various titbits which he discovers. It may be observed that his use of the portamento produces an entirely different effect from that of the Wood Pewee or Mourning Dove, whose songs are decidedly plaintive. There is nothing mournful about the Oriole's song!

Dickeissel is known to but comparatively few people, but is one of our commonest birds. Any fine summer day a motorist may see him perched upon a telephone wire by the road-side, trying his best to pronounce his name—"Dick-dick-dick-cisselcissel." It is not a beautiful voice, and his song soon becomes monotonous, but Dickeissel is a bird whom we would not willingly

lose from among our summer songsters.

While the Bobolink may often be heard in a modest song like the one here quoted, he frequently follows it with a cadenza so brilliant and so dazzling as to defy transcription. The cadenza appears to be a mere jumble of notes tumbling over each other without apparent order. While a coloratura singer might not gain any important pointers in technique by studying this singer, yet for spontaneous, ecstatic expression of the sheer joy of living he is without a rival.

The intervals of the Chewink's song may differ greatly, as may also the number of repeated notes, even to the total omission of them, but the general form is fairly constant. Still further reducing the song to the first note with its preceding grace-note, and we have his call—"Ch'wink!" or "Ch'week"! One of the first birds to note the coming of day, he is a singer whom I have studied with great interest.

For lovely, soft, velvet quality of tone—violet, some one has called it—the Bluebird is supreme. He is not much of a melodist, but there is something so appealing in his mellow voice as to

endear him to all bird-lovers.

The Mourning Dove is the contracto of the bird world. Though the voice has a mournful note, there is also a suggestion of peace and restfulness in the song as it floats through the old orchard in the late afternoon.

#### III. SINGLE SONG OF FROM TWO TO FOUR NOTES



There are several birds whose songs are very short yet possessing real interest. The three given are good examples of this class.'s The Chickadee, who delivers these notes in a clear whistle, though his better known "Chickadee-dee-dee" has a decided vocal quality, is often mistaken for the Phœbe, because one might easily conceive that he was trying to form the syllables of that word. But the Phœbe's voice is harsh and strident, and when once identified is never confused with the silvery tones of the Chickadee.

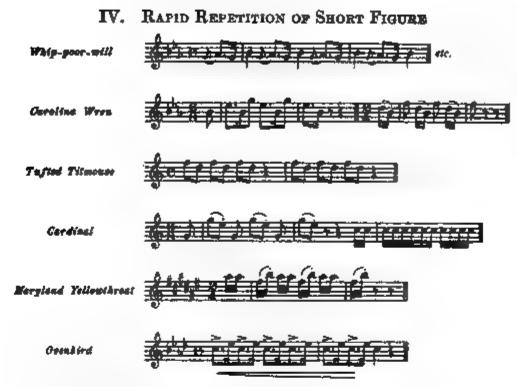
While the Chickadee's tones are quite legato and deliberate, these two notes of the Blue Jay, which are also whistled, in contrast to his scream of "Jay!", are more abrupt and best imitated by whistling the two notes with a roll of the tongue between them. The Jay is a much better musician than he is often given credit for. I have recorded a large number of themes, some of them quite different in form from the example given. Of the single interval skip, I have heard seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths and octaves. Occasionally he jumps upward instead of downward.

The Red-winged Blackbird has long been a subject for poets, and many are the imitative phrases which have been invented to suggest the sound of his song—"O-ka-lee!" "Kong-querree!" "Gug-lug-gee!" etc. It will be noted that they all end with long s, and this is, indeed, characteristic of the song. It is not always true that the song contains three notes, as I have often heard a song with but two. Sometimes, too, the last note, which is a long drawn out, quavering tone, would alter a bit in pitch, producing a four or five note theme. There is a liquid quality in the song of this bird, who lives commonly in swamps and marshes, which deserves more than passing comment.

Just what factors have contributed to produce the characteristic style of a song of a given species is an interesting study in itself. Of course, when a style has once been formed, it is perpetuated largely through imitation, modified by hearing songs of other species. Caged wild birds which have never heard the songs of their own species are not apt to sing the songs of their kind, but with their inherited vocal quality will produce songs entirely their own. But there seems to be a good deal of reason for the belief that, in the origin of songs, sounds of nature, such as wind and water, and the voices of animals which were commonly heard, entered largely into the formation both of tone qualities and of song forms. The ornithologist Wilson writes:

Standing on the reedy borders of the Schuylkill or Delaware in the month of June, you hear a low crackling sound similar to that produced by sir-bubbles forcing their way through mud or boggy ground when trod upon; this is the song of the Marsh Wren.

The voices of several water birds suggest the croaking of frogs, that of the Grashopper Sparrow suggests the origin of his name, the "Quirk" of the Red-headed Woodpecker has much the quality of that of the tree-toad, while the voice of the Ostrich at a distance has been mistaken for the roar of the lion. So it is but natural that the song of the Red-winged Blackbird should have been influenced by the sound of the water lapping against the reeds and rushes which formed the support of his nest.



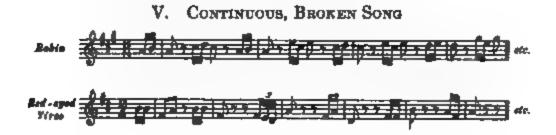
The Whip-poor-will is a singer of nocturnes, but with no talent for thematic development. In fact, he will repeat the same theme with no variation a hundred or more times, and seemingly without renewing his breath supply. For sustained utterance he is without doubt the champion, and as for breath control, no one can touch him! He is an example of the birds whose names were suggested by the sound of their calls or songs, as are also the Chickadee, Chewink, Dickcissel, etc.

My introduction to the Carolina Wren occurred a number of years ago, as I was in my garden one morning hoeing potatoes. From a tree near by came a cry which sounded extremely like "Potato! potato! potato!" I was unacquainted with the bird at the time, in fact, I knew but little about bird-music. For several years the incident remained in my mind, and at last my curiosity as to the identity of this very discerning bird was satisfied when I heard the same song from the Carolina Wren. The notes were as given in my first example While the figure employed in the songs of this bird vary greatly, it is readily identified, for it is always delivered with the same energy and exactness of rhythm.

While the Cardinal is recognized as one of our most beautiful birds, many do not know that he is also a charming singer. "What cheer? what cheer?"—he seems to be doing his best to whistle these words. In the example given, he seemed to say: "Come here! come here! come here! pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty!" An easy and delightful way to cultivate his acquaintance is to construct a shelf just outside the window, and to keep it supplied throughout the winter with good things to eat, such as nut meats, sunflower seeds, suct and, above all, an ear of corn. No need of cracking the corn for him, for he can easily pull off the kernels and crunch them with his powerful mandibles, for he belongs to the family of Grosbeaks, who are noted seed eaters. And when in the early spring during a belated blizzard, after supplying his needs with this heat producing food, he breaks forth with this wonderful, liquid song, we feel amply rewarded for our efforts in keeping his larder stocked.

American Warblers are not noted for any great musical ability, but there are a few species which have songs possessing a certain interest. The song of the Maryland Yellowthroat, while varying as to intervals in certain individuals, has a characteristic form, and is invariably delivered with dash and sprightliness. Often it takes the form of an arpeggiated triad—5-3-1, repeated three or four times, and sounding a bit like "witchery" or "witchity." The example given is better represented by the syllables "witch-i-tee-o."

The Ovenbird, also a Warbler, received his name from his habit of building his nest upon the ground with the entrance on the side, something like a Dutch oven. If the vocal performance of the Field Sparrow is a study in accelerando, that of the Ovenbird is as remarkable for its crescendo. His first tones have a decided ventriloquial effect, seeming to come from far away. As he proceeds, the power increases in intensity until you confidently look into the tree nearest you for the singer, and the odd thing is that he may be very near or he may be some distance away. As a small boy remarked, "It sounds just as it does when I strike my hammer on a rock, and keep hitting harder and harder." This bird also has a beautiful song delivered while in the air, after the fashion of the Skylark.





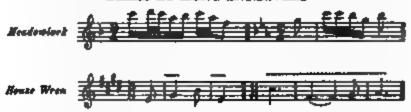
It is worthy of mention that the four birds which I have included in this group as possessing characteristics somewhat similar, represent three distinct families. The outstanding difference between the songs of the Robin and Red-eyed Vireo, whose songs are often confused, is one of rhythm, the former commonly employing three-part time, the latter, two-part. The Robin, moreover, seems to have a song more or less definite in form, and sometimes of a definite length like that of the Grosbeak, which he repeats at intervals, while the Vireo's performance is a continuous one, so much so, in fact, that he has been nicknamed the Preacher. He seems to have no sequence or order in his utterances, but rambles on indefinitely, arriving nowhere, but all the time delivering his themes with considerable earnestness.

The Brown Thrasher, sometimes errroneously called Brown Thrush, for he is not a Thrush but a cousin of the Catbird, is one of the most interesting singers among our American birds. While the Cathird sings from his retreat in the thicket, the Thrasher takes his position upon the topmost twig of the tallest tree in the neighborhood, and sings for the edification of the entire countryside. So far as one may judge, he sings solely for the pure joy of singing, and to express his satisfaction at being alive and in the midst of plenty, with perhaps the consciousness that his chief auditor is the mate upon her nest in a hedge near by. The most interesting feature of his singing is his habit of repeating most of his themes with exactness of interval and rhythm, with an ensuing pause of perhaps a second. No wonder that it is a common conceit that he is giving suggestions to the farmer boy concerning his tasks. In fact, the themes which I have quoted suggested the words, "Here! here! he'll do it! he'll do it! get to work! get to work! quick! quick! quick! very quick! whee-o! wee-o! wee-o!"

While the Catbird sometimes repeats his themes, this is not characteristic of him. He is a mocker or imitator, so that one may hear, in his song, calls and song phrases of many other birds. One of the most remarkable performances I ever heard was given by two Catbirds, one of them mimicking, sotto voce, phrase by phrase, the song which the other was singing, being

always one phrase behind the other, thus singing one phrase while listening to another. Truly a stiff lesson in ear-training.

VI. SEVERAL SONGS IN REPERTOIRE, EACH REPEATED SEVERAL
TIMES AT LONG INTERVALS



Song Sparrow. (For melodies see page 244.)

While the Song Sparrow is, without doubt, as previously stated, the premier melodist, the Meadowlark must also becredited with a large repertoire of interesting and distinctive themes. His songs, while as a rule shorter than those of the Song Sparrow, are more restricted in range, and as a result possess greater uniformity of tone quality. Though he commonly sticks to one song for several repetitions, if another Meadowlark enters his domain whistling another song, he will often change to a new song himself, or perhaps alter the key of the song he had been singing. A brief period spent in listening to Meadowlarks will yield a goodly number of most interesting themes.

While it may seem strange to credit the common House Wren with singing a song which may be represented on the staff, careful observation will show that while the voice is almost constantly trilling or rapidly repeating a tone, yet there is usually a definite melodic form, which is held to quite consistently for several repetitions. And as for whole-souled singing, he sings with his whole body as well; for from the end of his vibrating bill to the tip of his drooping tail he is a-quiver with the ecstasy of his singing. Of course, when he wakens us at four o'clock in the morning, we fervently wish we had never enticed him with a ready-made nesting box to take up his quarters so near to our own, but such inconveniences will be readily forgotten in the subsequent delight of listening to his exuberant singing or watching his tireless energy in filling the gaping mouths of his offspring.

VII. Songe Consisting of Several Perases Separated by Long Pauses





All things considered, there is no doubt that the Thrushes are the finest singers among our American birds. While the Song Sparrow surpasses them as a melodist, the Thrush voice is so immeasurably superior that, coupled with their real ability in creating interesting themes, they must be reckoned as the greater performers. Instead of repeating at intervals a given melody as does the Song Sparrow, the Thrushes mentioned above sing a series of themes separated by pauses, the entire series being repeated with occasional variation. Moreover, they seem to have an uncanny appreciation of harmonic sequence, as the examples will show. As in the case of the Song Sparrow, a given theme means to them a certain succession of definite pitches. A rather unusual performance of a Hermit Thrush was observed by the writer, in which the bird would sing the theme:



in the key of A, two or three themes in other keys, then the theme just mentioned in the key of B flat, followed by other themes, then reverting again to the theme in A. This series was repeated several times

While the Wood Thrush and Hermit Thrush sing in a fairly legate manner, the Olive-back is more inclined to the portamento; in fact, his song is often nothing but a series of ascending curves, represented by a broken seventh-chord heavily slurred, as the Veery's song is a series of descending curves.

Much has been written about the wonderful voices of the Thrushes. As each species of the family differs in the form of its song, so, too, does the voice have its own distinctive quality. The Wood Thrush has a more liquid quality than the others, though the high tone with which he often closes a song has a

very thin, reedy timbre. The Hermit's voice habitually displays more reediness, though his opening long tone is fairly clear. Veery has also a reedy quality, though full and mellow, but he lacks the melodic ability of the other Thrushes. His twilight song will linger a long while in the memory as one of the most wonderful to be heard in the northern woods. Which of the Thrushes is the finest singer is a matter of dispute, some favoring the Hermit and some the Wood Thrush, while Henry Van Dyke. referring to the Scottish Laverock, says:

> I only know one song more sweet, The vespers of the Veery.

It is a fact which is often commented upon, that the American people have no heritage of folk-song such as has enriched the musical life of many European nations. The nearest approach to it is found in the songs of the American Negro and the American Indian, both groups of songs having originated in this country, though from alien races May I venture to suggest that to these groups which are distinctively indigenous to this country, we add a third group which is just as truly American—the songs of American birds? While I do not advocate the extensive use of bird-melodies in art-songs. I have for some time felt that we should have a body of songs for children based upon bird-melodies and calls which should thus be distinctively our own, for as American birds differ from the birds of Europe, Asia and Africa, so their songs are peculiarly an American possession.

The importance of encouraging bird study on the part of children has been pretty generally recognized throughout the country. May I suggest, as a final word, that not the least important feature of such study should be the careful hearing of bird-songs and call-notes, for aside from the development of the aesthetic sense, what finer ear-training could be devised than the discrimination of the infinite variety of tone qualities, rhythms and melodic forms to be heard in the performances of

our feathered friends of field and forest?

## NOTES VERSUS TONES

### By ARTHUR GEORGE

To read, or not to read—music that is the question. I am well aware that the instrumentalist is provided for, rather well, in the note, or staff, system; for infinite repetitions of each note of the score to its invariable place in key and finger position on the instrument makes the mere pitching of tones a virtually automatic process.

But the human throat contains no places named C, D, E, F,

G, A, B; with their justly celebrated flats and sharps.

And that, to the discerning and imaginative music-master—the lover of the art for its own glorious sake—should immediately clinch my argument for a tone system. Nevertheless, the probabilities are that I must go on, beating my already diminished head against a dead wall of conservatism; that has its daily and nightly struggles with a set of difficulties that appear to be accepted as inherent in the art, while actually they are artificially set up in discouragement of our artistic ambitions by an unworkable music orthography.

This mere alphabet is habitually known as "music." Always it is a tabulation of absolute pitches, visually unrelated to one another as melody or harmony, such relations being customarily

established by instrumental experiments.

It is a fact often observed by me as an amateur chorister, in highly cultured communities, that trained singers, even professional soloists, do not read the staff system directly, in any but the simplest and most obvious melodies: they resort to a translating machine, either listening to their own painfully acquired skill on the keyboard, or that of accompanist or director, and finally getting it "by ear."

So serious is this trouble, and so universal where reliance is had on the broken reed we call the "staff," that I feel justified in

"Those who discovered a misprint in the note prefixed to the first number of The Musical Quarterly will have given the editor. I trust, the benefit of doubt by this time, for it was really to be "Audistar et altera pars" and not merely "audistar". But there is a limit to every debate. Even on the ments of Sol-fa as against the "staff," and vice versa. In other words, so far as The Musical Quarterly is concerned, the controversy, with the articles by Mr. George and Mr. Whitaker, will be ajourné—à la Clemenceau. Most of the "reform" schames mentioned at the end of the article, Mr. George would agree with me, were either stupid or crasily complicated, generally both.—Ed.

telling tales out of singing school, much as I would regret to humiliate certain fine artists of my acquaintance: and they were not all vocalists.

For, to dispose of the players first, in a Rossini "Stabat Mater" number the woodwinds went merrily along in the printed key for a couple of measures, while the strings observed the injunction to take it a semitone flat: they played notes regardless; they harkened not for tone effects. In the "Elijah" rehearsal a baritone blatted forth a "ray"; his companion called it a "me" by note. The trumpeter in "The Trumpet Shall Sound," of The Messiah, did his little whole-tone turns in semitones. All at the final orchestra rehearsals. My foolish little imported book of tone characters, printed in straight lines that formed no staff picture of the tune at all, informed me instantly what was wrong. The expert professionals had to be corrected: they had notes which, as regards pitch and related tone values, looked all alike. It became, therefore, for them a matter of close observation of exact places on lines and spaces, with watchful calculation also of the modifying effects of signatures and accidentals. I suspect that the majority of players pay little heed to the tone relation of their own scores to those of the other players and the singers; they do not listen, and in unfamiliar works do not even have time or opportunity to perceive what the assembled effect should be.

Now for a few instances in vocal effort, all in advanced rehearsals, observed in my extremely limited experience with staff "readers," if you will pardon the quotation marks A prominent basso, guided with piano cue from a famous Bach specialist of Pennsylvania, struck Dok and sang the next tone Soh, instead of Lah, in Mendelssohn's "Antigone." I offered him my funny little book, that instantly told me what he failed to accomplish. He said, "I quit that stuff twenty years ago." Alas! Twenty years too soon. Another professional basso, from Italy, and in the wholesale liquor business as a side line, sang "Mors, mors stupebit," page S5, Verdi's "Requiem," as Soh, Fe, Fe, Fah, Fah. I had a staff copy, and would myself have taken his word for it. But it runs from Soh down to Me, three semitones. With tone characters, I would defy any orchestra to put me out; and so could he have forgotten what notes they were. In "Quando Corpus" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which is a cappella, tenor and alto made an octave unison of it in the second line, where the key changes from B flat to F, at least in my "idiot's delight," as it has been called. So the pianist, discreetly in place for such an emergency, had to act as referee, breaking the clinch, pianissimo; for it was

right in the recital. And my little book told on them, instantly. The tenor, a trained solfaist, was helpless with a staff copy.

Then again, a professor of mathematics in a great university, a retired organist and a retired soloist, tenors, were automatically and unanimously agreed that, in "The Elijah" number, "Behold! God the Lord," "Onward came the Lord," second to fifth, should then repeat fourth to sixth. The professor and my "short-hand" both demanded Fah, Fah, Te, Te, Te, Soh; or fourth to seventh major, to fifth. Of course, the other way sounded more natural, and they made a logical stab at it. The notes conspired with Mendelssohn to trip them up. It may happen to anybody, not protected by a graphic score, if you will pardon me again.

As a matter of easily proven fact, the vast majority of us never hear the notes of music; and then only when either very familiar with the score, or gifted with absolute pitch. Nor then do they come to us with any musical value as mere notes, but always as related tones in melody and harmony: that is what music is

I regret the apologetic attitude taken by certain advocates of what is ridiculously known as "tonic sol-fa," who qualify their argument by supporting the method, patronizingly, as an introduction to the staff. Even John Curwen, who made Britain a vast singing society by the elaboration of Miss Glover's ideas for a tone system, made of his own labors but a stepping-stone to the traditional, highly respectable and unworkable form that is our daily affliction and time waster.

I have called the staff system a cryptogram, greatly to the distress of my conventional friends. I had it out personally here in California with the eminent Bach scholar mentioned. I read him the famous "Mass in B minor," forward, backward and arpeggio, having the music, specially imported; and a note at each

modulation, most of them missing in staff.

Understand that I am not a musician, and there is not to be construed a case of excess-ego in these remarks. The point is that a dub, with a scientific score, written in the terms in which music is inspired, composed, rendered and heard, can beat a trained singer armed only with a list of absolute pitch notes, that do not relate themselves to one another visually. Therefore imagine what our singers and players could accomplish with music that revealed its tone values unmistakably to all members of an ensemble, each of them knowing positively to a semitone what all of the others are doing with respect to his own tones.

I know so little of the theory of music technically, that I must reduce a phase of my argument to the tempered scale computation,

and that is bad enough. For, in the usual two clef vocal score, with a range of four octaves, we have in the staff a matter of 576 tone guesses to labor with, as against the twelve tone certainties per octave, good at a moment's notice for any key desired, of a "tonic" method. To illustrate, C may be any one of twelve such tones, according to key; C sharp or D flat another twelve. And they do say there are fifteen keys!

In a necessarily limited article I cannot do more than refer to the other and minor tomfooleries of the staff system. The whole note that fits only a four-four measure; the signature that persists through infinite modulations, such as in "The Pilgrims' Chorus" and "Come, ye Daughters" of the "St. Matthew Passion," and very commonly elsewhere; flats and sharps that produce naturals in the effective key; naturals introduced to make accidentals, and the two clefs with their two-tone variance in reading. You see that I am wholly irreverent toward well established precedent.

It is distinctly unfair to the lovers of good music to discourage their studies and exertions for the art with utterly artificial and irrational barriers that facilitate the reading of scores in no respect at all, other than an approximate chart of the general aspect of the tune. I positively do not want the straight line tonic sol-fa system; though it is infinitely superior to the staff, for singing. But it is cluttered with numbered octaves, is unpictorial and does not serve the purposes of the player adequately. It has a scientific basis, however, and it works.

My plea, therefore, is that public spirited musicians and promoters get together, design a system of twelve tone characters, preferably in two faces of type to separate adjoining voices; with time punctuation characters, the quarter-note a "whole" note, or rather tone; staff lines therefore and therewith abolished; key and modulation notes only, the characters set in the score according to pitch elevation, as nearly done, but not quite, in the staff.

For this task and purpose it is important that we take rather more than a present-day view of the question. The world will have music, and more and infinitely better music, a thousand years from now, when extant compositions will be museum curios, and our greatest musicians and publishers and impresarios will be but faintly memorized names and biographic sketches. It is true that posterity has never done anything for us, but at least they have never done us any harm; and it is hardly fair to load them up with an incubus against their uses and expression of the finest of the arts.

Besides, we are also posterity, and have suffered enough, while our best music gathers dust on library shelves, understudied vitiatingly by a heavy and increasing tonnage of transient inanities and disturbances of the musical peace. Because there is no piano handy to let us find out what Bach, Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Verdi and the other great builders of tonal rhymes and rhythms have been trying to give us.

I mean, of course, a well considered music system that will serve as well as possible every musical purpose in the one form, either for vocal or instrumental solo, choral or keyboard work.

Besides, there ought to be millions in it.

#### ON THE READING OF MUSIC

Choir rehearsals everywhere, where the staff is used, consist of an endless series of experiments with tonally meaningless absolute pitches, retarding the work and wearying immeasurably the director, the inevitable keyboard translator and the singers.

Once the composition is thoroughly learned, however, all that is needed for recital is a starting pitch. Notes are forgotten. If the range is too high or too low, take a lower starting note, or a higher, and proceed exactly as it is written, on a transposed grouping of notes, but the same tune.

Which is to say, substantially, that music is not inspired, composed, interpreted or heard as sets and series of notes, but as melody and harmony of tones, natural or sophisticated scale, but never audibly having reference to any notes, as melody or harmony—as a tune.

All of which is trite truism to a musician of any attainment at all. Yet the reminder seems to be very much in order, by reason of the traditional, round-about, established methods we employ in preference to the obviously direct idea of reading tones, that the British people use successfully, in an utterly unpictorial straight line score.

The difference, reduced to a tempered scale computation, is that they employ at the most seventeen tone characters, shifted in pitch uniformly by means of the keynote; we, in the staff system, are confronted with notes, each of which is, according to key and unnamed modulation, any one of twelve or twenty-four tones and semitones of the scale.

While in the despised "tonic solfa" a tuning fork and the tonepitching intuition of the singers, reading tones as tones, get rapid and certain results, each voice part a visible and audible cue for every other; we, classically correct and futilely fatalist, listen and listen and listen again to the interpretations of the keyboard, haltingly reading the time, and largely memorizing the tune "by ear."

And then there is the other clef, its other form of note readings and its confusing two tone skip, easily disposed of by means of a

ledger line and a new space between staves.

And the "whole note," poor thing; too fat to go into a short measure, and too short to fill even a five-four; and to be inconsistently repeated in order to be sustained beyond its theoretical wholeness.

And the whole note and the half-note and the quarter-note and the eighth and so on: each time-size looking exactly the same under all of the twelve tone conditions, the most immediately important detail, the tone value to be computed or remembered from a previous occurrence, with a confusing new set of calculations should the "accidentals" cause a modulation, contradicting the signature.

If it is true that the best art is that which conceals art, then surely the staff system of concealing the art of music in a crypto-

gram takes "top hole."

We are in this situation at the moment: provided with a system that players can use rather well for mechanical reasons, and that singers, unequipped with note places in head or throat or lungs, cannot use at all. Britain, on the other hand, must resort to two systems, each workable separately for voice or instrument, but not mutually translatable at sight.

On both sides of the ocean we are without the one system that singers could use both for its tonal and pictorial aspects; and that players who are musicians, reading tones, should be able to refer instantly to their invariable note places on the instrument in each given key; therefore modulating to a stated passing key without any conscious idea of transposed readings.

This work, so far as I know, is yet to be done with authority and completeness. It is not a task for the amateur or the merely struggling professional, but rather for a college of cardinals in the art—for master musicians to bend their highest efforts to, under

the full authority of the music world.

Therein perhaps lies our greatest difficulty; because the recognized masters have comparatively little to contend with in the staff, it appears strange to them that the common run of us find it a confounding thing to deal with. But, as the politician says, "it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us." We cannot read music, because we get no music to read. Staves and notes

and bars and rests and ties and braces and other haberdashery in plenty, but nothing in the score that tells graphically what tone of that particular scale the note is intended to be. It becomes a job of cross-reference and calculation, without the machine and the expert operator to tell the ear what the voice is to do, while in a large minority of the lines the signature is definitely contradicted by the "accidentals;" the "natural" sometimes an "accidental;" the sharp or flat another time a natural, in the effective key. It must be admitted that the alleged keynote is often a theory, rather than a working condition. Sometimes, under test, it is discovered

not to be the key, for a few lines or more.

Just a sketch of the constructive side of the argument. all practical musical purposes we need not more than twelve tone characters, preferably new in form and reserved for musical uses. They may suggest the tone letters of the familiar scale, doh, de, ray, re, me, fah, fe, soh, se, lah, le and te. That is a chromatic scale, instantly available for any key. They may be advisedly engraved in two faces of type, to distinguish adjoining voices, which occasionally meet and exchange altitudes, and are found a staff-confusion very commonly These, unqualified in the score, should be quarter-notes in time value, that being practically the modern whole note. They are readily extended, beat by beat, with beat divisions and sustaining beat dashes, terminated by eighth, sixteenth or thirty-second tacet characters in the last beat: the same being used as tacets in a beat initially silent, with the same quarter-tone character moved to the right, with or without a following tacet.

The point in this detail is that added heat time for a tone is better shown by succeeding time punctuations than in the form of the note, since this cannot sustain indefinitely, and must be incontinently repeated. It also confuses the score by such repetitions; and by obscuring its own heat values, in the case of a half

or whole note.

Then, having our set of tone characters, the printer sets them in the elevation lines corresponding to their relative pitch, which is the one redeeming feature approximated by the staff. That is not essential to a tone system, but is desirable for instrumental work and visual suggestion for the vocalist; also dispensing with the figuring of the outside octaves necessary in straight line sol-fa.

Now wipe out your staff lines, and of course your spaces. You positively do not need them any more. The tone character tells the tune. The key note, by name, tells the point of beginning for each starting tone of each voice or each instrument. Really,

it won't bother you a day, hardly That is, if you are a musician, and fairly bright. For I, a mere and very occasional amateur singer, can take Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Dvořák, Rossini—any of those top notch fellows, in the common print shop tone system named, with no hint of a picture of the tune, and read them at first sight, just as you read a story; except that I or any solfaist can back track from the end, or jump from voice to voice at a moment's notice. We get our music precisely in the terms in which we hear it. The tone character, following a brief period of training, tells the vocal cords and the lungs, as it were, what sort of combination to put over; it is done intuitionally, and it would be a conscious effort to do it wrong. With staff, it is a conscious and distinctly mathematical effort to do it right. In fact, the staff system is a disgrace to the art; for the good and ample reason that it does not work

Lest some far-sighted, competent lover of music should get my point by the remotest chance—I am becoming a cynic from experience with the professors—there is a small and vital detail to be attended to. As hinted, the human throat is not fitted for staff purposes—an oversight of nature. It contains no key or fret; a note, as a note, means nothing in its young life. Therefore, in the case of a modulation, the voice must have an intuitional guide from the passing key to the new or transient key of the modulation, and from that again to the next. Therefore the bridge tone, to be inserted, preferably, between closely set bars, just to indicate the pitch of the next tone as if written in the passing key. Of course, being in a new key effectively, each succeeding tone has a new name for its note pitch.

Regard the tone, and you have music that a musician can read; putter with notes, and you are into higher mathematics, and the composer, not an absolute pitch genius, cannot read his own work.

This is iconoclasm, to be sure. And if to be conventional is to be right, regardless of results, then staff must rule forevermore, and the congregation will just begin to get the idea of the new tune about the last stanza, if it is a good, long Methodist hymn.

The editor informed me a few years ago that he had personally examined many different schemes at the Library of Congress designed for the circumvention of this eminently respectable and traditional accretion of technicalisms. Surely, if staff were but fairly and reasonably workable, such a number of inventors would not have wasted their time trying to show it up and get rid of it.

We have shiploads of the world's best music scattered around in private, professional and public libraries of our country, but for all the good it is to any ordinary musician, singer or player, who attempts to sit down at a table and actually read it, it might about as well be written in cuneiform or Chinese; with a certain advantage at least in the latter case, wherein each character always means the same thing, they tell me.

# A REPLY TO "TONIC-SOLFA : PRO AND CON"

# By W. G. WHITTAKER

T seems like harking back many years to find discussion again on the question of the relative merits of the new and the old notation, but Mr. Fuller-Maitland's article in the January, 1921, MUSICAL QUARTERLY contains so many extraordinary statements that it is difficult to see how they can remain unchallenged.

Let me clearly state in the first instance that I am not a user of TSF. In my younger days I was strongly opposed to it, but when brought face to face with practical work in choral societies and choirs of all sorts, with children in singing classes and with adult singing pupils, I was driven, like many other musicians, to seek refuge in the aid given by a system extraordinarily accurate in its notation, and devised in its teaching methods with insight rarely known in the musical-educational world. I have a great respect for the musical knowledge and experience of the veteran past critic of "The Times," but no man who has worked with singers to any extent could possibly have made statements such are contained in the article in question. Every practical musician will agree with his summary that "perhaps the most useful work of TSF is as the best possible introduction to the staff notation."

"The attempt to set up the TSF system as a rival to it (the staff) is bound to meet with ultimate failure."

But it is scarcely true that a "great number of people in England" "tell you, with a smirk of complacency, that they do not sing from the old notation." There may have been a great number twenty or more years ago, but the number is steadily diminishing, and they are rarely met with now. The people one meets only too frequently are applicants for choral society membership and solo singers, who "tell you, with a smirk of complacency," that they know nothing of TSF, and they are always people who cannot read staff notation of the standard of the junior classes in an elementary school. They cannot keep time, they merely guess the intervals of a tune, they have no systemized knowledge whatsoever. One sees them sitting superiorly

inactive in choral societies when the conductor explains that a passage such as A sharp, B sharp, C double sharp is merely  $d \tau$  m, and bega his singers to pencil these simple aids above the complicated notation. The staff-by-solfs singer generally gets the passage right the next time, but the pure staffist merely guesses again

and usually guesses wrongly.

Three strange statements occur in the paragraph beginning on page 69. Mr. Maitland speaks of the difficulty "of reading anything like a score so as to give the composite idea of a harmonic progression by the sight of four rows of figures." But the difficulty is simply that Mr. Maitland was brought up to read staff, whereas a solfaist is brought up to read the other notation. It reminds one of the astonishment of an English girl who heard a Parisian child talking French:—"Isn't she awfully clever to talk a difficult foreign language so easily?" As a matter of fact, harmonic progressions are read in a solfa score by exactly the same process that a staffist of experiences uses; the latter does not read individual notes, but recognises by signs in the context what the progression is, say a dominant chord followed by the tonic; he knows it, whether it is in the key of F or of F sharp, and he can recall instantly the mental effect. Only, a solfaist's path is made easy for him by his notation; there is only one way of writing the dominant chord, only one way of writing the tonic chord; in staff there are sixteen ways with key-signatures alone, not counting those with accidentals. I repeat, I do not use solfanotation myself, but an unprejudiced study of the elements of harmony in the letter method soon reveals that multitudes of difficulties are cleared out of the track of the learner.

The second statement is even more amazing, that "the representation of rests, and in general of the endurance of notes, as well as of silences, is imperfect." Anything more simple and teachable than the solfa method of indicating the lengths of both notes and rests cannot be conceived. While none of us would willingly part with our old familiar friends the crotchet and the minim, one has only to teach both notations to a class of young people to find out how relatively easy John Curwen's plans are

"The absence of any indication as to the length of time during which the one part upon which the singer's attention has to be fixed, should keep silence, makes it exceedingly difficult to impart even to an intelligent choir any composition of a polyphonic character." This is the strangest statement of all. All tonic-solfs copies are printed in score, all bars of rest are clearly given, for the duration of these the singer simply keeps his or

her eye upon the nearest line. Where is the difficulty? No choirtrainer has ever found one. In reality, it is much simpler than in staff notation; the letter system is more economical of space, the lines are therefore closer together, the eye has not to travel so far in search of a line to follow, and moreover a soprano or alto has not to think of a bass stave while following, during rests, a part for that voice. I fail utterly to see how this distinguished critic could have made such an accusation.

In modern teaching of TSF it is not customary to consider the relative minor as "merely an offshoot as it were of the major scale, to be constantly referred to the keynote of that scale instead of to its own keynote." It is pretty commonly recognized now that the most satisfactory plan is to teach the major and relative minor scales as equals, merely groups of notes chosen from a common body, one with doh as keynote, the other with lah as keynote. This is historically the correct method. If M. d'Indy is right in the theory he propounded in one of his Schola Cantorum addresses, that the student should live through briefly the various phases which musical art in its evolution to modernity has itself passed through slowly, and that the historical perspective thus gained is of infinite value to the development of musical consciousness, then this plan of teaching the two fundamental scales of music of recent conturies is sound. Most certainly it is practically of much value.

Mr. Maitland's table of the method of noting the modes is such obviously special pleading, that the present writer had to read it through several times to see if it was really meant seriously. For purposes of reference Mr. Maitland's table is given below, but with the letter-names, such as would be used by any teacher, given on the right hand side in each case. No further comment is needed.

I Dorian		III Phrygian		V Lydian		VII Mixolydian		IX Æolian	
ta.	$\mathbf{d}^{\dagger}$	ta	r <sup>j</sup>	t	m	ta	f	ta	8
1	t	la	ď,	1	r	Į	m	la	f
B	1	s	t	8	d	S	Г	S	rı
f	£	f	1	fe	t,	f	d	f	r
ma	f	ma	8	m	1,	מיז	t,	ma	d
r	m	de	f	r	8,	r	1,	r	$t_1$
ď	r	d	m	d	f,	ď	81	d	I,

Mr. Maitland's lack of real knowledge of practical TSF work is shown by the lowest three names he gives in the Phrygian Mode.

No teacher would dream of using d de ma under any circumstances whatsoever. It falsifies all principles of teaching. d ra ma has an entirely different mental effect, and though difficult, is quite

singable; d de ma is impossible.

Mr. Maitland's criticism of the method of noting modulation is again special pleading. "Every slightest modulation" does NOT require a shifting of the mind to the new tonic. It is only where a really definite key-change takes place that a change of tonic is marked. The charm which is exercised by a gradual change in the hearer's attitude towards a new key, of which Mr. Maitland speaks so excellently, is not interfered with in the least by the notational plan, any more that it would be by a change of key-signature in staff during such a passage. Notation is not music, but merely the means of writing music. The difficulty which Mr. Maitland finds in "reading anything like a score" does not qualify him to speak definitely on this point. "elaborate mental calculation to the effect that the note he has approached as Soh is for the next few bars to be thought of as Doh" is infinitely less puzzling than the elaborate mental calculations that a staff reader has to go through when passages are written in a key which differs from the key-signature. If Mr. Maitland had ever tried to teach sight-singing, he would have found that here he is trying to make a mountain out of a molehill enough, his position is completely refuted by a series of pianoforte classics issued under the editorship of the late Mr. Stanley Hawley, in which the chief merit is the disappearance of untold numbers of accidentals by the simple expedient of changing the key-signature where the key does really change. I believe that in a single line upwards of 100 accidentals are deleted. Now this is exactly the same process as is adopted in John Curwen's plan. of indicating modulation. Let the reader try the experiment of writing bars 34 to 37 of Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, Op 27, No. 2, changing the signature to three sharps. Almost every accidental disappears. An experienced player does not read all these signs. he merely "senses" the key, and the fixed key-signature disappears from his mind. But the beginner has to plod slowly through the bewildering forest of accidentals. But then in the case of the piano music it was Chopin who caused the "claborate mental calculation" necessary to read hundreds of redundant signs, so criticism must be silenced! It is acknowledged by the present writer that unnecessary complication can be caused in solfanotation by pettifogging changes of key, but these are not usually indulged in by translators, especially nowadays.

A strange statement is the following: "Perhaps some bold TSF advocate has tried to put Bach's B Minor Mass into this notation, but, if so, I am sure that most people who have attempted to learn it by that notation will have flown to the safe simplicity of the staff." If Mr. Maitland had ever tried to teach a large choral society works such as Bach's B Minor Mass, he would never talk of the "safe simplicity of the staff" or of people flying from TSF to the customary notation. Perhaps I may be allowed to state that I have taught this work, both Passions, more than a fourth of the existing church cantatas of the master, practically every important classical choral work from Byrd to Brahms, and numerous modern British works by Holst, Vaughan Williams, Grainger, Dale, Elgar, Bantock, Delius and others. If I had to choose between a choir of solfaists using the despised translation, and a choir of staffists with no knowledge of solfa, there would not be a moment's hesitation. Let me quote an instance. Dr. Coward's Sheffield Choir had to learn Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" (which is more difficult chorally than Bach's B Minor Mass) with other works in a single month of rehearsals, the work was translated into TSF, and lithographed specially.

Mr. Maitland said in the "Times": "This truly magnificent singing of truly magnificent music was a fitting climax to an

interesting festival."

An ideal choir is one in which all members sing from staff, and have a good knowledge of solfa as a foundation. Over and over again, particularly in rehearsing modern works, with their awkward intervals, terrifying notation and innumerable keychanges, a reference to solfa is the only sure means the choir-trainer has of obtaining correctness from his singers. The solfa-trained reader jots down on his or her copy the letternames of the notes, and most of the difficulty is conquered. Hours of talk about perfect fifths and augmented seconds and the like would not have anything like the effect of an explanation on the lines mentioned. Choir-members, or any other vocalists, do not sing by a mental calculation of intervals, but they reproduce series of sounds which they have become familiar with as the result of experience. Solfa simplifies that process better than any other plan invented by the wit of music-teaching man.

Mr. Maitland says that the "weightiest objection which trained musicians have to TSF is based on the quality of the music provided for its pupils." Now, in the early days of the spread of the movement, there was a tremendous demand for teachers, and any man who had acquired any fluency in sight-

singing, which was easily obtained through attendance at a few classes, could find work as a teacher of ardent disciples. It was inevitable that the taste of many of these people should be miserably poor. The result was that the standard of music used and published was very low. But that day has passed away; there are no longer multitudes of singing classes held throughout the length and breadth of the land. In spite of the bad music taught, the extinction of these classes has been a great loss to the world of choral music. The level of sight-reading of applicants for membership in choral societies is much lower than it was; there are few public classes in which adults can revise what they learned in childhood and increase their skill to qualify for good choirs. A deputation waited upon the Board of Education in January of last year to complain that the standard of sightsinging of students entering training colleges had fallen enormously during the last twenty years. With all their faults, these amateur workers laid foundations on which every choral society built, and the need of a modern equivalent of the wave of popular enthusiasm. started by John Curwen and his disciples is painfully evident to-day. No one can argue that the standard of music in choirs and singing classes at this day is what it ought to be, but how can that be charged to the account of the notation! It is the same argument as was used by a Member of Parliament against an educational bill at the beginning of last century, that if the people learned to spell they would read atheistical books, and turn into unbelievers. It was better for their souls that they should never learn to read at all, but remain attached to the church. Is no bad music issued in staff? Do "trained musicians" wish to abolish staff notation because fox-trots, ragtimes, sentimental drawing-room ballads and the like are played and sung by those people who have unfortunately learned crotchets, quavers, and cless? I am afraid that if lists of the music published in both notations were made and collated, the larger proportion of bad music would be credited to the hallowed notation of "trained musicians "

I agree that it is "a sad experience to go into a school in some part of England where all the children's voices are of a beautiful quality and all or nearly all possess strong musical instinct, and to hear the kind of trash which is being forced into their throats." That is not the fault of TSF, but of the conditions under which teachers are selected and trained for their profession, the system of examinations which insists on cramming in essential subjects, and dropping such things as music, and

which prevents many intending teachers from even getting the customary training of a child in music in elementary and secondary school and in pupil teachers' centre, because music does not count in marks [credits].

The writer has had a quarter of a century of experience in a University where teachers are trained, and he finds that the best classification he can make at the beginning of a new session is by the amount of reading ability in solfa that students possess. If they know the letter notation well, they can advance very greatly in general musicianship during their short College course and the miserably small amount of time available for musical work; if not, then the task is a difficult one indeed. And Mr. Maitland blames TSF for poor taste in songs in schools!

Another statement shows that Mr. Maitland is not familiar with the principles of TSF teaching. He says that the "singer's mind is always hampered by the temptation to repeat, instead of the words put down for him, the actual syllables which he is accustomed to associate with the notes he sings." Every teaching manual of TSF insists that the syllables must be only a means to an end, and that sufficient practice should be given in singing to laa. It is a first principle of teaching that one thing should be mastered at once. Any one who has taught in a school knows that the quickest and surest way of learning a song is to teach the tune by solfa (whether from the letter notation, or from the staff by means of these syllables), then have it sung to laa, and then to the words. Let any elementary or secondary school-music teacher be asked as to whether children prefer solfa syllables or words when they know a song!

There is a cryptic remark in the last paragraph of Mr. Maitland's article. "The difficulty of expressing any of the more complicated kinds of music, and the kind of attitude generally adopted by Solfaists towards real music, has caused the managers of many festivals to forbid any competing choir to use TSF." If the music for the competition cannot be translated into TSF, why is there need to forbid it? Will not the edict keep Solfaists out of the festival and allow them to remain wallowing in their own mire? If a festival is to be for the elect, why hold it at all? The statement is difficult to understand; perhaps it is meant that in sight-singing competitions staff is insisted on. If so, it is a very desirable necessity. The grave mistake of teachers in the past has been to neglect to lead their students to the conventional notation. Fluency is so easily obtained that it is a temptation to go no further.

In conclusion, a statement of the attitude, not of the writer alone, but of the vast majority of choir-trainers and teachers of class-singing in the country, towards this question. No system has ever been designed which is so valuable, in psychological insight, in practical utility, in case of handling, in adaptability to the general mass of the taught, as John Curwen's TSF. The easiest approach to ear-training, sight-singing, musical appreciation, is through its doors. The easiest and most effective way of teaching staff notation is to take every step in solfa first and then apply it immediately to staff notation. The two notations should exist side by side. Where staff only is taught, or where the amount of solfa reading is strictly limited, staff reading suffers in fluency and certainty. While misplaced enthusiasm in the early days of the movement led to a certain amount of evil amidst much good, it would be folly for the present generation of teachers and choral conductors and private singing-teachers to abandon the benefits it can bring. TSF notation should be strictly used as a means to an end, that end being the reading from staff, the cultivation of ear and musical susceptibility.

# HEINRICH HEINE'S MUSICAL FEUILLETONS'

EINE was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, as is witnessed by his famous "Two Grenadiers," with which Schumann's song setting is identified for all time, and which was written in 1819, when he was preparing for his university studies in Düsseldorf. Sitting on a bench in the old Hofgarten in that city, he heard behind him "confused voices which lamented the fate of the poor Frenchmen who, dragged off to Siberia subsequent to the Russian campaign, were kept there for many years, although peace had long since been declared, and were only now returning home." In Paris, in 1837, he could not help but hear the Napoleonic ballads, notably the songs which were sung to Béranger's popular texts, and his word picture of the blind Napoleonic veteran of Dieppe, who sang them nightly to the waves, has every right to be included in his feuilletons.

It occurs in the letters from Paris of the year 1837, written during May, "Concerning the French Stage," and will be found in the fifth letter, "Napoleon's Importance for the French Stage," with its happy view of Napoleon in French popular song.

I have never seen a vaudeville in which Napoleon sang - Everyone else sings. I have even heard old Prits, Frédéric le Grand, singing in vaudeville, and singing such wretched verses that one might believe he had written them himself. In fact, the verses of these (French) vaudevilles are beneath contempt, but not their music, especially in pieces in which peg-leg veterans and the Emperor's greatness as a general and his sorrowful end. The gracious lightness of vaudeville in such cases takes on an elegac-sentimental tone which might move even a German. The poor texts to these Complainter are then adapted to those familiar melodies to which the people sings its Napoleonic songs. The latter are echoed here in every place, one might believe they float in the air, or that the birds sing them in the branches of the trees. These elegiac sentimental melodies are continually in my mind, as I hear them sung by young girls, little children, crippled soldiers, with all sorts of accompaniments and every kind of variation. It was the blind invalid of the citadel of Dieppe who sang them most touchingly. My dwelling lay at the very foot of the citadel of Dieppe where it projects out into the sea, and there, on those dark walls, the old man sat for nights at a time and sang the deeds of the Emperor Napoleon. The ocean seemed to listen to his songs, and

<sup>\*</sup>Continued from the January, 1993, number — As there'remarked, the Fauilletons were translated from the Gorman by Mr. Frederick H. Martens, who also wrote the connecting notes.—Ed.

the word gloirs always progressed so solemnly across the waves, which sometimes swirled up in admiration and then silently continued on their nocturnal way. When they reached Saint Helena, perhaps they greeted that tragic rock with reverence, or flung their billows against it in sorrowful displeasure. Many a night 1 stood at the window and listened to him, the old invalid of Dieppe. I cannot forget him. I can still see him sitting on the old wall, while the moon comes forth from the dark clouds, and floods him with a melancholy radiance, the Ossian of the Empire'

#### THE GRAND OPERA: ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER

To the "Musical Reports from Paris" belongs Heine's account of "The First Performance of Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots!"

Paris, March 1, 1836.

Yesterday was a strange day for the fine world of Paris-the first performance of Meyerbeer's long yearned for "Huguenots" was given at the Opéra, and Rothschild gave his first great ball in his new botel. wished to enjoy both delights on the same evening, and overindulged to such an extent that I still feel as if I were intoxicated, thoughts and pictures staggering around in my head, and hardly able to write, being so deafened and weary. There can be no question of judgment. One had to listen to "Robert le diable" half a dozen times before one penetrated all the beauties of this masterwork. And critics declare that Meyerbeer has shown still greater perfection of form, a more ingenious carrying-out of detail in "Les Huguenots". He is probably the greatest living contrapuntist of the present day, the greatest artist in music; and this time he comes forward with entirely novel formative creations, he brings forth new forms in the realm of tone, and offers new includies, quite extraordinary ones, though he does not do so in anarchic plenteousness, but where and when he wishes, at the place where they are needed. Herein he differs from other genial musicians, whose wealth of melody really betrays their lack of artistry, for they allow themselves to be carried away on the flood-tide of their melodies, and obey rather than command their music Meyerbeer's artistic sense was with entire correctness compared with Goethe's yesterday, in the foyer of the Opéra. Only, in contrast to Goethe, the love of his art, for music, has taken on such a passionate character in the case of our great master, that his admirers are often concerned for his health. The oriental simile of the candle which consumes itself while giving light to others is truly applicable in this man's case. He is also the declared enemy of all that is unmusical, all dissonances, all hawling, all squeaking, and the most amusing tales are told regarding his antipathy for cats and caterwauling. The very presence of a cat is enough to drive him from the room, and even causes him to fall into a faint. I am convinced that Meyerbeer would die for a musical article of faith as others would for a religious one. Yes, I am of the opinion that if an angel blew his trumpet out of tune on the Day of Resurrection, Meyerbeer would be capable of lying still in his grave, and not taking part in the general rising of the dead. Owing to his enthusiasm for the cause, he is sure to defeat the small

opposition which, called forth by the colonial success of "Robert le diable" has since then had sufficient leisure to unite, and which is sure to intone its most malicious songs of dispraise at this new triumph of his. Hence you must not be automished if a few blaring discords are audible among the general cries of applicate. A music publisher who is not the publisher of the new score will probably be the little focal point of this opposition, supported by some musical reputations which have long since faded out or have never shone.

It was a wonderful sight, yesterday evening, to behold the most elegant public of Paris, festively attired, gather in the great hall of the Opera with trembling expectancy, with serious respect, almost with devotion. (In the posthumous "Thoughts and Fancies," Heine declares "Meyerbeer is the munical matter de planer of thearistocracy") All hearts seemed moved. This was music. And then the Rothschild ball! Since I did not leave until four o'clock this morning, and have not yet alept, I am too greatly weared to give you an account of the scene of this fête, the new palace built altogether in the Renaissance style, and of the astonished guests who wandered about it. These guests, as is the case at all the Rothschild sorries, consisted of a strict selection of aristocratic specimens, calculated to impress by reason of their great names and high rank, the women in particular by their beauty and dress. As regards this palace and its decorations, it unites all which the spirit of the sixteenth century could conceive, and for which the money of the eighteenth century could pay. In it the genius of the plastic arts competes with the genius of Rothschild. They have been working continually for the past two years at the palace and its decorations, and the sums expended upon it are said to have been enormous. M. de Rothschild smiles when questioned with regard to it. It is the Versailles of the plutocratic autocracy. At the same time the taste with which everything has been carried out, as well as the costliness, must be equally admired. M. Duponchel has undertaken the direction of the decorative work and everything testifies to his good taste. In general as well as in particular the refined artistic cultivation of the lady of the house, who is not alone one of the prettiest women in Paris, and distinguished by her wit and information, but who also concerns herself practically with the plastic arts, painting in especial, is in evidence. The Renaissance, as the epoch of Francia I is called, is now the mode in Paris. All is furnished and fitted up nowadays in the taste of that time, yes, in some cases this even becomes a mania. What is the meaning of this suddenly awakened passion for that epoch of awakened art, awakened joy in life. and awakened love for the intellectual in the form of beauty? Perhaps some of the trends of our own day are indicated by this sympathy!

The ninth letter of the series "Concerning the French Stage" is devoted to: "The Grand Opéra, Rossini and Meyerbeer." It begins with Heine's definition of music.

But what is music? This question occupied me for hours last night before I fell asleep. Munc is quite a peculiar matter, I might say that music is a mazvel. She stands midway between thought and semblance; she stands like a twilight mediator between spirit and matter; related to both and yet differing from both, she is spirit, but spirit domanding the measure of time, she is matter, but matter which can dis-

pense with space

We do not know what music is. But we know what good music is, and we know still better what poor music is, for we have heard a greater proportion of the last named kind. Musical criticism can be based only upon experience, not upon a synthesis, it should classify musical works only according to their resemblances, and accept the impression which they make in general as a standard.

There is nothing less adequate than theorizing in mune, it is true that we have rules mathematically determined rules, yet these are not music, they are only her qualifications, just as the art of drawing and the theory of color, or even paint-brush and palette are not painting, but merely necessary means. The nature of music is revelation, it is impossible to give an accounting of it, and true musical criticism is a science.

of experience

I know of nothing more unsatisfactory than a criticism by Monaeur Fétis, or by his son, Monneur Foetus, who, a priori, because of the reasons last named, will add to or take away from the value of a munical work by argumentation. Unitarisms of the kind, written in a species of dialect, and spiced with technical expressions, familiar only to the interpreting artist and not to the world of culture in general, lead the great mass to assign a certain amount of credit to chit-chat of its sort. Just as my friend Detmold has written a handbook on painting, by means of which one may become an art connouseur in two hours' time, someone should write a similar book on music, and employing an ironic vocabulary of music-critic phrases and orchestral jargon, put an end to the various trade-jobs of a Fétis and a Fortus.

The best musical criticism, the only kind which really proves anything. I heard last year in Marseilles, at a table d'hôte where two travelling men were arguing the question of the day, whether Meyerbeer or Rossini were the greater master. Whenever the one adjudicated the highest excellence to the Italian, the other countered, not with dry words, but by trilling some particularly fine includes from "Robert le diable". Whenever the first disputant could think of no more striking reply than eagerly to sing a few fragments of the "Barbiere di Siviglia" at him, and thus it went throughout the meal. Instead of a nouly exchange of meaningless figures of speech, they gave us the most delightful table-music, and at the end I had to admit that either one abould not argue about music at all,

or else do so only in this realistic way.

You will notice, dear friend, that I am not annoying you with any customary phrases with regard to the Opera. Yet in a discussion of the French stage, it is impossible to pass the latter without mention. Nor have you to fear a comparative discussion of Rossini and Meyerbeer, in the usual style, on my part. I confine myself to loving both of them, and not loving either at the other's expense. If the former, perhaps, appeals to me even more than the latter, this is only a private opinion, in no wise a recognition of superior worth. Perhaps it is a case of vices which sound in unison with other vices of my own in myself. I am by nature inclined toward a certain sole for mente, and I take pleasure in rechning on flowery mends, where I may watch the calm progressions.

of the clouds, and delight myself with their illumination, yet chance has so willed it that I often have been awakened from this comfortable dreaming by hard fate's ungentle poke in the ribs, that I have had to take a compulsory part in the sorrows and struggles of my time, and that then my interest was sincere and I fought with the bravest. Yet I do not know how to express it, my impressions always managed to maintain a certain apartness from the impressions of the others. I knew how they felt, but I felt quite differently from them, and no matter how lustily I exercised my war-steed, and how merculessly I hewed into the foe, yet the fever, the joy or the terror of battle never took possession of me.

I was often disturbed with regard to my inward peace of mind, for I noticed that my thoughts were elsewhere while I was exchanging blows in the thickest of the partiann battle, and at times I thought myself like Ogier, the Dane, who fought against the Samcens while in a dream. Rossini cannot belp but appeal more to a person of this type than Meyerbeer, and yet there are times when, even though he may not give himself up to it completely, the music of the latter will receive his enthusiastic homage. It is on the waves of the Rossman mune that the individual ions and sorrows of mankind rock most comfortably to and fro love and hatred, tenderness and longing, jealousy and pouting, it is all the isolated feeling of the individual. Hence the predominance of melody is characteristic of Roman's music, which is always the proximate expresnon of an individual emotion. In Meyerbeer, on the other hand, we find that harmony is the overlord, the melodies die away, nay, are drowned, in the flood of the harmonic masses, as the individual semations of individual people are drowned in the collective feeling of an entire nation. Our souls like to plunge into these harmonic atreams when the woes and joys of all humanity take possession of them, and they take sides in the great social questions. Meyerheer's music is social rather than individual, the grateful present, which rediscovers its inner and external feuds, its division of mind and struggles of the will, its need and its hope in his mune, celebrates its own passion and enthusiam while it is appliateling the great marstro. Rossini's music was better fitted for the period of the Restoration, when, after great battles and disappointments, the sentiment on behalf of their great collective interests was relegated to the background by men who were juded, and the sense for the individual ego could once more enter into its legitimate rights. Rossess would never have attained his great popularity during the Revolution or the Empire Robespierre might, perhaps, have accused him of writing anti-patriotic, modernist melodies, and Napoleon would surely not have made him a bandmaster in the Grands armis, where he had need of a collective enthusiasm. . .

Poor Swan of Penaro' the Gallic cock and the impenal eagle would, perhaps, have torn you limb from limb, and more suited to you than the battle fields of a civic virtue and of glory was the calm lake, along whose shows the cultivated lilies nodded pracefully to you, and where you could quietly scull up and down, beauty and loveliness in your every motion. The Restoration was Rossini's day of triumph, and even the stars of heaven which were keeping holiday at the time, and no longer concerned themselves with the fates of nations, harked to him with delight. The July Revolution, in the meantime, has caused a great commotion

in heaven and on earth; stars and men, angels and kings, aye, our Lord God Himself, have been torn out of their state of peace, once more have a great deal of business on hand, have neither leisure nor sufficient peace of mind to delight themselves with the melodies of individual emotion, and only when the great choruses of "Robert le diable" or the "Huguenots" rumble harmonically, exult harmonically, sob harmonically, do their hearts listen and sob, exult, thunder or rumble in enthumastic unison.

This is perhaps the ultimate reason for that unheard-of, colossal applause awarded the two great operas of Meyerbeer throughout the world. He is the man of his time, and the time, which always knows how to select its men, has tumultuously raised him upon its shield and proclaimed his rule, and holds its joyous entry with him. It is not exactly a comfortable position, thus to be carried in triumph, owing to the awkwardness or unskilfulness of a single shield bearer one may oscillate in the most ticklish manner, or even suffer severe bodily damage, the crowns of flowers which are flung at one's head, may on occasion inflict greater injury than they afford refreshment, when they do not actually defile one, coming from duty hands, and the overweight of laurely can surely cause the sweat of anxiety to run plentifully smile of extreme irony curls Rossini's fine Italian lips when he encounters such a processional, and he then complains of his weak stomach, which is growing weaker day by day, so that he declares he can no longer eat at all.

This is hard, for Rosani was always one of the greatest of gourmands. Meyerbeer is exactly the opposite; in his personal appearance as his enjoyments, he is moderation itself. Only when he has invited friends does one find his table well set. Once when I intended to dine with him à la farture du pot, I found him sitting down to a wretched dish of dried cod, which formed his whole dinner. Naturally I declared that

I had already eaten.

Many have said that he is miserly. This is not the case. He is only miserly with regard to his own personal expenses. Toward others he is generosity itself, and unfortunate compatriots of his, in particular, have even abused this generosity. Philanthrophy is a domestic virtue in the Meyerbeer family, especially in the mother, to whom I send all those in need of aid, and never without success. And at the same time this woman is the happiest mother to be found on earth. Wherever she goes the glory of her son is sounded, wherever she walks or stands fragments of his music flutter about her ears, and at the Opéra, finally, where a whole public voices its enthusiasm for Giacomo in the most thundering appliance, her mother's heart trembles with a delight which we can hardly divine. In the whole history of the world I know of only one mother who might be compared to her, the mother of the two Saints Boromeus, who witnessed the coronation of her son in her own lifetime, and who could kneel in the church with thousands of the faithful and pray to him

Meyerbeer is now writing a new opera to which I am looking forward with the greatest curiosity. I find the development of this genius a most remarkable exhibition. It is with interest that I follow the phases of his musical as well as of his personal life, and observe

the reciprocal effects developing between him and his European public. Ten years have now passed since I first met him in Berhn, between the university building and the guardhouse, between science and the drum, and he seemed to feel very ill at ease in this position. I rememher meeting him in the company of Dr. Mark, who at the time belonged to a certain regency which, during the minority of a certain young genius who was regarded as the legitimate successor to Mozart, paid uninterrupted homage to Sebastian Bach. This enthusiasm for Sebastian Back was not only intended to fill out the interregnum in question, but also to destroy the reputation of Rossini, most feared and hence most hated by the regency. Meyerbeer at the time was regarded as an imitator of Rossini, and Dr. Marz treated him with a species of condescension, with an affable mien of lordly superiority which made me laugh heartily. Rossinism was at that time Meyerheer's greatest crime, he was still far removed from the honor of being antagonized for his own sake. He also wisely abstained from making any pretensions, and when I told him with what enthusiasm I had lately seen his "Crociato" performed in Italy, he smiled with capricious mel-ancholy and said. "You compromise a poor Italian like myself when you praise me here in Berlin, the capital of Sebastian Bach "

At that time Meyerbeer had become, in fact, altogether an imitator of the Italian. His dissotisfaction with the clammy-cold, acutely mental, colorless Berlin atmosphere had early called forth a natural reaction within him, he made his escape to Italy, enjoyed life happily, gave way there altogether to his private feelings, and there composed those delightful operas wherein Rossimism is carried to its sweetest exaggeration, where the refined gold is gilded, and the bily is perfumed with a more powerful fragrance. Those were Meyerbeer's happiest days, he wrote in the glad intomention of Italian sensuous enjoyment,

and picked the lightest of flowers in life as in art

Yet this was something with which a German nature could not content staelf long. A certain home-sickness for the seriousness of the Fatherland awakened in him, while he reclined beneath Southern myrtles he was haunted by the recollection of the mystic awesomeness of Teutonic oak forests, while mendional arphyrs careased him he thought of the sombre chorals of the north wind he may even have felt like Mme, de Sévigné, who, when she lived beside an orangery, and was constantly surrounded by the fragrance of orange-blossoms, commenced to years for the evil odors of a healthy cartful of manure . . In short, a new reaction was experienced, Signor Giacomo auddenly turned German again, and joined himself to Germany not the old, decaying, lived-out Germany of a narrow-minded Philistinism, but the young, generous, affranchised Germany of a new generation, which had made all humanity's problems its own, and which, if not always bearing them on its standard, had none the less borne the great problems of humanity ineffaceably graven in its heart.

Shortly after the Revolution of July Meyerbeer came before the public with a new work, born of his genius during the birth-pangs of the revolution in question—with "Robert le diable," that here who does not know exactly what he wants to do, and who is continually at variance with himself, a faithful picture of the moral irresolution of that

time, a time which oscillated in so tormentingly restless a manner between virtue and vice, which consumed itself between efforts and hindrances, and did not always possess the power to withstand the temptations of Satan. In no wise do I like this opera, this masterpiece of faint heartedness. I say faint heartedness not alone as regards its matter, but with respect to its execution as well, since the composer does not yet trust his own genius, does not dare to yield himself up to it with his whole mind, and tremblingly serves the mob instead of fearleady dominating it. At the time Meyerbeer was called, and rightly, a timid genius. He lacked a victorious confidence in himself, he showed his fear of public opinion, the least criticism frightened him, he flattered the public's every whim, and shook hands right and left in the most eager fashion, as though he had recognised the sovereignty of the people in music, and had founded his rule on the plurality of votes, in contrast to Rossni, who, like a king by the grace of God, reigned like an autocrat in the realm of tonal art. This apprehension has never left him; he is still wormed about the opinion of the public, but the success of "Robert le diable" had the fortunate consequence that he is not annoyed with this care while he is at work, that he composes with fargreater confidence, and that he allows the great urge of his soul to come forth in its creations.

It was with this extended freedom of spirit that he wrote "Les Huguenots," in which all doubts have disappeared, the inner struggle with himself has reased and the external duel has begun whose coloreal conformation astonishes us. It is with this work that Meyerbeer first. won his immortal citizenship in the eternal city of the human spirit, the divine Jerusalem of art. It is in his "Les Huguenots" that Meyerbeer at last reveals himself without reserve, with fearless lines he here limns his entire thought, and dares to express in unbridled tone all that moves his breast

What particularly distinguishes this work is the balance maintained in it between enthusiasm and artistic completion, or, better to express it, the even level of loftmess which passon and art attain in it; man and artist have here competed with one another; and while the former rings thu

<sup>1</sup>A story told in the annaymous "An Englishman in Paris" offers an amusing confirmation of Heine's assertion. "'It is a very jump thing,' and Lord———, as he came into the Café de Paris one morning, 'there are certain days in the week when the Her Le Pristur sevens to be awarming with beggars, and, what is funture still, they don't take any notice of me. I pass absolutely scot-free!"
"I'll wager," remarked Roger de Benuvoir, "that they are playing "Robert to diable" or "Lee Huguesota" to-night, and I can assure you that I have not some the latt."

"Now that you speak of it, they are playing "Les Eluguenota" to-night, replied Lord—, but what has that to do with it? I am not aware that the Paris beggers manifest preddection for Meyerbeer's operas, and that they are booking their

places on the days they are performed "It's simply this, explained de Beauvoir both Rossins and Meyerbert never fail to come of a morning to look at the bills, and when the latter finds his name on them, he is so overjoyed that he absolutely emption his pockets of all the cush they contain. Notwithstanding his many years of success, he is still alread that the public's liking for his muser is merely a passing fancy, and as every additional performance decreases this apprehension, he thinks he cannot be sufficiently thankful to Providence. His gratitude shows liself in almigiving

"I made it my bunness to verify what I considered do Beauveir's fantastical statement, and found it ashetantially correct."

torsin of the most savage passions, the latter knows how to ameliorate nature's savage tones to the most tenderly thrilling consonance. While the great mass is moved by the inner power, the passion of "Les Huguenots," the connouncur admires the mastery shown in its formal structure. This work is a Gotluc minster, whose pillars are striving heavenward, and whose colonial dome appears to have been set up by a grant's daring hand, while the countless graciously debeate festoons, reaction and arabenques which are spread over it like a veil of stone lace, testify to the untiring patience of a dwarf. A mant in the conception and conformation of the whole work, a dwarf in his tolloome development of detail, the architect of "Les Huguenots" is quite as much beyond comprehension as the composers of the ancient minsters. When I stood with a friend before the cathedral of Amiens not long ago, and my friend regarded this towering stone monument of giant power and tirelessly chipped dwarf patience with terror and pity, and finally asked me how it was that nowadays we could no longer manage to achieve such architectural works, I answered "Dear Alphonse, men had convictions in those old days, we later-born humans have only opinions, and it calls for something more than a mere opinion to erect a Gothic minster "

That is the gist of it. Meverheer is a man with convictions. These do not so much refer to the social questions of the day, although in this respect as well Meyerbeer is more firmly grounded in his convictions than other artists. Meyerbeer, whom the princes of this earth overwhelm with all norts of honorific distinctions, and who also appreciates these distinctions so highly, still has a heart in his breast, one which glows for the hobest interests of humanity, and he unblushingly admits his cult of the heroes of the Revolution. It is fortunate for him that many northern authorities do not understand music, otherwise they would see more than a partisan struggle between Catholics and Protestants in "Les Huguenots." Nevertheless, his convictions are not really political in their nature, and still less are they religious, no, they are not religious, his religion is purely negative, and consusts only in this procedure, that he, unlike other artists, perhaps because of his pride, will not sully his lips with a he, that he declines certain importunate benedictions whose acceptance must always be regarded as a questionable, and could never be considered a large-bearted action. Meyerbeer's true religion is that of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven-it is music, he believes in music alone, only in this faith does he find happiness, and live in a conviction which resembles the conviction of earlier centuries in its depth, passion and endurance. Yes, I might say that he is an apostle of this religion. For he treats all that concerns his music, as it were, with apostolic fervor and urgency. While other artists are satisfied when they have created something beautiful, in fact not infrequently lose all interest in their work once it is completed, in Meyerbeer's case the greatest birth pangs take place after delivery. He then cannot content himself until the creation of his genius has been made manifest to the rest of the people in splendid fashion, until the whole public is edified by his music, until his opera has poured into the hearts of all the feelings he wishes to preach to the entire world, until he has taken communion with all mankind. Just as the sportle, in

order to save one lone lost soul, scorns no trouble and pain, so Meyerbeer, once he learns that some one individual rejects his music, will persecute him tirelessly until he has converted him, and that one lamb saved, and though it he the most insignificant correspondent's soul, is dearer to him than the whole flock of the behaving, who have always honored him with orthodox faithfulness.

Music is Meyerbeer's conviction, and that, perhaps, is the reason of all those tizudities and distresses which the great master so often displays, and which not infrequently cause us to smile. He should be seen putting on a new opers, then he is the pest of all the musicians and singers whom he torments with never-ending rehearsals never entirely saturied, a ungle wrong note in the orchestra is for him a dagger thrust which he thinks will cause his death. This disquietude still haunts him when the opera has already been performed, and has been received with intoxicating appliance. He still continues to worry. and I do not think he will ever be quite satisfied until several people who have beard his opera have died and been buried, in their case, at least, he would have no fear of defection, these souls he would be sure of On the days when his opera is given, the Lord God can arrange nothing to suit him. If it is cold and rainy, he wornes lest Mile Falcon eatch cold, if, on the other hand, the evening is bright and warm, he is afraid the fine weather will lure the people into the open, and that the theatre will be empty. The accupulousness with which Meverbour. when his music is finally printed, makes the corrections is without comparison, his untiring mazia for improvement while reading proof has become proverbial among the artists of Paris. But one must remember that music is dearer to him than all else, certainly dearer than life. When the cholera began to rage in Paria, I implored Meyerbeer to leave town as soon as possible, but he still had husiness to attend to which would occupy him for several days. He had to arrange the Italian libretto for "Robert le diable" with an Italian

"Les Huguenots" is a work of conviction to a far greater degree than "Robert le diable," as regards content as well as form. As I have already observed, while the great mass is carried away with the content, the quiet observer admires the tremendous advances in art, the new forms, that are here developed. In the opinion of the most competent judges, all musicians who now wish to compose operas will be obliged to study "Les Huguenots". It is in his instrumentation that Meyerbeer has made the greatest advances. Unheard of is the treatment of the choruses, which here express themselves like individuals, and have cast off operatic tradition. Since "Don Giovanni" there has surely been no greater manufestation in the domain of tonal art than the fourth act of "Les Huguenots," where, following the horribly affecting scene of the consecration of the swords, the benediction of murderous lust is topped with a duet which goes the first effect one better, a colosial piece of daring, of which one would hardly have thought this timid genius enpable, whose success, however, excites our delight in equal measure with our admiration. So far as I am concerned, I believe that Meyerbeer has not solved this problem by artistic means, but by natural ones, masmuch as the famous duet expresses a serious of emotions which never, perhaps, or never at least with such verity, have presented

themselves in an opera, for which, notwithstanding, the most farocious sympathy has blased up in the minds of contemporaries. For myself, I will admit that my heart never beat so wildly at any music as during the fourth act of "Les Huguenots," but that I am glad to avoid this act and its excitement, and witness the second act with far more pleasure. This is an idyl full of substance, which resembles the remantic comedies of Shakospeare, perhaps even more Tasso's "Aminta," in its loveliness and grace. In it, in fact, a gentle melancholy which aighs beneath the ruses of pleasure, recalls the unhappy court poet of Ferrara. It is longing for happiness rather than joy itself, it holds no hearty laughter, but rather a smile of the heart, a heart which has a hidden wound and may only dream of health. How is it that an artist who from the crudie has had each one of the vampire cares of life fanned away from him, who, born in the lap of wealth, spoded by his whole family, which agreed to all his wishes, even anticipated them with enthusiasm, who memed destined for happiness far more than any other living artisthow is it that he has nevertheless experienced those tremendous sufferings that sob and sigh out to us in his mane? For that which he does not himself experience no munician can express so powerfully and an movingly. It seems strange that the artist whose material needs are matified, is all the more intolerably afflicted with torments. Yet this is fortunate for the public, which owes its most ideal pleasures to the sufferings of the artist. The artist is the child of whom the fairytales tell, all whose tears are pearls. Alas, the world, that eval stepmother, beats the poor thing all the more mercileasly in order to make it weep as many pearls as possible.

An attempt has been made to accuse "Les Huguenots," even more than "Robert le diable," of lack of melodies. This represch is based on an error. "One cannot are the wood because of the trees." Melody is here subordinated to harmony, and in a comparison with the purely human, individual mune of Rossai, in which the relation is reversed, I have already pointed out that it is just this predominance of harmony which gives Meyerbeer's music its humanly progressive, socially modern character. In truth, it does not lack melodies, only these melodies are not allowed to appear in disturbingly abrupt, I might say, egotistic fashion. They may only serve the purpose of the whole, they are disciplined, instead of being, like those of the Italians, where the melodies are in evidence in an isolated fashion, outside the law, I might almost may, like their celebrated bandits. Only one does not notice it. Many a private soldier fights as bravely in some great battle as the Calabrese, the lonely robber hero, whose personal courage would surprise us less were he fighting in rank and file among regulars. On no account would I deny the ments of melodic predominance, but I must observe that we see one of its consequences in Italy in that indifference to the operatic ensemble, to the opera as a unified work of art, which is so naively exhibited that when no bravura rôles are sung, those in the boxes receive company, carry on conversations quite undisturbed, and

even play cards.

The predominance of harmony in the creations of Meyerbeer is, perhaps, a necessary consequence of his far-reaching culture, comprehending the fields of thought and manifestation. Treasures were spent on

his education, and his spirit was receptive. He was initiated into all the sciences at an early age, and in this respect is also distinguished from most musicians, whose ignorance is more or less excusable, since as a rule they have lacked time and means to acquire much knowledge outside their special field. It was his nature to be a scholar, and the school of the world brought him to his highest development; he belongs to that small group of Germans whom even France must acknowledge to be models of urbanity. Such a high cultural level was, perhaps, essential if the material necessary for the creation of "Les Huguenots" was to be gathered together and shaped up with a sure mind. Yet, whether what was gained in breadth of conception and clarity of perspective did not carry with it a loss of other qualities, is a question. Culture in the artist destroys that sharpness of accentuation, that emphasis, that abruptness of coloring, that spontaneity of idea, that immedracy of emotion, which we so greatly admire in rudely limited, uncultured natures.

Culture in general is always dearly bought, and little Blanka is right. This eight year old daughter of Meyerbeer envies the idleness of the little boys and girls whom she sees playing in the street, and recently expressed herself to me as follows. "How unlucky it is that my parents are educated! I have to learn all sorts of things by heart, from morning till night, and sit still and behave; while those uneducated children down there can run around happily all day long, and

amuse themselves."

#### TENTH LETTER

Aside from Meyerbeer, the Académie royale de murique has few tone-poets who are worth while discussing in detail. And yet French opera is in its finest florescence, or, to express myself more correctly, it is enjoying good box-office receipts every day. This condition of prosperity began six years ago, under the direction of the celebrated M. Véron, whose principles have since been followed with the same success by the new director, M. Duponchel I say principles, for, as a matter of fact, M. Véron had principles, the result of his meditations regarding art and science, and, just as he discovered an admirable coughmixture in his capacity of druggist, so he discovered a curative for music as an operatic director. It seems he had noticed that in his own case a play by Franconi gave him more pleasure that the best opera: he convinced himself that the major portion of the public was inspired by the same feeling, that most people go to the opera as a matter of convention, and that they enjoy themselves there only when beautiful decorations, costumes and dances engage their attention to such an extent that they fail to hear the deadly music. Hence, the great Véron hit upon the genial idea of satisfying the people's love for the spectacular to such a high degree that they would take the same pleasure in grand opera that they would in a Franconi play The great Véron and the great public understood one another. The former knew how to render music innocuous, and, under the caption of 'opera,' presented only splendid and spectacular pieces; the latter, the public, could attend grand opers with its wives and daughters, as beseems the cultured classes, without dying of boredom. America had been discovered;

the egg stood on end; the open-house was filled daily, Francesi was outdone and went into bankruptcy, and M. Véron became a wealthy man. The name Véron will live forever in the annals of mine, he embellished the temple of the goddens, though he locked out the goddens herself. Nothing could exceed the luxury which now predominates at the Grand Opéra, and it has become the paradise of those who are

hard of hearing

The present director treads in the footsteps of his predecessor, though he offers the most brusquely amusing contrast to him with regard to his personality. Have you ever seen M. Véron? In the Café de Paris or on the Boulevard Coblenes he must have attracted your attention at times, a plumply caricaturatic figure, with hat plastered obliquely on his head, which is completely buried in an enormous cravat, whose parricidal stand-up collar rises above his ears, in order to conceal a superabundant herpetic eruption, so that his jovial red face with the small blinking eyes is only slightly visible. In the consciousness of his knowledge of human nature and his success, he rolls along with so insolint a comfort, surrounded by a court retinue of young, and at times elderly literary dandies, whom as a rule he regales with champagne and handsome show girls. He is the god of materialism and his mocking giance, scornful of the intellect, has often cut me anguishingly to the heart when I could meet him, at times it seemed to me that a quantity of small worms came crawling out of his eyes, shining and sticky.4

M Duponchel is a spare, palely yellow man who, if he does not present a noble, at least presents a distinguished appearance. He is always sad; and looks like a professional mourner, and someone quite correctly dubbed him as simil perpitual. To judge by his outward appearance one would be more inclined to take him for the custodian of the Pivr-la-Chaise, than the director of the Grand Opéra. He always reminds me of the melancholy court jester of Louis XIII. This knight of the rueful countenance is now mality do plaint of the Parisians, and I should like to exvendrop at times when, alone in his domicile, he thinks of new jests with which to delight his sovereign, the French public; when he shakes his head in sadly foolish fashion, so that the bells on his black cap tintimabulate with a sigh while he is coloring the drawing of a new costume for the Falcon, and when he takes up the red book to see whether Taghoni . . . .

You look at me with automishment? Yes, that is a curious book, whose significance it might be difficult to explain in seemly words. I can only make myself clear in this case by analogy. Do you know what a cold is to a anger? I hear you sigh, and you are thinking once more of your martyrdom the last rehearsal has been overcome, the opera has already been aunounced for that evening, when suddenly the prima down appears and declares that she cannot ang, her nose is running. There is nothing to be done. A heavenward glance, a tremendous theatrical look of pain, and a new billet is printed which tells the honored public that owing to the indisposition of Mile Schnaps the performance of "The Vestal" cannot take place, and that instead

<sup>&</sup>quot;In Chapter IV, up. 61-66, of "An Englishman in Paris," the reader will find a detailed, interesting and more kindly consideration of the Paris operatic manager.

—Trans

"Rochus Pumpernickel" will be given. It did not help the dancers, however, to announce that their noises ran, since this did not prevent their dancing, and for a long time they envied the ungers this rheumatic invention which at all times gave them an opportunity of treating themselves to a holiday and their enemy, the theatrical director, to a day of angush. Hence they petitioned God to grant them the same right of torture, and He, a friend of the ballet like all monarchs, endowed them with an indisposition which, harmless in itself, still prevented their perouetting, and which we, according to the analogy of the this dancout, would be inclined to call the dancing flux. Now when a dancer does not wish to appear, she has her indisputable pretext, just like the greatest of singers. The former director of the Opéra often damned himself when "Les Sylphides" was to be given, and Taglioni informed him that she could don no wings and tights that day, since she had a dancing flux. The great Véron, in his profound way, discovered that this dancing flux was distinguished from the running nose of the singer not alone with regard to color, but also with respect to a certain regularity, and that its periodical appearances could be calculated far in advance. God in his mercy, being the lover of order that he is, endowed the dancers with an indisposition which operates in connection with the laws of astronomy, of physics, of hydraulies, in abort, of the whole universe, and hence is calculable, the running nose of the singers, on the other hand, is a private invention, the creation of a female whimily, and in consequence incalculable. It was in this circumstance of the calculability of the periodic return of the dancing flux, that the great Véron sought a defence against the vexations of the dancers, and each time that one or the other of them caught hers, namely her dancing flux, the date of the event was carefully set down in a special book, and that is the red book which M. Duponchel was holding in his hand, and in which he could count back and determine the day on which Taglioni . . . This book, which is characteristic of the inventive ingenuity, and the ingenuity in general, of the former director of the Opéra, M. Véron, surely has its practical uses

From the preceding remarks you will have gained an understanding of the present agnificance of French grand opera. It has become reconciled to the enemies of mune, and the well-to-do bourgeouse has made its way into the Académie de la musique as it has into the Tuileries, while high society has yielded the field. This radiant aristocracy, this flife distinguished by its rank, culture, birth, fashion and idleness, has flown to the Italian Opera, that musical oasis where the great nightingales of art still trill, where the springs of melody still rill their magic, and the palms of beauty wave in approval with their haughty , while round about there is a pale sandy desert, a Sahara of fans Only an occasional good concert raises its head in this desert, and affords extraordinary solace to lovers of the tonal art. Among concerts this winter are to be counted the Conservatory Sundays, a few private souries in the Rue de Bondy and, in particular, the concerts of Berlioz and Liszt. The last-mentioned two are probably the most remarkable phenomena in the local world of music, I say most remarkable, not most beautiful or pleasurable. From Berlios we are soon to receive an opera. The subject is an episode in the life of Benvenuto

Cellini—the casting of the 'Persous.' The extraordinary is expected, since this composer has already accomplished the extraordinary. His trend of mind is in the direction of the fantastic, not combined with feeling, but with sentimentality; and he greatly resembles Callot, Gozz: and Hoffmann.

His outward appearance in itself points in this direction. It is a pity he has had his enormous antedduvian curls, this aspiring head of hair which rose above his forehead like a forest above a steep wall of of rock, cut off, it was thus that I first saw him, six years ago, and thus he will ever loom in my memory. It was in the Conservatoirs do musique, and they were giving a great symphony of his, a fantastic nocturnal piece, only occasionally lighted by a woman's gown, sentimentally white, which fluttered hither or you, or by a sulphurically yellow flash of irony. The best thing in it was a witches' sabbath, where the devil says mass, and the music of the Catholic Church is parodied with the most hornfying, sanguinary clownishness. It was a farce, in which all the secret serpents we nourish in our bosoms hissed joyfully neighbor in the box, a talkative young man, pointed out the composer to me; he was sitting at the extreme end of the hall, in a corner of the orchestra, beating the kettledrum. For the kettledrum was his instru-ment. "Do you see that stout Englishwoman," said my neighbor, "in the front box? -That is Miss Smithson; M. Berlios has been madly in love with that lady for the past three years, and we are indebted to this passion for the savage symphony we are hearing to-day." In fact, there in the front box sat the celebrated Covent Garden actress. Berhoz kept looking at her uninterruptedly, and whenever their eyes met he beat upon his kettledrum as if mad. When I heard his symphony again this winter at the Conservatoirs, he was once more sitting in the background as a kettledrummer, the fat Englishwoman was once more setting in the front box, their eyes met again-but he no longer beat his kettledrum so madly

Liszt is Berlios' nearest elective affinity, and knows best how to play his music. I need not tell you about his talent, his fame is European. He is without dispute that artist who finds in Paris the most unqualified admirers, but also the most eager antagonists. It is a significant sign that none speak of him with indifference. Without some positive worth one can neither arouse favorable or inimical passions in this world. Fire is needed to set people affaine, whether with hatred or with love. What speaks most highly for Lust is the entire respect with which even his antagonists recognise his personal worth. He is a man whose character is eccentric yet noble, unselfish and without deceit. His intellectual trends are most curious he is greatly inclined to speculation, and the investigation of the various schools which concern themselves with the solution of the great problem embracing beaven and earth, interest him even more than the interests of his art. For a long time he was aglow with the beautiful Saint-Simonian world-concept, later he was caught up in the clouds of the spiritualistic, or rather vaporous, ideas of Ballanche; now he enthuses for the republican-catholic teachings of a Lamennais, who has planted the Jacobite cap on the cross. Heaven alone knows in which spiritual stable he will find his next hobby-horse! Yet this turdess yearning for

light and the divine is praiseworthy, it evinces a sense for the sacred, for the religious. That such a restless person, driven to confusion by all the compulsions and doctrines of the time, who feels the necessity of concerning himself with the needs of all mankind, and loves to have a finger in every pot wherein God is cooking the future, that Franz Liast is no quiet piano player for calm citizens and comfortable gossips goes without saying. When he sits at the pianoforte, throws back his hair from his forehead several times, and begins to improvise, he then not infrequently storms all too madly over the ivory keys, and a wilderness of thoughts that scale the heavens sounds out, among which, here and there, the sweetest flowers diffuse their fragrance, until one is alarmed and transfigured at the same time; yet of the two more alarmed

I will admit that for all that I love Lisat, his music does not affect my mind pleasantly, the more so since I was born on a Sunday and see the spirits which others only hear; because, as you know, with every tone which the hand strikes on the piano the corresponding tone-figure rises in my soul; in short, because the music becomes visible to my

inner eye.

My intellect is still trembling in my head as I recall the concert at which I last heard Lisat play. It was a concert for the benefit of the unfortunate Italians, in the kôtel of that noble, lovely and suffering princess, who so beautifully represents her physical and her spiritual fatherland, Italy and heaven. . . (Surely you must have seen her in Paris, that ideal figure, which yet is no more than a prison wherein the holiest of angel souls has been incarcerated'. . . This prison, however, is so beautiful that everyone stands and admires it as though bound by a spell.) . . . It was at this concert for the benefit of the unfortunate Italians at which I beard Liszt play for the last time during the past winter I no longer recall what it was, but I should like to swear that he varied some themes from the Apocalypse. At first I could not make them out quite plainly, the four apocalyptic beasts, I only heard their voices, especially the roaming of the lion and the acreaming of the eagle. The ox with the book in his hand I saw quite clearly. Best of all did he play the Vulley of Jehoshaphat. There were harners as in a tournament, and the men nations, crowded about the enormous enclosure as spectators, pale with the pallor of the grave and trembling. First Satan galloped into the lists, in black armor on a milk-white steed. Death rode slowly behind him on a livid horse. Finally Christ appeared, in golden armor, on a black charger, and with His holy lance first unhorsed Satan and then Death, and the spectators exulted . . . Stormy applause did homage to the playing of the excellent Liszt, who wearnly left the piano, howed to the ladies. . . About the lips of the loveliest came that sweetly melancholic smile, which recalls Italy and allows heaven to be divined.

The concert just mentioned had an additional and special interest for the audience. The newspapers will have told you enough regarding the sad misunderstanding existing between List and the Viennese pianist Thalberg, what a noise an article by List against Thalberg has made in the musical world; and the part played by lurking enmity and gossip to the disadvantage of both critic and criticised. In the very blossom-time of these scandalous ructions both heroes of the day

decided to play at the same concert, one after the other. Both set ande their wounded personal feelings in order to further a beneficent purpose, and the public, offered an opportunity of recognizing and doing justice to their individual differences by momentary comparison, richly rewarded them with deserved appliance.

Yes, it is only necessary to compare the musical character of both in order to convince one's self that it as is much a sign of malice as of narrowmindedness to praise one at the other's expense. In their technical development they are probably equals, and as regards their spiritual character, no sharper contrast could be imagined than the noble, soulful, intelligent, comfortable, quiet German, may Austrian. Thalberg.

and the wild, sheet-lightning, volcanic, heaven-storming Liszt

Comparison between virtuoson is based on an error which once flourished in poesy as well, namely in the so-called principle of difficul-Yet as it has more been discovered that metrical form ties overcome serves quite another purpose than that of testifying to the verbal artifice of the poet, and that we do not admire a beautiful stanza because its composition was very laborious, so it will be seen, before long, that it suffices if a musician can impart all that he thinks and feels or what others have thought and felt, through the medium of his instrument, and that all virtuoso towrs de force, which testify only to difficulties overcome, must be discarded as profitless sound, and must be relegated to the domain of parlor magic . . of fencing, aword-swallowing, tight-rope-walking and egg-dancing. It is sufficient if the musician control his instrument absolutely, so that the material intermediary is totally forgotten, and only the spirit is audible. After all, since Kalkbrenner has brought the art of piano-playing to its highest perfection, manists need not pride themselves greatly upon their technical facility. Presumption and malice alone might speak in pedantic utterance of a revolution which Thalberg has brought about on his instrument. This great and admirable artist had been done a disservice, when instead of praising the youthful beauty, debcacy and loveliness of his playing, he has been represented as a Columbus who has discovered America on the piano keyboard, while others have hitherto had to play themselves painfully around the mountains of the Cape of Good Hope in order to refresh the public with musical spices. How Kalkbrenner would smile could be hear of this new discovery!

It would be unjust did I not take this opportunity to mention a pianist who, next to Lisst, is most fêted. It is Chopin. He not only shines as a virtuoso, because of his technical perfection, but also achieves the highest as a componer. He is a man of the first rank. Chopin is a favorite of the Hills which seeks the most elevated spiritual enjoyment in music. His fame is of the aristocratic kind, he is perfumed with the culopes of good society, he is as distinguished as his own

personality.

In the earliest version of this letter this passage reads. "It is Chopin, and he may at the same time serve as an example of how the man who is above the ordinary will not be content merely to rival the best in his branch in technical perfection. Chopin is not antished to have his hands applicated by other hands because of their desterity, he strives for higher laurels, his fingers are merely the servants of his noul, and the latter is applicated by those who hear, not alone with their ears, but with their couls in well. Hence he is the favorite of that this, etc."—Frees.

Chopin was born in Poland, of French parents, and his education was in part gained in Germany. This influence of three nationalities causes his personality to be a most remarkable one; for he has appropriated for himself the best of all that distinguishes the three nations: Poland gave him her spirit of chivalry and her historic sorrow; France her facile charm, her grace; Germany romantic depth . . . And nature gave him a slender, gracious, somewhat delicate figure, a beart of the noblest, and genius. Yes, Chopin must be called a genius in the fullest meaning of the term; he is not alone a virtuoso, he is also a poet, and he can make us feel the poetry that dwells in his soul. He is a poet of tone, and nothing can equal the enjoyment he procures us when he sits at the piano and improvises. Then he is neither a Pole, nor a Frenchman nor a German, he betrays a far loftier origin, we then realize that he comes from the country of Mozart, of Raphael, of Goethe, that his true fatherland is the dreamland of poesy. When he sits at the piano and improvises I feel as though some countryman from my beloved homeland were visiting me, and telling me the strangest things which had happened there since my absence . . . At times I should like to interrupt him with questions And how is the handsome watersprite, who knew how to wind her silver veil so coquettishly around her verdant locks? Does the white-bearded sea-god still pursue her with his stale, cooled-off love? Are the roses at home still as flamingly proud? Do the trees still sing as sweetly in the moonlight? . . .

## MUSICAL REPORTS FROM PARIS (1840-1847)

#### SPONTINI AND MEYERBEER

Paris, June 12, 1840.

Sir Gasparo is at present bombarding the poor Parisians with lithographed letters, in order to recall his long-forgotten person to them at any cost. At this moment I have before me a circular which he is sending to all newspaper editors, and which none of them want to print, out of pious regard for plain common-sense and Spontini's former reputation. In it the ridiculous verges on the sublime. This painful weakness which speaks or, rather, rages in the most baroque fashion, is as interesting to the physician as to the philologist. The former will see in it the sad phenomenon of a vanity which flares up all the more furiously in the mind, the more the nobler mental powers are extinguished therein; the latter, however, the philologist, will observe how entertaining a jargon comes into being when a stiff necked Italian, who had of necessity learned a little French in France, develops this so-called Italian-French during a twenty-five-year stay in Berlin, so that his ancient gibberish is most strangely spiced with Sarmatian barbarisms. This circular commences with the words C'est très probablement une bénévole supposition ou un souhait amical jeté à laisir dans le camp des nouvellistes de Paris, que l'annonce que 3e viens de lire dans la "Gazette d'Etat" et dans les "Débats" du 16. courant, que l'administration de l'Académie royale de musique a arrêté de remettre en scèns la Vestale, ce dont aucune désire ni soucis ne m'ont un seul instant occupé après mon

deriver dipart de Parsei. As though anyone in the Steakseniung or in the Dibuts spoke of M. Spontini of their own volition, and as though he himself did not affect the whole world with letters to recall his opers. The circular is dated February, but has recently been sent on here again because Signor Spontini heard that his celebrated work was once more to be performed here, which was nothing but a trap -a trap which he wishes to employ in order to be recalled to Pans. For, after declaiming pathetically against his encuries, he adds. Et soild justement le noussou prégé que je crois atour deviné, et ce qui me fait un impérieux devoir de m'opposer, me trousant absent, à la remise en soine de mes opéras sur le thétitre de la Académie royale de muenque, à moine que je ne eure offereifement engagé moi même par l'administration, sous la garantie du Ministère de l'Intérieur, à me rendre à Parie, pour eider de mes conseils créateurs les artistes (la tradition de mes opéras étant perdue), pour aseister aux répétifrome et contribuer au succès de la Vestale, pursque c'est d'alle qu'il s'agri. This is about the only spot of firm ground in these Spontinian morasses; here craftiness stretches out its long ears. The man wishes above all to leave Berlin, where he can no longer endure ance Meyerbeer's operas are given, and a year ago he came here for a few weeks and ran around to every person of influence in order to obtain a call to Pana. Since most propie here thought he had died long ago, they were not a little frightened by his sudden spectral apparation. There was, in fact, comething uncanny about the vengeful againty of these dead bones. M. Duponchel, the director of the Grand Opera, would not see him at all, and cried with horror. "Let this intriguing minimy keep away from me, I have enough to suffer as it is from the intrigues of the living?" And yet Herr Moritz Schlemager, the publisher of the Meyerbeer operas -for it was through the offices of this good honest soul that Spontini had announced his visit to M. Dupouchel in advance—had exerted all his most convincing eloquence in order to set his recommendee in the best possible light. In the choice of the recommendatory intermediary M. Spontini showed all his shrewdness. He also displayed it on other eccamons, for instance, when he was abusing someone, he usually did so to that person's most intimate friends. He informed the French writers that in Berlin he had had a German scribs, who had written against him, impresoned. To Preach angers he complained about the German suggers, who would not engage themselves to the Berlin Opera unless their contracts guaranteed that they should not have to sing in any Spontini opera

But he wants to come here by all means, he can no longer stand it in Berlin, where, so he declares, he was exiled in the first place through the hatred of his enemies and where, nevertheless, he is not laft in peace. During the past few days he has written to the editor of France musicals that his enemies are not satisfied with having driven him across the Rhine, the Wester and the Elbe, they would like to drive him still further across the Vistula, the Niemen He discovers a great resemblance between his fate and that of Napoleon. He regards himself as a gonius against whom all the musical powers have formed a conspiracy. Berlin in his St. Helena, and Relistab his Sir Hudson Lowe. But now his rumains must be permitted to come back to Para, and he solemnly dispunited in the functions of the tonal art, the Académic regula de musique.

The Alpha and Omega of all the Spontini Jeremiada is Meyerbear. When Sir Gasparo honored me with a visit here in Paris, he was menthaustible in stories bloated with bile and poison. He cannot deny the fact that the King of Prussia overwhelms our great Giacomo with honors, and thinks of entrusting him with high offices and dignities, but his invention ascribes the most despicable motives to this royal favor. In the end he comes to believe his own inventions, and he assured me with a mien of the deepest conviction that once, when he had dined with His Majesty the King, the All Highest had admitted to him after the meal, with jovial, open-hearted frankness, that he wished to chain Meyerbeer to Berlin at any cost, so that this millionaire would not disburse his fortune in foreign parts. And since music, and the urgeto shine as an operatic composer, was a well-known forble of this wealthy man, he, the king, was endeavoring to take advantage of his weak side, in order to hait him with honorific distinctions. "It is end," the king is supposed to have added "that an indigenous talent, who possesses such a large, almost genial fortune, should spend his good hard Prusuan thalers in Italy and Paris, in order to be celebrated as a composer - for all that may be had for money is to be had here at home in Berlin. In our hot-houses we also grow laurels for the fools who are willing to pay for them, our journalists are also witty and fond of a good breakfast or dinner, our corner loafers and pickle-dealers have just as beavy hands when it comes to applicating as the Pans claque—yes, if our idlers were to spend their evenings in the Opera House, applicading 'Les Huguenots,' instead of in the tobacco-club, their education would profit thereby—the lower classes must be elevated morally and mathetically -and the main thing is that the money gets into circulation, especially in the capital." In such wise, Spontini assured me, had His Majesty expressed himself, as though to excuse himself for being obliged to mentice him, the composer of "La Vertale," to Meyerbeer When I remarked that at bottom it was most preseworthy of a prince to advance the prosperity of his capital, Spontini interrupted meyou are mistaken in believing that the King of Prussa protects poor music for reasons of state economy. He does so, rather, because he hates the art of tone, and is well aware that it must perish through the example and direction of a man, who, without any feeling for truth and nobility, merely tries to flatter the uncouth mober

I could not refrain from openly admitting to the malevolent Italian that it was not wise on his part to deny all ment to his rival. "Rival?" ened the furious man, and changed color some ten times, until the yellow at last gained the upper hand but then collecting himself, he asked as he scornfully grashed his teeth. "Are you quite sure that Meyerheer really is the composer of the music which is performed under his name?" I was not a little taken aback by this madhouse question, and heard with astonishment that Meyerheer had bought up the compositions of some poor musicians in Italy and made operas of them; but that they had fallen through because the stuff which had been furnished him was all too wretched. Later he had bought something better from a talented abbate in Venice, which he had embodied in "If Crociato." He was also in pomession of Weber's posthumous manuscripts, which he had talked the latter's widow into giving him, and on

which he would undoubtedly draw later. "Robert le diable" and "Les Huguenota" were in the main the productions of a Frenchman named Gouin, who was very glad to produce his operas under Meyerbeer's name, in order not to lose his position as a Chef de Bureau in the post-office, since his superiors would be sure to question his administrative seal did they know he was really a dreamy composer Philistines regard practical functions as incompatible with artistic endowment, and the postal employee Gouin is wise enough to hold his tongue about his authorship, and leave all the world-wide fame to his ambitious friend Meyerbeer. Hence the intimate relations existing between the two men, whose interests so intimately complete each other. But once a father always a father, and friend Gouin takes the fate of his children continually to heart, the details of the production and the success of "Robert le diable" and "Les Huguenots" preëmpt his entire activity, he attends every rehearsal, he is continually negotisting with the director of the opera, with the singers, the dancers, the chief of the claque, the journalists, he runs from morning till evening to all the newspaper offices in his strapless, oily boots, in order to place some advertisement in favor of Meyerbeer's operas, and his untiring indefatigability is said to astonish everyone.

When Spontini communicated this hypothesis to me I admitted that it was not entirely devoid of probability, and that, although the four-square outward appearance, the brick-red face, the abbreviated forehead and the smeary black hair of the aforesaid M. Gouin suggested an ox-breeder or a cattle-raiser rather than a tonal artist, yet there was much in his actions which might raise the suspicion that he was the author of the Meyerbeer operas. It chanced, at times, that he spoke of "Robert le diable" and "Les Huguenota" as "our" operas. remarks escaped him as "We have a rehearsal to-day " "We must make a cut in that aria". It is strange, as well, that Mr. Gouin as never absent at any performance of these operas, and that when a bravura aria is applauded he forgets himself entirely, and bows to all aides, as though he were thanking the public. I admitted all this to the exasperated Italian, but still, I added, despite the fact that I had seen such things with my own eyes, I did not consider M. Gouin the composer of the Meyerheer operas, I cannot believe that M. Gouin wrote "Robert le diable" and "Les Huguenots"; yet if such were the case, then the artist's vanity would gain the upper hand in the end, and M. Gouin will publicly vindicate his claim to the authorship of these

"No," replied the Italian with a sinister glance, as piercing as a bare stiletto, "this Gouis knows his Meyerbeer too well, not to know the resources his terrible friend commands to do away with anyone who is dangerous to him. He would be capable of having poor Gouin imprisoned forever in Charenton, under the pretext that he had become insane. He would pay the fees demanded for the mentally disordered of the first class, and would visit Charenton twice a week in order to convince himself that his poor friend was properly watched, he would tip the guards liberally in order that they might take the best care of his friend, his manuac Orestes, while he played the part of Pylades, to the great edification of all boobies, who would extel his generosity. Poor

Goun, when he spoke of his boautiful choruses in 'Robert le diable,' they would put him in a strait-jacket, and if he alluded to his wonderful duet in 'Lee Huguenots,' they would give him the cold-water cure! And the poor devil might even be glad to have escaped with his life. All who stand as an obstacle in the way of that ambitious man must

yield. Where is Weber? Where is Bellini? Him! Him!"

This "His" His" despite all its malice, was yet so droll that I could not help laughing as I remarked: "But you yourself, maistro, you have not yet been cleared out of the way, nor has Domnetti, nor Mendelmoha, nor Rossini, nor Halévy ""Him! Him! Halévy does not disturb his colleague, and the latter would even pay him to keep on existing as a harmless, outensible rival, and as to Rossini, he knows through his spies that the latter no longer composes a single measure—besides, Rossini's stomach has already suffered enough, and he will not touch a piano for fear of exciting Meyerheer's suspicion. Him! Him! But thank God, our bodies alone can be killed, not the works of our genius, they will continue to bloom in immortal freshaem, while with the death of this Cartouche of music, his immortality will come to an end and his operas will follow him into the silent realin of oblivion?"

It was not without difficulty that I controlled my indignation when I heard with what impudent depreciation the invidious southerner spoke of the highly famed master who is the pride of Germany and the delight of the Occident, and who certainly must be regarded and admired as the true creator of "Robert le diable" and "Les Huguenots " No, such magnificient works were not written by any Goun'. With all my admiration for his exalted genius, it is true that at times notable doubts arise in my mind with regard to the immortality of these masterworks after the master's decease, but in my conversation with Spontini I nevertheless acted as though I were convinced that they would survive his death, and to anger the malicious Italian, I told him in confidence something which would let him see with what foreight Meyerbeer had cared for the welfare of the children of his mind beyond the grave. This forethought, said I, is a psychological proof that not M. Gouin, but the great Giacomo himself, is the real father. The fact is that the latter, in the will be has made in favor of these musical children of his genius, established a sort of entail in trust, incomuch as he has left for each a capital sum whose interest is to be devoted to making the poor orphans' future secure, so that even after their father has departed this life, the necessary publicity expenses, the eventual outlay for decorations, claque, newspaper laudation, etc., will be covered. Even for the little "Prophète," as yet unhorn, the affectionate author of its days is said to have set aside the sum of 150,000 Prussian thalors Truly, never yet has a prophet been born into this world with so large a fortune, the carpenters son of Nasareth and the cannidriver of Mecca were not so opulent. "Robert le diable" and "Los Huguenots" are said to be less richly endowed, perhaps they will be able to live on their own fat for a time, as long as splendid decurations and voluptuous ballet-legs are provided, later they will need an incivase. In the case of "Il Crociato" the legacy will probably not be so splended a one, the father is in the right in pinching a little hera, and he complains that the veletile for once put him to far too great

expense in Italy—that he is a spendthrift. All the more generously does Meyerbeer remember his unfortunate daughter "Emma de Resburgo," who fell flat; she is to be advertised every year in the press, and will appear in a new de luxe edition of satin-velvet; since it is for the deformed changeling that the loving hearts of parents beat most faithfully. In this manner all the Meyerbeerian children of genius have been well taken care of, and their future assured for all time

Hatred blinds even the most intelligent, and it is no wonder that a passionate fool like Spontini did not entirely doubt what I had said: He cried "Oh, he is capable of anything! Unhappy age! Unhappy

world ""

I close herewith, since in any event I am in a very tragic mood to-day and dismal thoughts of death cast their shadow over my soul. To-day they buried my poor Sakoski, the celebrated artist in leather—for the term shoemaker is too ignoble for Sakoski. All the marchands bottiers and Fabricants de chaussures of Paris followed the body. He was eighty-eight years old and died of an indigestion. He lived wisely and happily. He paid little heed to the heads, but all the more to the feet, of his contemporaries. May the earth press you as lightly as your boots pressed me!

(To be continued)

### VIEWS AND REVIEWS

### By CARL ENGEL

NE hundred years ago—in May 1822, to be exact—"The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review," published in London and sold by Baldwin, Cradock and Joy in Paternoster-Row, contained in its XIVth number an article entitled "Sketch of the State of Music in London." These sketches of current musical life in London, and also in Paris, were regular features of the magazine. The one to which I am referring begins with general reflections on the difficulty of applying a measure to the proportions of art. In a style that would be learned and is but the afterglow of the classic period, the reviewer laments the fact that we are almost unconscious of artistic progress and that to watch it would be "of little more avail than the hourly inspection of the grass of the field." Perhaps the anonymous gentleman of The Quarterly Musical Magazine was merely looking for a suitable way of beginning his review and was not so fortunate as to find for that purpose an earlier culprit—preceding him, say, by fifty or seventy-five years—whom to expose in the pillory of censorious For whatever purpose the assertion was made, in the light of the present state of music in the world, it would seem hopelessly, pathetically mistaken. If the reviewer, to-day, has any fault to find, it is certainly not with the slowness of musical progress. On the contrary, the problem he is facing is not one of watching tender blades of grass, raising shyly their points to heaven, but how to follow-if he cannot be ahead of it-the mad, careening course of a race. Therefore the attempt at supplying the "Musical Quarterly" with anything like an up-todate department of "Views and Reviews" would seem sheer folly. And yet that is precisely the task which the distinguished editor of this magazine has assigned to me. Yes, this department of "Views and Reviews"-if it should prove at all practicable-is to form part of subsequent issues; some sidelights on musical happenings that will furnish the contemporary with easy rubrication, and posterity with helpful suggestions regarding our shortcomings. At least, the poor scribe of a hundred years hence who may be put to the same sort of straits, may thank me for giving him a chance conveniently to start his series of articles by

showing how badly I have gone about my job. The thought of that eventuality must cheer me in a moment of sincere misgivings.

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One hundred years ago, the English reviewer was calling attention to the unquestionable increase in the "notice and estimation which foreign compositions, foreign execution, and foreign professors" had attracted. Lo! here is one point on which we shake the phantom hand that penned those lines. The condition in which England was at the time is precisely that of our America. The scene has shifted, but the play is the same. "Foreign professors"—save the mark—are with us in goodly number. Noddy has but to hang a -witch or a -sky to his name, or interject it with unpronounced aspirates and sibilants, and his fortune is made. The manus for the "foreign" element in art and in artists is perhaps the most remarkable trait of our era. Art is supposedly of no country, is international. And yet it would seem that every nation, every clan cultivates an artistic expression of its own, for the commercial advantages of the wholesale export trade. Here is contact with, and difference from, our elders. The musical export was monopolized first by Italy, reaching from London to the wildernesses of the Neva where a village of mud huts and wooden palaces was named St Petersburg. Then it was Germany; now it is the whole world. The Swedish ballet danced in Paris, the Russian ballet in Madrid: American singers lately "invaded" England; and we, in America, have them all. And all sing, fiddle, strum and hop in praise of the almighty dollar and its purchasing power.

During the war-troubled years of a declining eighteenth century until long after the Napoleonic campaigns, the pound sterling ruled the money and the music markets. Haydn went twice to London, even as Richard Strauss went to New York. Mozart, the Wunderkind, played for His Britannic Majesty, and took back sovereigns to Salzburg. Beethoven, although he never crossed the channel, did not disdain English "commissions." On his deathbed, he turned to London for financial succor. London was the home of J. B. Cramer as much as it had been that of Handel. The latter was composer and opera impresario, the former pedagogue and publisher. Sébastien Erard went to London when the threatening French revolution disturbed his patient toil in Paris, even as Heinrich Engelhard Steinweg, founder of the Steinway firm, emigrated to New York after the German

riots of 1848. Clementi had an estate at Evesham, Paderewski a ranch in California. The "strolling players" who passed through London in those years are legion. Angelica Catalani fled the gilded snares of Napoleon, to earn within one year at Covent Garden £10,700. Weber still beat time with a music roll. Louis Spohr, conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1820, at the rehearsal pulled a baton from his pocket, to the dismay of that estimable body. At night, old Viotti was in the audience. Incidentally, Baillot and Paganini got some of Albion's gold-which is but a reminder that there were violinists before Messrs. Auer and Sevčik went into the business of hatching swans and goslings. Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient introduced Schubert's songs in the salons of Grosvenor Square before, on the Continent, they had gone much beyond the city limits of Vienna. London alone could afford to have Henriette Sontag and Marie Malibran sing upon one stage in one evening. Stendhal, in the Journal de Paris, on Feb. 16, 1825, wrote enviously: "Mme. Pasta part pour Londres en avril" Weber breathed his last amid the Thames fog. Chopin was on his way to the English capital, when Lutetia retained him, and not until the end of his short life did he make that last stage of the trip, when he was no longer fit for journeys in coach or packet. Mendelssohn triumphed at the court of St. James. Moscheles squatted in British society, where a Lord Saltoun played the guitar, a Duke of Leinster the double-bass and an Earl of Arundel the trumpet. These are mere outlines; to add the filling details would be tedious. The picture is clear enough to show the resemblance with presentday conditions in New York. Money not only talks, it sings and plays.

Riches and love of the beautiful are the loam that nourishes art. America has marl to spare. And the advantages of such abundance are obvious. What if we are overrun with "foreign professors," if the annual deluge of concerts brings down upon us much that is crude, mediocre or charlatanie—America has a fresher interest in musical matters, to-day, than any other country in the world. Nor do I mean by America the half-dozen centers of the East and West. The people who love whole-cloth music—not the ragged edge of it are spread from ocean to ocean. And this statement is not made in an attempt to be patriotic at all cost; for one of patriotism's first duties is the

fearless pointing to flaw and error. I might support my claim in more ways than one, but shall be content to cite the tour of the Flonzaley Quartet, during the season 1921-22. These four men represent a rather high standard, and to read the list of towns in which they played, to houses better filled than in some of the large cities, is a revelation. Having no "school" of our own,

as yet, we turn an open mind to all others.

In Paris, the Sunday concerts still cling to the bewhiskered classics and to a few mildly modern things of the French school, with a sprinkling of Russian. Chauvinism excludes everything else. Adherents of the various "chapelles" and sainted circles lead hermetic lives; a few resort to midway methods in selfish propaganda. When Pierre Monteux conducted the "London Symphony" by Vaughan Williams in Paris, last year, one of the best and supposedly most averti critics confessed to never having heard the composer's name before, and asked whether he was American or English. Jean-Aubry has done more than any one else to bring musical Frenchmen and Britons together. In Berlin, it is nothing unusual to find from eight to twelve concerts in one evening. But what modern music they offer, is generally of the home-made kind. With the restoration of peace, these things may change. Poor, suffering, glorious Vienna has at least Schoenberg's private musicales, and in the hour of her greatest hardships she is still the wonderful, music-mad, hospitable city that welcomes Ravel and Puccini. London is having a busy time giving each one of the youngest English school a chance. And they go about it in a businesslike fashion, not unmindful of what systematic advertising will do. But it takes America to have that vast concourse of musical talent from everywhere, to listen in one week to Casella, Strauss and Prokofieff. Many a composer has heard the ideal performance of his work, not in his native land, but here. Humperdinck, who has gone to dwell with the angels for whom he has written such nobly simple strains, was "Professor Pumpernickel" to the children in his "Konigskinder." Granados found the last and greatest artistic joy of his life in that same Metropolitan Opera House. Ernest Bloch has reached a haven on these shores. That the critics in New York and Philadelphia writhed under his suite for viola and orchestra, is natural; that they decided it, bealimed it, did not surprise me. Béla Bartók is casting longing glances in our direction. Louis Aubert, who has been made the subject of a monograph by Louis Vuillemin, saw his "Foret Bleue" first performed in Boston, his "mattresse-œuvre" as the enthusiastic biographer thinks, which France still ignores. Granted, in this instance, France has not missed a great deal—for in matters of hospitality small blunders will occur. New York's "L'oiseau bleu" was bird of the same feather. But it is well to place on record the admission of the publishing interests of Durand in Paris, that England and especially America—and England and America only—have made it possible for that enterprising firm to support and publish the works of Debussy, Ravel, Schmitt and a host of other modern Frenchmen. The quantity of their music actually sold in France cannot begin to compare with what is yearly exported to New York, to Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. In a most certain manner has America assumed the patronage of music. Let us forget our crudities, let an ungrateful Europe snub us, we have done well if we can say that for us the presses at Nanterre are busy printing Debussy and Gabriel Fauré, and that the younger men find a kindly disposed publisher because

"Au moins, ça se vendra en Amérique."

And what are American publishers doing?-publishing, publishing until the country is awamped with novelties, new editions, and the cry is loud that they are overproducing. are two types of music publishers in America: first, the dairymen who conduct a legitimate business, have to look after hundreds of milch cows, and try to serve the public with clean and unadulterated nutriment—that the public at large does not take to cream, is a fault of the stomach; second, there are the proprietors of racing stables, with a string of fast blood, who stake a fortune on a filly and run it to death in making the post. Mix the two kinds of enterprises, as the case has been-send your cows to the track or your jockey to the cow barn, and the result is disaster. The get-rich-quick idea has demoralized American composers and music publishers. It has led people to compose who are not musicians, and people to publish who are nothing but tradesmen, and poor ones at that. For they expect to make a showing by peddling canned milk or running a merry-go-round. In Paris alone, there are more high-grade publishers of serious music, enjoying a world-wide reputation, than there are in all the States of the Union. And they sell their high-grade wares to America. What's wrong with the American publisher? Why must we have a "Society for the Publication of American Music"? What support does the publisher get who prints an American work for which he knows the sale cannot be immediate, or large at any time? Can he escape the temptation to publish "trash," if trash is what he has laboriously made the public believe it wants?

There is infinitely more musical value in some of our so-called "popular" music than in the cheap sob-stuff with chromo titles and the vile "teaching pieces" with which the musical sense of our children is being killed off. The music publishing industry needs "shrewd idealists" of the Belaief sort.

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In France you have, besides the Durands, the Heugels, three generations of music publishers grown rich through the many operas of Massenet and the one "Louise" of Charpentier. Henri Heugel, son of the founder and father of the present director, was a clever old man Crowned with his little black scull cap on his high, bald head, he throned in carefully guarded seclusion, visible only to a favored few, tenacious, the perfect type of ancient immobility in business methods. His weekly paper, "Le Ménestrel," breathed the same spirit. And yet it is one of the best informed in matters of musical news and of Parisian theatres. It often brings an interesting "leader." A recent one was an appreciation of Berlioz by the late Saint-Saëns We gain the impression that Berlioz was of yesteryear or that Saint-Saëns reached prodigious antiquity. The dean of French composers culls from his personal reminiscences; he knew Berlioz and speaks of him as of somebody in the flesh. It is not the Berlioz of legends, created mostly by Berlioz himself Briefly but penetratingly Saint-Saëns analyzes the man and his work. We are reminded that Wagner assimilated, evolved, matured, while Berlioz sprang into being whole and full grown. At a time when a Symphony by Haydn, played by thirty musicians, was greeted with shouts: "What noise, mon Dieu, what noise!" Berlioz had the audacity to demand fifty violins, five hundred performers. Truly, a madman. He gave music the bent towards the gigantic, to which our present musical "bibelots" and atonal snatches are the answer. Berlioz asked young Saint-Saëns to make the piano reduction of "Lélio." No better man to do it; Saint-Saëns' score reading, prima rista, was astounding and so conceded even by Wagner. Besides this striving for cyclopean effect, there was the romantic admiration for brigands and highwaymen. Schiller's "Räuber" put a new tuck into literature. Byron set a fashion. Everybody loved a bad man, from the heroic Corsaire to the comic opera Fra Diavolo Saint-Saëns tells us that Berlioz spoke lightly of Pergolesi's "Serva padrona," did not care for Handel, considered Bach a sort of "fort en thème"

until the day that Saint-Saëns showed him the poet in the contrapuntist, and explained to him the meaning of the title "The well-tempered clavichord." A rich life that, which reached back to the early years of romanticism and stood before the latest manifestations of futurism with the admission that music is venturesomely entering "dans des régions qui m'échappent." Often it is best for a composer that the man die young. Thus only may be hope for some space of after-life. The public seemingly cannot forgive a man who survives himself. And not every one, like Verdi, grows younger with advancing age. Max Bruch actually died last year, long after the definite close of the Jaeger-woollen period in music.

Brigandage and the stage had fraternized before Berlioz's and Schiller's day. When "The Beggar's Opera" was first produced in 1728, it had a run of sixty-three nights and drew larger crowds than Handel's "Richard I" and "Admeto." It was viewed with greatest alarm. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached against it. Dean Swift defended it. Certainly, "the soz populi was in favor of this immoral drama." Some held that it exerted a deplorable influence. One of the most emphatic among them was Sir John Hawkins:

The effects of the Beggar's Opera on the minds of the people have fulfilled the prognostications of many that it would prove injurious to society. Rapine and violence have been gradually increasing ever since its first representation: the rights of property, and the obligation of the laws that guard it, are disputed upon principle—Young men, apprentices, clerks in public offices, and others, disdaining the arts of honest industry, and captivated with the charms of idleness and criminal pleasure, now betake themselves to the road, affect politeness in the very act of robbery, and in the end become victims to the justice of their country; and men of discernment, who have been at the pains of tracing this evil to its scource, have found that not a few of those, who, during these last fifty years have paid to the law the forfeit of their lives, have in the course of their pursuits been emulous to imitate the manners and general character of Machesth.

Now Macheath, as portrayed in the New York revival of "The Beggar's Opera," last year, was a very attractive rogue. And it so happened that the revival fell in with the most startling and spectacular succession of robberies and murders, thefts of jewels and securities, which necessitated the turning of the city into an armed camp. Perhaps we must thank the coolness of

<sup>&</sup>quot;An "obituary" of the composer Saint-Saëns was written twenty-one years ago, after the performance of his opera "Les Barbares" in 1901, by no less distinguished a necrologist than Claude Debussy. The article has been lociuded in the recently published collection of Debussy's criticisms and emays, "Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante."

New York theatre-goers towards this delightfully ancient and fresh little play, if it was stopped in time, before the rascality outgrew all bounds. In England, the revival at the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith reached its 600th performance on Nov. 14, 1921! The play inaugurated the musical season 1921-22 at Manchester, with Mr. Eugene Goossens conducting the orchestra. And yet, we have heard of no crime-wave in England subsequent to these performances. It remains a pity that the charming production at the "Greenwich Village Theatre" had to close prematurely for lack of a public educated enough to enjoy it.

Mr. Frederick Austin, who prepared the musical part of the revival, is said to be writing, or has perhaps completed, a "Tramp's Opera." The possibilities are many, if we continue along those lines. How will New York take to the tramp, scorning the beggar? Ask no prognostication in matters where the dear public is concerned If New York audiences present their problem. Louis Laloy seems to have some definite ideas on those of Paris. Hear and compare. M. Laloy needs no introduction; he is an astute critic, a fine scholar, friend of Debussy, he wrote a sympathetic, though perhaps not a definitive, biography during the master's lifetime. His book on "La Musique Chinoise" is compact, readable and instructive. M. Laloy finds that Parisian audiences have much changed since 1914, and especially since 1916. The public of to-day has learned little, and has much forgotten. Yet it is full of good intentions, and therefore the responsibility of those providing it with entertainment is doubly grave. Theirs is the power to purify taste, or fully to corrupt it. (Alas! we have heard this before, and might quote Faust on Easter Morning.) Before the war, already, Parisian audiences were largely composed of foreigners and "nouveaux riches." At the play, one third of the spectators barely understood French at all, another third had but vague notions of grammar or history. The rest-notre élite intellectuelle-has now broken away and frequents such places as the Vieux-Colombier, the Comédie-Montaigne, the Théâtre des Arts, in short, the little theatres, seating not more than three hundred, where the youngest, the most advanced, like Messrs. Jean Sarment and Crommelynck, find favor. Large musical productions, of course, are not feasible within so limited a frame. And yet they were not more than three hundred, those who acclaimed Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" at its first performance, and slowly communicated their enthusiasm to vaster numbers. M. Laloy is of the

opinion that if this opera had been brought out in 1919 or 1920, the group of intelligent listeners would not have exceeded two hundred, with the rest of the hall full of dreary boobs (mornes badauds). Before the war, Parisian audiences were sceptic, ironic, suspicious, restive, but capable also of vehement passion and ardor if they but listened to their hearts. M. de Diaghtley, who has wandered with his Russian dancers the length and breadth of every clime, did not conceal his preference for that public, though it had mercilessly howled down "Le Sacre du Printemps," while it burned for "Le Rossignol," waxed passionate over "Boris Godounof," and could not see enough of "Petroushka" and "Sheherazade." M. Laloy tells of having been asked to see a new ballet, not long ago, at a gala performance; a male dancer, attired in a pair of bathing pants, slowly gyrated and wriggled in the midst of a polychrome setting. The orchestra consisted chiefly of tam-tams, automobile sirens and klaxons, lashed into resonant fury. The pre-war public would have yelled. Instead, there was polite applause—du bout des doigts—as if it had been "Sylvia" with Mile. Zambelli in her "tutu." The next evening the press was bidden; indignant protests followed, frenetic braves, insults, almost fisticuffs. But the subsequent performances went off again under shameful indifference and unpardonably good behavior. In the same hall, only a short time before, Tristan, sung by an Italian troupe, had been veciferously approved: next came a Dutch company of singers, infinitely superior to the Italians, but dismissed with barely a mark of attention. Public curiosity was glutted. What aroused it again from its lethargy was an orchestra of negroes, which filled the theatre seven afternoons and nights to the last row in the topmost gallery—a band of frenzied jazzers. And M Laloy's verdict? . . . "orchestre neare, public plus neare encore!"

These observations should strike home. Have we, in New York, always a public that is educated enough to be discriminating, and of sufficiently independent mind to stand by its likes or prejudices? Mr. Wiseman and Mrs. Knowitall give the signal, an anxiously careful clique takes it up; but politeness first and always, no demonstrations—they belong to the Latin temperament. The press may gibe, or kill with silence; around tea tables may form hostile "camps," and artistic destinies may be shaped between soup and fish. The seats to "Ladies' Night" were sold weeks ahead and traveling salesmen from Keokuk had to make their reservations early. "The Beggar's Opera" went begging. In concert or at the opera, stars will fill the house, music will

not, unless it be a Wagner program or Tschaikowsky's Pathétique But let the word go round, that it is a Scythian dancer in bathing pants, and that said dancer in said pants represents the latest in newly discovered "æsthetic values," then you may be sure of seven afternoons and evenings "full house," with the same politely approbative audience, plus nègre encore—on Broadway as in the Champs Elysées.

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Two monuments, commemorating the genius of Beethoven, owe their completion to the generous impulse of musicians. The first is Beethoven's statue at Bonn. In December 1835, a committee sent out an appeal for funds. Collections were slow. Schumann expressed under four different pseudonyms divergent views on the question of a fitting monument. It was Franz Liszt who provided, with public appearances, the necessary money which made possible the unveiling, in August 1845. other monument is Beethoven's Life by Alexander Wheelock Thayer. It is the more significant, the more imposing one of the two. It has now, for the first time, been issued in the author's own language, "edited, revised and amended from the English manuscript and German editions of Hermann Deiters and Hugo Riemann, concluded, and all the documents newly translated by Henry Edward Krehbiel." The vicissitudes of Thayer's lifework were many and strange ones. They have been interestingly recounted in Mr. Krebbiel's Introduction. Unfinished. when the pen dropped from Thayer's hand, the collating of the vast material, garnered by long and patient research, was carried on by Thayer's German collaborator, Dr. Deiters. died as the proof sheets of the fourth volume began to reach him. Dr. Hugo Riemann then was entrusted with completing the revision and supervising the publication of the last volumes. The road seemed clear now for Mr. Krehbiel to perform his arduous task, having been asked by Mr. Thayer's niece and heir, Mrs. Jabez Fox of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to prepare an English edition. But the road was neither clear nor short. Aside from the enormous labors that fell to the American editor-labors which his wonderful energy, his ever-green enthusiasm alone could accomplish—circumstances beyond the control of Mr. Krehbiel placed obstacle after obstacle in the way of final publication. Here intervened once more the generosity, the noble "geste" of Beethoven's admirers and interpreters. Mr. Krehbiel says in the short Postscript to his Introduction:

In the Spring of 1920 the Beethoven Association, composed of musicians of high rank, who had given a remarkably successful series of concerts of Beethoven's chamber-music in New York in the season 1919-20, at the suggestion of O. G. Sonneck and Harold Bauer resolved to devote the proceeds of the concerts to promoting the publication of Thayer's biography. To this act of artistic philanthropy the appearance of the work is due.

When the second volume was originally published, the Edinburgh Review, in 1873, had this to say:

It is impossible to wish for a more complete and trustworthy analysis of the first thirty-five years of his life than that which Mr. Thayer has given. But it is strangely wanting in literary merit. No one who wishes to know what is known about Beethoven can disregard so important a work, or can fail to be thankful to Mr. Thayer for the loving labour expended on it. But to read the book is a labour and a weariness; and we long for the advent of the biographer, whether German or English, who will make the dry bones live and conjure them into the true likeness of so great a man.

This critic had the German translation before him. was perhaps unfair to judge the original text by that Now Thayer's book comes to us largely, if not wholly, in the author's own words. It must be confessed that they do not in anything approach the verbal orchestration of Carlyle, the cadenced amplitude of Macaulay, or the each imagery of Francis Thompson, if that is what the English reviewer meant. In matters of style, Thayer could have learned from his neighbor Burton in Trieste. We shall continue to want d'Indy's "Beethoven" near at hand, shall want to consult a German biography (not necessarily Schindler's, rather possibly that of Thomas San-Galli or Bekker) if for no other reason than to read some of the documents and letters in the German of Beethoven himself. There are stretches in Thayer's book that seem like a stenographic court report. But that is in the nature of the thing. The case of Beethoven vs. The People was eminently one for judicial probing, for crossexamination of eye-witnesses, for exposing false testimony.

Theyer wanted to present the story of Beethoven the man, rather than the composer. Painstaking investigation, impartial weighing of the evidence collected, have produced a narrative which is among the most absorbing in all literature. The

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The Beethoven Association is represented in America for its edition of Thayer's "Life" by the printers of the three volumes, G. Schirmer, Inc., and in Great Britain by Novello & Co., Ltd.—Ed.

sequence of events is as unbroken as the scrupulous historian could make it: the picture of Beethoven's character as true to nature as deft and fearless blending of all traits could paint it. The composer of genius may stand revealed a mortal not devoid of moral flaws. There is consolation in the knowledge that Beethoven was as humanly fallible as the rest of us. The deplorable effects of his deafness may have warped his outlook on life, his estimation of friends and relatives. We may be asked to watch the progress of petty doubt gnawing at this big heart, Some of his acts, his sayings, may be explained only on pathologic grounds. But all the more gigantic does he loom before us, freed from the veils of myth and fabrication, in all his woe and tragic grandeur. And yet, not every riddle has been solved, not every question answered. Their remain problems, tantalizing to the hunter of details and dates. There have been recently and there will, undoubtedly, be further contributions to this life that ended less than a century ago. But little that may be brought to light can alter the structure of the monument that Thaver designed for Beethoven.

The last craftsman to work upon the edifice is Mr. Krehbiel. His share is vastly more than that of placing coping stones or adding final touches. Throughout the three volumes we encounter his observations, contained in helpful notes or piercing elucidations on some controversy. There may be room for criticism of the critical Mr. Krehbiel, when it comes to a closer examination of some of his translations from the German into English. The ideal edition of Beethoven's Life should have contained a fair sprinkling of samples in Beethoven's own German as well as in his strange French. Always authoritative in matters of fact, Mr. Krehbiel's collaboration gives these pages their crowning value; for it is in Thayer's spurit that the American editor has supplemented the American author.

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Mr. Henry Davey's "History of English Music" (J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.) has been issued in a second edition, "revised and rewritten with appendix to 1921." The first edition appeared in 1895. Twenty-six years is a long time to pass before a reprint of so generally excellent a work was necessary or practicable. The war interfered. But even so, appreciation for this book does not seem to have been as widespread as might have been expected. Mr. Davey has compiled the valuable results of much

original research. Nothing seems omitted from John Dunstable That the author has, here and there, an axe to Tonic Sol-fa of his own to grind, and does it with the sputtering of many a spark, is amusing rather than annoying. Mr. Davey is adducing a considerable amount of new material. Something of the spirit that animated his investigation may be seen in a remark anent Royal MSS. Appendix 58: "It is this MS. which enables us to claim for England the glory of having invented instrumental as well as vocal composition." Rule, Britannia! The preface to the second edition is priggish; the appendix woefully incomplete. England is richer to-day in musical talents than it has been in centuries. A mere enumeration of names tries to do justice to this renaissance. It would have been better, had Mr. Davey contented himself with carrying his account not farther than the year 1895 of his original edition. Such sentences as: "Lady composers have been active," followed by a list of female smateurs (Dr. Ethel Smyth for exception), add nothing to the usefulness of the volume. American readers should be pardoned a feeling of pride in finding mention of the MS, of sacred and secular music by Giles Farnaby, once in the possession of America's first native composer who was also a signatory of the Declaration of Independence; it is known as The Hopkinson MS. at Philadelphia. The undated printed copy of Parthenia inviolata for virginals and bass-viol must be consulted at the Public Library of New York. In speaking of Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Davey writes: "The final account of Bishop's works was contributed by Mr. F. Corder to The Musical Quarterly, January, 1918."

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If it were discovered, to-day, that Richard Wagner in his lifetime had committed murder and escaped punishment, it would be interesting to know, but not necessarily a surprise. Certainly, it would not diminish the musician's achievement. Wagner remains a great genius, in spite of the fact that he was amoral and held to a code of his own. He was selfish and petty. Had these traits required to be put into the strongest possible light, "The Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence," gathered in book form by Nietzsche's sister, Frau Elisabeth Foerster, would have sufficed to do so. The reading of this book is not unbroken joy. Wagner's

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Some very interesting excerpts from that book, then in preparation by the translator, Miss Kerr, were published in the Musical Quarterly in July, 1918, pp. 466-489, under the title of "Wagner and Nietzsche—The Beginning and End of their Friendship." The book is published by Boni & Laveright, New York—Ed.

gigantic figure dwindles in the progress, the bold image of Nietzsche. These letters, together with Frau Foerster's connecting narrative, have now been published in English (translated by Caroline V. Kerr) For hors d'aucre, Mr. H. L. Mencken, the brilliant writer, has obliged the American publishers with a short Introduction. It is mildly salted nuts. Try as you will, these letters offer problems which lie so deep beneath the surface, that superficial explanations fail. At the beginning of the correspondence. Wagner, the former political exile, had become a social outcast. During the last night of Nietzsche's first week-end visit. to Villa Triebschen, the wife of Hans von Bülow gave birth to Wagner's son, Siegfried. The tension in the household was high. Cosima had sought distraction for the master. Even genius occasionally finds a Sunday boresome. And moreover, it was particularly desirable to draw to Triebschen so estimable a personage as a University Professor from Basle, young though he was. Nietzsche eagerly grasped the opportunity to come into more intimate contact with the older man, the greatest living composer of his age. The discussions they had were at first, no doubt, stimulant and elevation to both. But Wagner could not make the acquaintance of anyone without turning him into the serving Kundry of the hour. So Nietzsche soon became the "commissioner," in town, for the ostracised family. There were toys to buy for Cosima's children: Wagner's autobiography had to be given to a printer, with no small amount of secrecy and caution. Rich days of intensely happy converse repaid the errands. In the greetings addressed to Wagner on his birthday. in 1870, Nietzsche wrote: ". . . I offer you the rarest of all wishes -may everything remain as it is, may the moment abide, for, ah! it is so beautiful!" Did the younger, the more sensitive of the two, so early anticipate in vague concern the end that was inevitable? If so—and it is more than likely that the answer should be affirmative—it must be counted all the more to Nietzsche's credit that he continued servant to the man, and prophet to the master. Nietzsche was anxious to read Wagner his dissertation on the Greek Drama, and "was deeply wounded by perceiving that Wagner expected this work, in some way, to be a glorification of his own art." Thus did the sister see it. "But again, consideration for his friend won the day and no sooner had he returned to Basle than he set about rewriting the book." Not even a Nietzsche could evade the spell of Triebschen. When more words had lost their power, a walk in "dreamy silence." along the lovely lake, would take their place. "Cosima was

wearing a semi-negligée of rose-colored cashmere, with broad revers of real lace falling to the hem of the garment, and upon her arm hung a large flower-trimmed hat of Florentine straw. Wagner was in his habitual costume worn by the Netherlands painters, black satin knee trousers, black velvet jacket, black silk stockings and a light blue satin cravat falling over a shirt of fine linen and The familiar velvet barret was posed upon his luxuriant brown hair." The picture is one to remember. When the changes in Nictzsche's work were made, not without inner struggle. and he humbly offered the revised version to Wagner, the latter acknowledged the receipt with a brief note in which we read, after a few expressions of empty praise: "I have just said to Cosima that you stand second only to her; then, for a long time, there is no one until we reach Lenbach, who has painted such a striking portrait of me." . . . of ME! yes, in the velvet jacket and barret,-great Gods!-why not with the satin breeches and the Dresden brogue! No wonder Nietzsche's spirits gradually When later, in a letter to Cosima, he dared allude to his disenchantment, Wagner, from Bayreuth, upbraided him in angry tone: "I must let you know what we have been saying about you; one thing was that never in my entire life did I have such opportunities for masculine companionship as you seem to have in Basle; but if you are all determined to be hypochondriacs, then this intercourse will be of no value to you. There seems to be a lack of young women, but as my old friend Sulzer used to say, 'Where can we get them unless we steal them?' I should say that in a case of extreme necessity one would be justified in stealing. Of one thing I am firmly convinced, and that is that you must either get married or write an opera. One would do you just about as much good—or harm!—as the other. But of the two, I advise you to marry." Knowing the lives of Wagner and of Nietzsche as we do, what comment shall we make to this? Poor Nietzsche had no "old friend Sulzer" to advise him, and doubts had probably begun to arise in his breast about some of Wagner's own advice and maxims. The ultimate break is more strongly foreshadowed as the final pages of the book are reached, although Frau Foerster has tactfully excluded from it "all the ugly and hostile words written and said" after the silent breach of friendship. Nietzsche, the clearer thinker still, the finer poet always, was the more sharply wounded of the two, wounded somehow past all the power of healing. "I shuddered as I went on my way alone; I was ill, or rather more than ill . . . weary of the bitterness and harrowing suspicion that, from now on, I was

doomed to distrust more deeply, to despise more deeply, and to be more deeply alone than ever before. For I had never had any one but Richard Wagner!" Leaving behind him the "human, all-too-human" Wagner, he mounted onward, mounted in loneliness to heights where, godlike, he created himself a companion after his own image—Superman.

#### CONTENTS

#### OF THE

### JULY, 1922, NUMBER

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER: THE VICTIM OF HIS FRIENDS
JOHN TASKER HOWARD, Jr. (Bioomfield, N. J.)

THE SPRINGS OF MUSIC

IVOR GURNEY (Gloucester, England)

THE ACADEMY OF ST. CECILIA AND THE AUGUSTEO IN ROME GUIDO M. GATTI (Tarin)

THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLES OF THE RUSSIAN ORIENT LAZARE SAMINSKY (New York)

SOMETHING ON TRANSLATION
HERBERT F. FEYSER (New York)

THE ANOMALOUS PLACE OF MOZART IN MUSIC HAROLD D. PHILLIPS (Middletown, N. Y.)

HEINRICH HEINE'S MUSICAL FEUILLETONS

ESKIMO MUSIC IN NORTHERN ALASKA D. JENNENS (Ottawa)

THE TWO REGER LEGENDS
ERNEST BRENNECKE, Jr. (New York)

EARLY IRISH BALLAD OPERA AND COMIC OPERA W. J. LAWRENCE (Dublin)

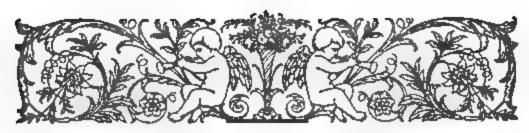
OUR MUSICAL KINSHIP WITH THE SPANIARDS GILBERT ELLIOTT, JR. (New York)

On Hearing Music

COLIN McALPIN (London)

VIEW AND REVIEWS

CARL ENGEL (Washington, D. C.)



## THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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# THE AMERICAN COMPOSER: THE VICTIM OF HIS FRIENDS

### By JOHN TASKER HOWARD

NCOURAGEMENT of the American composer is to-day a most widely discussed topic. Societies are formed for a proper hearing of his music, festivals are arranged with American programs, singers invariably have an "American Group" at their recitals, and the advance bulletins of orchestral seasons announce a number of native works. Such movements mark the inevitable reaction from the all too recent foreign domination of our musical life.

Our young nation was compelled to import foreign musicians and teachers, and it was but natural that these musicians and teachers should have brought with them the traditions and musical literature of the Old World. Young politically and economically, America was young in culture also. Consequently, even as we grew older, it was difficult, in some cases impossible, for native art to secure recognition. The public demanded the foreign label; a demand by no means confined to art-products. Importers of commercial wares have always thrived on the magic of a Paris or London trade-mark.

Although snobbishness toward American music dare not openly speak its mind to-day, we know that it still exists. To some critics and music-lovers America spells immaturity and mediocrity. Approbation is too often accompanied by a patronizing condescension that irritates both the composer and his rapidly increasing number of friends.

These friends of the American composer have valiantly fought the hostile attitude, and during the World War the reaction had its culmination. At that time recognition of native

art became a question of patriotism, but while much has been accomplished in the right direction, we have not yet arrived at the point where the American composer always secures the proper kind of hearing. We sometimes overwork our enthusiasm in his behalf, and our efforts to help him may prove a boomerang.

The propaganda activities of the War period gave the American enthusiasts their cue, for well organized publicity campaigns had brought astonishingly successful results. These campaigns served their purpose in selling Liberty Bonds, and they raised funds for the Red Cross and other War activities. Some fields, however, will not allow of too much artifical cultivation. Art is like a flower—if its growth is forced, it becomes delicate, and consequently short-lived.

We are to-day seeking to force the growth of American music. The American composer and his public are suffering from an

acute case of propaganditis.

It is so unnecessary. There is undeniably creative musical talent in our country, and there will be still more as time goes on. One may say that the American composer does not receive his due in time, but is that peculiar to the American composer? Did Wagner gain immediate recognition? Was Hugo Wolf's first song hailed as a masterpiece? Remember that friends of this great song writer financed the publication of his songs.

Too much ill-advised, though well-intentioned propagands may make the word American, when applied to music, a mill-stone about its neck. A few years ago a man would have been apt to stifle a yawn when told that he was to hear an American composition. To-day he may stifle a yawn because he is so surfeited with hearing of his duty to native composers. It is far

easier to combat snobbishness than ennui.

Ill-directed efforts to obtain recognition for our composers have classed mediocrity with genius. Both are American, therefore we must admire them equally. I contend that it is not a sign of patriotism to applaud the mediocrities of contemporary composers; by so doing we injure our real genius. It is because the American public has had inferior music forced upon it, that it gives polite, perfunctory applause to the native masterpieces it hears. With genius, of course, we can fairly class that high degree of talent which occasionally, in its lifetime of production, gives birth to a great and much loved work. Such talent deserves its opportunity.

Concert-givers often include American works on their programs from a sense of duty. With so many native compositions

available, that duty has not been difficult to discharge, but those responsible for the programs are not always as careful as they should be in their choice of pieces.

I recall a recent conversation between a noted music critic and an eminent conductor. The critic remarked that attending concerts in the unseasonably warm weather had exhausted him.

"Ah, but in addition to the hot weather," the conductor

replied, "I am rehearsing an American program."

This remark was made in jest, no doubt, but it reflects an attitude. Conductors, pianists, singers and violinists expect praise for their patriotism in including American works on their programs. Why should they be praised? If American compositions are worthy of a place on programs the artists reap the benefit of having found good concert-numbers; if the American works are not worthy of a hearing, those who play them should be pulled from their platforms for the injury they are doing American music, and for lowering their own artistic standards.

Praise, indeed! Is it not a privilege to have good music to play? Is it a duty to play mediocre music? Why use the word American at all? Music is music—good, bad or indifferent. Coddling mediocrity, and placing it in the same boat with genius,

will not help genius.

There have been many of these All-American programs presented within the past few years. Their object is evident, and their intent worthy. Those who give the concerts aim to insure our composers a sympathetic hearing. It is said that Edward MacDowell did not wish his works played on a program exclusively devoted to American compositions. He felt that unless his music could bear comparison with other numbers of a program it had better not be played at all.

It is not the All-American program (how it sounds like a foot-ball team!) that will make for the advancement of native musical art. The object of these affairs is too obvious Far better for the concert-makers regularly to include one American work on each program, without a label, for then will the public find for itself that the work is good. When a man has the pleasure of making his own discoveries, without being told what he must like, his liking will last longer and he will ask for more.

The point may be made that the more hearings the American composer is given, the more he will be encouraged to write: that even though a deluge of mediocrity results, there will be a certain percentage of genius. I doubt it. In a recent issue of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, A. Walter Kramer expresses the opinion

that we are writing too much music in America to-day He points out that with the prolific comes the mediocre, hand in hand. I think Mr. Kramer is right. If the vast amount of music brought forward each year were an indication of quality, our fears for the future of American composition would be groundless. Let the composers write and write, and then write still more, but let them save the bulk of their work for their own portfolios. Far better to be known to the world for five master-pieces then for a thousand mediocrities.

The average song-recitalist is a serious offender. In many cases he or she starts with a group of songs from the old masters—early Italian or old English. On second appearance she or he sings a group of lieder, and the third part of the program is devoted to songs from the French school. Then appears the final set—the American group. If this fits in logically with the scheme of things (a modern group for final appearance), very well, because then there is an artistic justification. If the list is chosen to represent the song-literature of various nations, that is again a valid reason, and since America is the youngest nation, and its musical product the most recent, its songs would chronologically belong at the end of the program.

But how often does the singer put these songs at the end because he or she feels that they must be gotten in somewhere, and because the singer knows that the publishers will advertise the fact that she or he sings their songs? The critics have departed, and all the audience except the invited guests (who at the début, we admit, form the bulk of the listeners), has gone home; but our recitalist has done her duty—she has sung at least six American songs. Under such conditions I wonder how far

the cause of American music has been advanced!

A composer recently selected four of his songs, and sent copies to a list of twenty singers, with a note asking that they examine his compositions. He said that he would be very much pleased if the artists found them suitable for use on programs. He received one reply.

"Very well," he thought, "they do not like my songs. I

cannot expect that they will sing them."

A few weeks later this composer sent the same songs to four other singers, and suggested that if they liked the songs, and could use them in concert, the recitalists send their photographs for use in a circular the publisher was planning to devote to concert-artists who programmed the compositions. Within a week's time the composer received four photographs, four letters

of commendation, and four assurances that the songs would be used in public. I wonder if Edward MacDowell ever promised advertising to singers who sang Thy Beaming Eyes or The Sea.

We must give the American composer every chance. It is our duty not only to him but to ourselves. There are worthy American compositions, and more are being brought forward every year. Play them, sing them, but do not label them. If American music is given a fair hearing, unaccompanied by undignified, blatant trumpeting, it will be sympathetically received,

and get the appreciation it deserves.

We are a little too self-conscious about our art in this country. In music we think too much about an individual "school" of expression. We cannot by taking thought add a national individuality to our artistic stature. Such things must come from within us; we cannot order an idiom as we would a suit of clothes. In our early days we imitated the German composers, and we found them good models. When the War came, with its reaction against all things Teutonic, our composers turned to the French for patterns, and now we have an army of Debussyites. This is inevitable, for the real American school will appear only in the due course of years. Our literature already shows marked individuality; the American novel, the American short story, the American drama are facts. They developed unconsciously, and we shall have an American music also if we stop thinking about it.

In this connection it is interesting to read what a Frenchman, Pierre Lasserre, says about French individuality, coming as it does from a nation whose characteristics of musical expression are easily distinguished. In the preface of his recent book, The Spirit of French Music (Dutton), the author addresses his countrymen as follows:

It is right to be French in everything: but one must not be so of set purpose. . . . The French spirit, French taste—these are things that do not define themselves into formulæ. It is not that they lack body and reality; on the contrary, their reality as we see it in history is too much alive, too overflowing—and how should we recognize it in history if we did not feel it stirring within us? There is nothing more real, more distinct, than the physiognomy of an individual, especially if a superior personality shines through his features. But that is a thing that is felt and cannot be defined.

To return to the recitalist. If he will select his programs from the works of all nations, having examined them all with equal care, he will choose a fair proportion of American compositions;

not necessarily because they are American, but because they belong to a class of music he needs for his recitals. When American music is performed because it is good music (and it can be performed for such a reason), then will the cause of American music advance itself, in an entirely natural growth. Then will the term American cease to be the signal for applauding mediocre music, the patronizing attitude will disappear, and our fellow nations will recognize that our musical output can keep pace with theirs.

The American composer is a problem only as we make a problem of him. He exists and he will continue to exist. Encourage him, but be sure that he does not receive the kind of encouragement that discourages his public.

#### THE SPRINGS OF MUSIC

#### By IVOR GURNEY

SINCE the springs of music are identical with those of the springs of all beauty remembered by the heart, an essay with this title can be little more than a personal record of visions of natural fairness remembered, it may be, long after the bodily seeing.

It is the fact that these visions were more clearly seen after the excessive bodily fatigue experienced on a route march, or in some hard fatigue in France or Flanders—a compensation for so much strain. One found them serviceable in the accomplishment of the task, and in after-relaxation. There it was one learnt that the brighter visions brought music; the fainter verse, or mere pleasurable emotion.

Of all significant things the most striking, poignant, passioning, is the sight of a great valley at the end of the day—such as the Severn Valley which lies hushed and dark, infinitely full of meaning, while yet the far Welsh hills are touched with living and ecstatic gold. The first breakings of the air of night, the remembrance of the glory not all yet faded; the meeting of the two pageants of day and night so powerfully stir the heart that music alone may assuage its thirst, or satisfy that longing told by Wordsworth in the "Prelude"; but that telling and outpouring of his is but the shadow and faint far-off indication of what Music might do—the chief use of Poetry seeming to be, to one, perhaps mistaken, musician, to stir his spirit to the height of music, the maker to create, the listener worthily to receive or remember.

The quietest and most comforting thing that is yet strongly suggestive—the sight which seems more than any to provoke the making of music to be performed on strings, is that of a hedge mounting over, rolling beyond the skyline of a little gracious hill. A hedge unclipped, untamed; covered with hawthorn perhaps, showing the fragile rose of June, or sombre with the bareness of Winter; the season makes no difference. So that the hedge be of some age and the hill friendly enough of aspect, smooth, strokable, as it were, there is no end to the quiet suggestion, the subdued yet still quick power of the sight.

What may not be taken from a road winding over against a West clear beneath, above crowned with dark angerful clouds?

To walk there, having seen sunset pass—"the brands of sunset fall, flicker and fade from out the West,"as a poet has said—to top the hill and take on his face the last of the sunset wind, the first of the night. And to pass on, see groups of quiet voiced cottagers talking at gates not iron but of friendly wood, surrounded by peace and a fragrance of honeysuckle or some such tender thing. This is to know where so much of Schumann's music had its source.

Beethoven comes with the majesty of a wide plain on a blowy day, ruled imperiously by hills but afar off—kingly-wise but in temperate fashion. A plain roofed by the blue and cloud dappled, gloriously changing, swept clean by wind loving yet rough, austere yet friendly. Or his is the sight of a heaven of stars, seen from high above the world; alone at midnight one must stand where long ago the Romans kept their watch, and knew either bare slopes or beech boughs sawing backwards and forwards against the dim blue and the starry points thereon. It is right that one who should wish to understand at least one of Beethoven's moods should wrap himself in one of the Master's moods on such a place as Painswick Beacon, when nothing human is abroad, not a light in the valley save in the distant town; when no sound comes to the bodily ear save that ghostly one of the owl.

A copse is full of infinite suggestion of Schubert, and if it were threaded by some tiny dancing stream running sunlit water like some strange and splendid metal. . . .

Birds talk and sing there, and the Unfinished Symphony con-

firms one in wonder at the day's hotter hours.

Brahms has more of Autumn in him—the full coloured new ploughed earth also; rich-tinted, strongly fragrant soil unplanted. He has given us even the smell of leaves, it seems to myself at least; as in the Piano Quintet in F minor.

Orchards are the inspiration of so much; blossom has borne blossom of song so many times in so many men. "Adelaide," the First Rasoumoffsky Quartet, Schubert's songs, Schumann's songs and short pianoforte pieces, the songs of Brahms . . . Who has

not felt the spell of Spring so strongly symbolized herein?

As for the Sea, it has too little influenced or inspired the Makers of Song. Vaughan Williams alone has worthily expressed his mood of glory at the scent, sound, sight of that infinite and unweakening wonder. The Germans seem to care little for the sea, and anyhow the centres that drew their great musicians were far enough from blue water. The mountains must supply that need of complete grandeur which thrusts a snowy peak high out of the score, even the notes read merely, of Eroica or Coriolanus.

In Bach is fairy tale, firelight, Cathedral space (of this a great deal), much human friendliness. The common intercourse of life. but raised high. An almost unparalleled grandeur is his at times. but seeming to come rather from ordered stone than the free majesty of mountain places, the sky or the sea. Yet such a man made out of talking sunlit water the Italian Concerto, and-as for the Chromatic Fantasia, of what was such a huge wonder born? Of sheer cliffs or a thought of the battle of good and evil in some mighty heart? None can say; it is with far more than the common gratitude that we accept such things. The Ninth Symphony begins with the mightiest of battle gatherings, and has the most tremendous of onslaughts in the few pages of its first movement. There the sky rages also as in King Lear, there the spirit of man realises its impotency yet eternal power of defiance before the forces of Nature. Challenges, accepts and both powerfully, with dignity, and though certain in the end of doom, looks up at the ordered troops of dark cloud, and says, "We are, but I shall be."

From poplars has come much: the larch has given grace to thought in many of the smaller forms. The oak has strengthened many, and in the shady chambers of the elm many have found peace. Trees are the friendliness of things, and the beech with its smooth A major trunk, its laughing E major foliage; the Scotch fir which passionate or still is always F sharp minor, cannot have been without influence on men.

Autumn is strongest in memory of all the seasons. To think of Autumn is to be smitten through most powerfully with an F sharp minor chord that stops the breath, wrings the heart with unmeasurable power. On Brahms it is so strong, this royal season; has given him much, worthily and truly translated. What! do you not know the Clarinet Quintet, the Handel Variations, the C minor Symphony? And do you not smell Autumn air keen in the nostrils, touch and wonder at leaves fallen or about to fall? Have you not hastened to the woods of the F minor Quintet?

Perhaps you are too enamoured of the April of Mozart, in which you are both right and wrong. His is "the cascade of the larch." The young heavens forgetful after rain. Aready is his, and in the springing season.

Children are always a delight, but the large eyes and innocence of them are not Mozart's only, but of Schubert, Schumann, Haydn, and almost supremely of Bach, when he chooses to be fascinated by them. What is the little Prelude and Fugue in G major in the second part of the "48," but a fairy tale for children?

And who but a child brought the A major Concerto to us, or the F sharp Piano Sonata? (Of Mozart and Beethoven.)

Firelight is infinitely strong on us all, but on Schumann preeminently. One would think that man to have known Cotswold, and to have sheltered from its winter air in a house built of the stone most worthily used for Cathedrals, and as perfectly built. To have watched the dance and interlacing of shadows on the dim walls, but most to have gazed and lost himself in the deepest heart of the log-fire roaring upwards towards the vast chimney and the

frosty stars.

This queer discursive essay-thing has come from remembrance of natural beauty which has brought music, and of music that opened suddenly a pathway through to show some picture, long ago seen, it may be, but passioned, made mystic and far more dear from the unexpectedness of the gift. A beauty out of beauty suddenly thrust unasked upon a heart that dared not want more; had not dreamed of asking more, and was suddenly given completely eternal right in Cranham, Portway, Redmarley, Crickley—before, the Paradise of Earth; after, as things unearthly, not to be thought on without tears, nor a fear of loss known deep in the spirit to be unfounded, unbelievable.

Worse nonsense has been written about such things as we all believe, and though truth is better treated more honestly, yet even through this mist of pretty words may show some of the plainness of the truth as it may have seemed to the makers and

receivers.

The Augusteo in Rome

# THE ACADEMY OF ST. CECILIA AND THE AUGUSTEO IN ROME

### By GUIDO M. GATTI

HE musical reawakening in Italy, which might be characterized in a word as "the liberation of eighteenth-century melodramatic art"; that resurrection in her musicians of the love and the cult of those symphonic and instrumental forms which had been the glory of Italy in the centuries preceding the nineteenth; in fine, that general purification of artistic aims, accompanied by deeper cultural consciousness and a more sincere and profound spiritual life (concerning which G. Jean-Aubry, in his fine essay on "The New Italy," has already spoken convincingly to the readers of the Quarterly in the issue of Jan., 1920); -all these trace their source to that same century whose general tendency was seemingly in absolute contrast to a movement of this kind. When the precursors of the present Italian renascence in music are spoken of, usually four or five names of composers are mentioned, to whom the fructification of the musical soil was doubtless due, and who, though adhering too closely to the great romantic masters of Germany, undertook the task of disseminating non-theatrical music, and of educating the public, for which the highest praise should be accorded them. But then one neglects to point out the rise of executive musical organisms, of concert associations, of the establishment of symphony orchestrasin fact, of that whole complex of activities which, as regards the art, may be termed practical, but whose assistance to the art is not a negligible quantity. The creators and supporters of such organisms are, in our opinion, fully as meritorious as-if not more meritorious than—the first composers of non-theatrical music who rose in our musical firmament during the last quarter of the past century. They had everything to contend againstagainst a public who would not hear of deserting, even for a single evening, the theatre for the concert-hall; against financiers who shrank from risking a soldo for such enterprises as concerts, which to them appeared more than venturesome, positively irrational, and destined to most lamentable and inevitable failure; against the orchestra players, who were quite without training for the concert-platform and had no mind to subject themselves to a

régime of practice and rehearsals which the theatre apparently did not require of them.

Any one who should write an account of the symphonic enterprises that sprang up and flourished—those that did flourish! -in Italy at that period, would, besides paying due homage to the bold pioneers (we shall see shortly who they were), supply a notable contribution to contemporaneous Italian musical history. So also would he who should throw full light on its beginnings and trace the evolution of certain features. Hitherto no such account has been published. although publications of localized scope and having reference to single undertakings are not lacking. and are equally instructive as the numerous chronicles and histories of the principal theatres. (From among them we mention that by Depanis, "I Concerti popolari ed il Teatro Regio di Torino," published by the S.T.E N. in 1914, with a wealth of annotations and documents; the companion volumes of Florentine records, published by Nicolai in Florence; and the Annali of the St. Cecilia Society of Rome, published under the supervision of its president, the Conte di San Martino, the first of which, covering the first twenty years, is of peculiar interest by reason of notes and records made by the president himself.) Such a history we shall not attempt to write now, as we intend to limit ourselves to tracing rapidly the doings of the Augustee and its progenitor, the Accademia di Santa Cecilia. though we shall not fail to record such enterprises as were inaugurated before them, or contemporaneously, in other Italian cities, and sad to say, although born under most favorable auspices, declined thereafter, leaving the Augusteo alone to do honor to Italy as a centre of earnest musical culture worthy to rank beside all similar great institutions of foreign countries.

And first of all we shall mention the organization of the Concerti Popolari at Turin, set on foot in imitation of the Concerts Populaires established by Pasdeloup in Paris (1861) at the Cirque d'Hiver. Of these concerts the first performance was given in the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele at Turin in the afternoon of May 12, 1872, conducted by Carlo Pedrotti (author of "Tutti in Maschera"), with the following program: Foroni, Sinfonia fantastica in C minor; Beethoven, Scherzo of the Sinfonia eroica; Meyerbeer, Overture to "Struensee"; Wagner, Prelude to "Lohen-

<sup>&#</sup>x27;I trust that Mr Gutti will grant at least one exception to this sweeping statement my extensive essay on that very subject published in the Sammriblande of the I. M. G in 1900 and republished in an English translation as "Signs of a new uplift in Italy's musical life" on pp. 215-271 of my book "Suum cuique."—Ed.

grin"; Weber, Ocerture to "Oberon"; Rossini, Ocerture to "La Gazza Ladra." A semi-theatrical program, from its inclusion of so many overtures, but certainly not wanting in adventurousness;-think of the Scherzo to the Eroica (it would have been esteemed sheer madness to give the entire symphony), and of the Prelude to "Lohengrin," that same Lohengrin which, the year before, had excited so many discussions and fomented such discord after its performance in Bologna<sup>†</sup>

But next year we already find on the programs a greater number of compositions written originally for concerto-use, and these begin, naturally, with Mendelssohn and his piano concerto in G minor and symphony in A minor; but then Beethoven also arrives with his first performance of a symphony, that in C major.

The association of the Concerti Popolari started with a capital of \$990 francs in shares of ten francs each (O happy times!): it flourished, changed its name, made its final demonstration with the admirable series of concerts at the International Exposition of 1911, and gave up the ghost. To-day it is only a memory, but a memory that ought to act as a spur to make it rise from the ashes that still are warm and ready to impart new and flourishing existence.

While this Turinese institution was the first to succeed in the realization of a broad and genuinely artistic program, it was not actually the first in chronological order. An attempt far less ambitious in aim (as we gather from the above-cited book by Depanis) had been made in 1869 by the Società del Quartetto of Florence, with Jefte Sbolci as conductor-an attempt which broke down after only three concerts, but was renewed in December, 1873, and later by the Società Cherubini, conducted by De Piccolellis; it likewise is now defunct. In May, 1874, there came forward at Rome the Società Orchestrale Romana (Ettore Pinelli, conductor), and in 1878 the Società Orchestrale of La Scala, at Milan: this latter was transformed in the course of time into the still flourishing Società dei Concerti Sinfonici, now under the energetic direction of Ugo Finzi and his intelligent collaborator. Ing. Cesare Albertini (to whose initiative is due his latest grand success in the tournée of the Orchestra Toscanini in Italy). The former society (that in Rome) was the original nucleus of, first, the orchestra of Santa Cecilia and, secondly, that of the Augusteo.

And now we shall occupy ourselves exclusively with Roman affaire.

The beginnings of the "Santa Cecilia" at Rome are of very early date; they go back to 1566, the year in which the maestri di cappella who had accepted the principles of Palestrina's reform joined with the singers in an association of which Palestrina himself was elected president. In 1584 this association was canonically recognized and established by Pope Gregory XIII, who erected it into a confraternity under the name of Congregazione dei Musici di Roma, sotto l'invocazione di Santa Cecilia (Congregation of the Musicians of Rome, with invocation of St. Cecilia). During the three succeeding centuries the Academy did not cease to exercise a beneficent influence over musical art through instruction, through performances and examinations, until the birth in 1876 of that Liceo Musicale (Conservatory) which for three years has borne the title of "Royal," and is under State administration; which is among the foremost in Italy; which has had—and has to-day instructors of the highest rank, and has sent into the world a great number of excellent composers and instrumentalists. (Among the teachers of former years we may note Sgambati, Cotogni, Monachesi; among the living, Marco Enrico Bossi, Director of the Liceo and, pêle-mêle, Ottorino Respighi, Alfredo Casella, Francesco Bajardi, Domenico Alaleona, Arrigo Serrato, Mario Corti, Giulio Silva, etc.)

It was in the year 1895, and precisely on the evening of February the 2nd, that the symphony concerts of the Academy began with a concert in commemoration of its founder. Pier Luigi da Palestrina. This concert, like the others coming after, took place in the Academy's own concert-hall, already planned in 1881 by the architect Pompeo Coltellacci, and finished in 1894, the cost, amounting to about 250,000 francs, was borne by the Academy, in part by Queen Margherita, and by the magistracy and the commune of Rome; the hall accommodates some 1200 persons. As observed before, the first concert was entirely devoted to Palestrina and his contemporaries, the program, here appended as an historical curiosity, was as follows:

 Palestrina: Responsorio, "Gloria Patri et Filii et Spiritu Sancto. Âmen."

2. Palestrina: Benedictus, "Benedictus qui venit."

S. A. Gabrieli: Canzone for organ.

4. Palestrina: Madrigale, "Oh che splendor."
5. A. Gabrieli: Ricercure for organ.

6. Palestrina: Mottetto, "Surge amica mea."

These particulars, and others of an historical character which are to follow, are taken from the aforementioned book, "XX Anni di Concerti della R. Accademia di Santa Cecilia," by Count Enrico Valperga di San Martino.



Conte Enrico Valperga di San Martino

- 7. C. Merulo: Toccata nel terzo tono, for organ.

8. Palestrina: Modrigale, "Alla riva del Tebro."

9. Frescobaldi. Capriccio pastorale for organ

10. Palestrina: Mottetto, "Tu es Petrus."

Conductor, Raffaele Tersiani; Chorusmaster, Pio di Pietro; Organist, Remigio Renzi.

The concert, which was attended by Queen Margherita (who, parenthetically remarked, was always a fervent and enthusiastic supporter of the undertaking), was preceded by a commemorative discourse on Palestrina, held by the then president of the Academy, the illustrious Ruggero Bonghi, the translator of Plato.

Still, it should not be imagined that the preparation of this concert, whose promoters intended it to be-as it in fact wasthe first of an extended series, was effected without difficulty, especially on the financial side. But the Conte di San Martino. with his well adjusted net of adherents both political and social. and above all with his enthusiasm and unwearied activity, could extract funds from the very stones when the realization of his scheme depended on it—at least as a preliminary step. The list of persons who contributed to the subscription opened by the Academy of St. Cecilia embraces, after the royal names, those belonging to the highest Roman and foreign aristocracy; among the latter we mention the Americans, Messrs, Blackburne, Crawford. Needham, and others.

During the first year it was impossible, for economic reasons, to give orchestral concerts, so that, of the six concerts which followed the first, one was devoted to a repetition of it, while in the others there was performed music for the organ, and various vocal and instrumental compositions, in three historical concerts drawn from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century, with Roman executants, among whom is recorded the singer Bice Mililotti-Revna.

In the succeeding year noticeable progress was made; in some of the thirteen concerts the orchestra already appears, namely, the one specially organized by the Academy, and that of the Società Orchestrale Romana noticed above as then existing. They performed, among other things, the Good Friday legend by Gounod. Mendelssohn's Walpurgianacht, Beethoven's overture Die Weihe des Hauses. The Preludes and The Battle of the Huns by Liszt, and two scenes from Parsifal. The orchestral concerts alternated. as was also the custom in the years following, with concerts of chamber-music in which we note the participation, for the first time, of foreign elements either transiently in Rome or invited for

the occasion by the Academy. During this second season the Bohemian Quartet made its first appearance in Rome in its original and, alas! now dissolved organization (Hoffmann, Suk, Nedbal, Wihan), which aroused enthusiasm in particular with the Quartet by Smetana; also the celebrated violinist Joachim (who played, assisted by Monachesi, Pinelli and Mendelssohn, Mozart's Quartet in C; with Giovanni Sgambati the First Sonata by Brahms; and with the orchestra Beethoven's Concerto in D); besides the two admirable American artists Clarence Eddy and Minnie Hauk. Be it noted to the honor of these two last-named virtuosi, that they gave their valuable services gratuitously.

The third season of the institution was distinguished by the advent of Paderewski. This great planist came in fulfilment of a promise made several years earlier to the Conte di San Martino at Aix-les Bains; he gave two public concerts, scored two delinous successes (the Roman public literally went wild over the great Polish artist), and—refused to accept a single solds for the concerts or for his expenses on the journey and in Rome. Nor was this all; he asked and obtained from the firm of Erard the gift to the Academy of the pianoforte on which he had played. Worthy to stand beside the name of Paderewski in this same year of 1897. are those of Eugène Isaye, of the English pianist Fanny Davies. and the Quartets of Rosé (Vienna) and Halir (Berlin). Among the pieces for ensemble performed was The Seasons, by Haydn; and the orchestra also took part in Paderewski's second concert. accompanying him in Schumann's A-minor Concerto and his own Fantaisie polonaise.

In 1898 the advancement of the Society is still more marked; its scope is continually widening and its plans constantly increasing in breadth. In the concerts of this season there participated the organist Ch. M. Widor, the violinist César Thomson, the pianist Emil Sauer, and, finally, the celebrated Pablo de Sarasate, who gave two concerts with a success which may be imagined without further comment. But Sarasate won no meaner laurels as a man; and here it would be most pleasurable to recount the various anecdotes that the Conte di San Martino tells of the illustrious violinist during his sojourn—anecdotes revealing the sans-gêns of the artist (who caused the Count many an anxious moment on the occasion of his reception at Court), and also his natural goodness of heart.

Of equal interest were the vicissitudes culminating in the engagement of the American soprano, Lillian Blauvelt, to assist in the performance of Verdi's Messa da Requiem, which, viewed

with regard to the trouble it caused, formed the climax of the season. Miss Blauvelt was ferreted out while peacefully sojourning at the Hotel d'Europe and enjoying the beauties of Rome; was constrained—with all politeness—to learn her difficult part in three days and sing it three times in public together with the Cortini Falchi, Francesco Maroni, and Romano Nannetti. She won a sweeping success, not to speak of the good-will earned by such an act of genuine artistic fellowship; a good-will which she sincerely returned. Thus in the following year she hastened in the midst of winter from Vienna to Rome to take the small soprano part in the German Requiem by Brahms. The Academy could not recompense her otherwise (seeing that she would not accept any honorarium whatever) than by conferring on her the academic medal, the Academy's highest distinction, Miss Blauvelt and Adelina Patti being the only ladies who have received this honor. Lillian Blauvelt once more returned to sing in Rome in 1901, this time in a repetition of Verdi's Requiem Mass; beside her figured another celebrity in the realm of song, the tenor Alessandro Bonci.

Adelina Patti assisted with equal disinterestedness at a concert given on Feb. 24, 1899, near the end of her brilliant career in Italy. (Her last Italian concert was that of March 27, 1903, two years before her definitive farewell to the public.) At the concert of 1899 she had for partner the excellent Antonio Cotogni. with whom she executed the famous duet "Là ci darem la mano" from Mozart's "Don Giovanni"; it was a triumph, as may readily be imagined. The duet was fraught with a melancholy which bereft it of all savoring of an ironical character-"the twilight of the gods": these were, in truth, two veritable divinities of the Olympus of song thus presenting themselves, Patti and Cotogni, in the decline of their artistic lives. But no one would then have thought that Adelina Patti had already attained the respectable age of fifty-six, so deliciously limpid was her singing and so marvelous her diction!

During the same season other eminent virtuosi made their appearance—the violoncellists Arnold Foldésy and Hugo Becker; the violinist Emile Sauret; the conjugal singers, the Henschels; and the youthful American pianist Courtland Palmer, a pupil of Paderewski, whose fame yet lingers indelible in the environs of the Academy, not only as an admirable instrumentalist, but also because of the inexplicable panic which seized him just before his concerts, and which had to be fought down by recourse to all sorts of-verbal-stimulants, even the most violent and

outrageous. Only by such treatment, in fact, could he be brought to play at the fixed hour.

Giuseppe Martucci also appeared in this season for the first tine as orchestral conductor, with a concert of an entirely Wagnerian cast; and the Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg came to Italy to direct a concert of his own music exclusively. Grieg likewise left a memory of a blunt as well as an artistic personality, and caused the Conte di San Martino no little worriment and a deal of head-scratching in his intercourse with Royalty (whose interest in the affairs of the Academy, as remarked above, was warm) on account of his socialistic tenets—which latter, it speedily turned out, were not those of the strictest sect.

This same season also saw the advent of a Berlinese choral society, the Liedertafel (marking the commencement of an international exchange, not to be again interrupted, of musical aggregations as well as of soloists); further, one concert was entirely given over to French music executed by French artists—another decidedly likable custom, opening the doors of the future in cordial welcome to foreign composers, possibly interpreted by artists of their own nationality. The French concert of 1899 was conducted by Théodore Dubois, then Director of the Conservatoire at Paris; participants were Henri Rabaud (the present Director of the Conservatoire), Max d'Ollone, the pianist Diémer (who later again visited Rome on his own account), and the violoncellist Delsart.

But one thing yet remains to be noted in the extraordinary concert-season of 1898-99, this being the initial performance of a work by a young man favorably known to Rome at that time, and appreciated as an accompanying pianist in nearly all the concerts of the Academy; we refer to Alessandro Bustini, then scarcely twenty-three years of age, the work being an entire symphony. The incident is worthy of note as demonstrating that thenceforward the institution did not exist solely for the presentation of virtuosi, or for the more or less perfect performance of works already adjudged to be masterpieces, but also to the end-and, in the sequel, the chief end-of aiding young men of merit to make themselves known, by placing at their disposal the most adequate means possible. Records of such hearings given to unknown or little known composers are of frequent occurrence in the Academy's annals; in the years immediately following we shall see entire sessions devoted to the execution of compositions by Bustini, Zanelli, Bajardi, Mugellini, and others. And later, as will be seen, the Augusteo receives into its generously

hospitable programs all the most recent composers of whatever tendency, doing in this way a work of inestimable value for creations of native talent.

The next season (1900) again brought Joschim to Rome, amd also the pianists Niggli, d'Albert and Buonamici, and the orchestra-conductor Safonoff, whose concert was wholly devoted to Russian compositions, absolutely unknown to Italians, by Scriabine, Glazounow and Rimsky-Korsakow, among others. Moreover, in turning over the programs of the season we discover a small matter which has a certain importance;-in the program for April 2, 1900, in the second part of which were performed for the first time at Rome the Pezzi sacri of Verdi (Stabat Mater, Laudi alla Vergine. Te Deum), we read at the very foot the name of Bernardino Molinari as chorusmaster. Here Bernardino Molinari appears for the first time on the programs of that Academy to which he was thereafter to dedicate all his life and all his intelligent and invaluable labors. This youth, then exactly twenty years old, functioned as accompanying pianist in many concerts of the following seasons, made his début as orchestra-conductor in a concert of 1909 in which the tenor Senius and the pianist Celli assisted, and in the following year took upon himself the full responsibility for a complete symphony concert with a program including Schumann's B-minor symphony, Scriabine's Poème de l'Extase, Richard Strauss's Don Juan, and the Prelude to Mascagni's Rantzau, at the Augusteo. And to-day he is, since 1911, Director-General of this same Augusteo, an admirable organizer and excellent manager, to whom a moment of weariness or an instant of hesitation are unknown; ever in the forefront, indefatigable, a friend of young musicians, and a foremost champion of contemporaneous Italian munic.

In the seasons of 1901 and 1902 we shall meet with old and wellbeloved friends like Paderewski and Sgambati, but we shall also make the acquaintance of new and delightful ones—the violinists Petschnikoff and Marteau, the pianist Raoul Pugno, the American organist I. Lewis Browne; and two Italian artists present themselves, a pianust and a violinist, who were then, and at the present writing are, the most perfect virtuosi on their respective instruments that Italy can boast. They are Ferruccio Busoni, then at the height of his fame and power, and Arrigo Serato, then conquering his way to the splendid position he now occupies in the violinistic world. Busoni, at his first concert in the Academy, played Bach, Chopin, Brahms and Liszt; Serato performed that same concerto by Beethoven which to-day is still his cheval de bataille.

The season of 1903 was inaugurated by Martucci, who conducted inter alia his fine symphony in D minor, and Stanford's symphony in F minor. Reappearances were made by Raoul Pugno (always a favorite of Italian audiences), and Adelina Patti: the violoncellist Popper and the violinist Hubay made their début; the season was closed by two concerts conducted by Camille Chevillard The next season was opened by his Parisian colleague Edouard Colonne, after whom came the violinist Hubermann and the pianist Rosenthal. This year Pietro Mascagni first makes his bow as conductor of the orchestra, one of the pieces he conducted being Brahms's Second, which we think has never been attempted since; and the sacred drama Isaias by Luigi Mancinelli was performed for the first time.

In the season of 1905 Arturo Toscanini made his first appearance at the conductor's desk of the Academy. It was an exceptionally fine year with respect to the number and eminence of the participating concert-artists; suffice it to enumerate the Rosé Quartet, the violinist Kubelik, the violoncellist Casals, the German Kapellmeister Max Fiedler (the first German conductor to appear at the Academy), and the Parisian Société des Instruments antiques, in which presided modestly at the pianoforte a youth of twenty-three whom Rome was later to welcome and know and appreciate better in his Protean activity-Alfredo Casella.

In the two following years the clou of the season is personified by the presence of Camille Saint-Saëns, who directed a concert wholly made up of his own music. At the pianoforte, for the symphony in C minor, sat Molmari and Vittorio Gui, the latter being another very youthful graduate of the Liceo Santa Cecilia, who before long rose to be one of the most highly esteemed of Italian concert-conductors, further attractions of these two seasons were the infant prodigy Miecio Horszowski, the conductor Carl Panzner (whom the audiences of the Augusteo will meet again in an extended series of concerts given in 1908), the planist Sapellnikoff, the violoncellist Suggia, the Capet Quartet, and the violinist Fritz Kreisler. There also came to Rome, making a powerful impression, the great Kapellmeister and composer Gustav Mahler, who did not, however, produce any symphony of his own in his two concerts.

In the year succeeding, 1908, the concerts were transferred from the hall of the Academy to the newly constructed hall of the

333

Augusteo; the last concert in the old auditorium was conducted by Richard Strauss on Feb. 9, 1968.

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And here we shall check for a moment the current of events

for a retrospective glance over a few years.

It is evident that matters had not been going at all badly; but in the opinion of the management -and more particularly in that of the Conte di San Martino-accomplishment was very far from a full realization of the ideals they had dreamed of and pursued. Two requirements were especially pressing—a larger hall and a permanent orchestra. The former was needed for the genuinely popular diffusion of those ideals of musical education. to which end the hall of the Academy-where audiences of the élite, and by no means of the entire musical public of Rome, were gathered—was quite inadequate. And yet there was a real longing in the city to hear fine music well executed, but very few could satisfy this longing, because only a few were in a position to pay the comparatively high prices of admission necessitated by the restricted capacity of the hall. The question of a permanent orchestra was a still more urgent problem, but no less difficult of solution; the disabilities of a temporarily recruited orchestra had been manifest during the first decade of the institution's lifedifficulties in rehearsal, lack of fusion, impossibility of systematic improvement, relaxation of discipline.

Opportunity for attempting the organization of a permanent municipal orchestra presented itself in 1905, the Conte di San Martino then being supervisor of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts for the Commune of Rome These were critical times for the Banda Comunale [the Communal Band, composed of windinstrumental; -- poor performances, accompanied with dissatisfaction on the part of the membership of the band, and still more on the part of the public. It was then that the Conte di San Martino proposed the organization of a municipal orchestra, which was to give a certain number of concerts and be attached, in lieu of the usual compensation, to the lyric theatre for the performance of operas. His proposal aroused a storm of objections, and met with bitter opposition from partisans on both sides; but finally it was accepted. The commission entrusted with the organization succeeded, with some difficulty, so far that the Concerti Popolari were inaugurated on November the 26th, 1905, at the Teatro Argentina, under the direction of Maestro Alessandro Vessella,

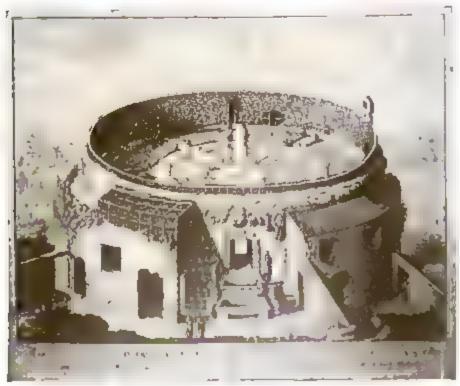
amid public demonstrations of approval.

But, following upon this success, the problem of a hall for the new institution had now to be faced. The auditorium of the Teatro Argentina was still too small, and faulty in its seating arrangements; besides, its acoustics were anything but perfect, considering the necessity of placing the orchestra on the stage. Other halls were tried-that of the Teatro Costanzi, given up because of irksome interference with the seasonal opera; then that of the Teatro Adriano, likewise abandoned for various reasons. Apparently, there was no way out of the difficulty—seeing that the Magistracy had never felt equal to committing itself to the building of a hall ex fundamentis—when someone happened to think of the Corea, that is, the ancient mausoleum of Augustus in the Via dei Pontefici, used for many years as a studio for the monument to Victor Emmanuel. In a truly pitiable state of dilapidation, it seemed at first glance that too great expense would have to be incurred to put it into proper condition for a concert-hall.

This Mausoleum of Augustus had been constructed by that emperor to serve as a tomb for himself and his successors, the majority of whom were buried there or at Nerva. On its apex sat enthroned the statue of the emperor Augustus. (On the outer walls there may still be seen traces of the opus reticulatum.) During the first centuries after Christ, the inner ceiling fell in; in 1500, after serving Colonna as a fortress, the then owners (Counts Soderini) turned it into a lovely Italian garden attached to their near-by palace. (The garden-beds occupied the approach to and steps of the mausoleum, as may be seen in some prints of the period.) Afterwards it passed to a family by the name of Corea, and was known by that name. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it began to be employed as a place of public amusement, more especially as a circus. At last Count Telfener acquired the place and continued the theatrical spectacles, which would have gone on until now if, following an order from the government to increase the safety of the hall in case of fire—an order given in consequence of a famous conflagration most disastrous to lives and property—the proprietor had not preferred to close the building and cede it for a small sum to the State, which employed it, as aforesaid, for accessory labors connected with the monument to the Gran Re.

The Augusteo was ceded by the State to the Municipality in exchange for other real property; but the question of its restoration arose. Thereupon the Conte di San Martino made





The Mausoleum of Augustus

the proposal—to which the Municipality assented—that it should be ceded with a subsidy of 60,000 france to the Accademia di Santa Cecilia-of course, after its restoration and the Academy. in turn, undertook to give popular concerts and to arrange them itself according to a higher standard than had prevailed hitherto. The annual saving of about 90,000 francs (the municipal concerts had cost the commune some 150,000 francs yearly) would compensate the communal treasury for the expense of restoration.

The proposal being accepted, work began immediately under the supervision of architect Ribacchi, and toward the end of 1904 a test of the acoustics was made with an orchestra; naturally, it was found necessary to make improvements by various devices at considerable inconvenience. On Feb. 16, 1908, the first concert was given in the new hall of the Augusteo—to which the final touches were given only a few minutes before the beginning of the concert -with an orchestra conducted by Giuseppe Martucci. The program was as follows: Rossini, Overture to the Siege of Corinth: Beethoven, the Eroica; Mozart, Andante e Minuetto; Wagner, Waldweben and Overture to Tannhäuser As was to be expected, it scored a triumphant success. (The hall seats about 3500 persons.)

Thus, with the one hundred and fifty-sixth concert of the foundation, began that long series of concerts which has arrived. with the close of the season 1920-21, at the respectable number of six hundred and seventy-eight, including concerts at the Augustee and concerts in the Hall of the Academy, from now onward reserved for chamber-music.

We must not linger on the long road, or abuse the space courteously granted us in this Review, so let us make brief mention of the most important happenings in the Augusteo from its inauguration down to the present.

In the initial season at the Augusteo there appeared for the first time the violinist and conductor Georges Enesco, Mattia Battistini, Willem Mengelberg, the American violinist Albert Spaulding; while Busoni, Isaye and Panzner revisited us. During the next season Panzner directed a series of historical concerts. and the première of Beethoven's Ninth took place; furthermore, the Roman public made the acquaintance of the conductors Balling, Polacco and Tango, the baritone Clark, and the 'cellist Gérardy. It was Balling who, in 1909-10, conducted the Beethoven Festival-six concerts in which were performed all the symphonies.

overtures, concertos, etc.; after him came the English conductor Ronald, who brought out Elgar's symphony in A minor; the very youthful Franz von Vecsey made his first appearance; then, in succession, the violinist Francis Macmillen, the pianist Backhaus, the singer Selma Kurz, the American planist Ernest Schelling. who (with the orchestra conducted by Mengelberg, now an habitué of the seasons at the Augusteo) executed a Fantasia of his own for Piano and Orchestra. Other revisitants were Gustav Mahler. already undermined by the disease that was to carry him off within the year; d'Indy, with the pianist Blanche Selva, offering new French compositions; and the Singing Society of Cologne, with two highly successful concerts. Meanwhile, in the Hall of the Academy, concerts of chamber-music were going on, given more especially by the Quintetto Romano founded by the Academy itself and led by the pianist Adriano Ariani. In this year and the following there appeared, on the directorial podium, Italian maestri like Gui and Serafin, young men destined for a brilliant and well-assured career, both of whom produced works by Italian composers.

The season of 1911 is of peculiar importance, being that which accompanied the grand Exposition commemorative of Italian unity. We jot down in haste the great choral demonstrations instituted by the Singing Society of Basle, the Mānnergesang-serein of Vienna, by the "Turul" Hungarian choral society, by the "Stefano Tempia" of Turin, by the Russian choir of the Holy Synod; and then the advent of the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Chevillard. And, besides these, the national concerts (the Hungarian with Hubay, Dohnányi and Vecsey, the Russian conducted by Safonoff), Verdi's Messa da Requiem conducted by Toscanini with such soloists as Cecilia Gagliardi, Virginia Guerrini, Giovanni Martinelli and José Mardones.

In June, 1912, occurred the opening of the great organ, one of the finest in Europe, with a concert given by the organists Matthey and Renzi. And more famous names pass over—Rabaud, Pfitzner, Mischa Elman, Bruno Walter, Mengelberg, Toscanini, Rodolfo Ferrari, Ernst von Schuch, Marteau, Reichwein, Meyrowitz, Antonio Guarnieri, Gino Marinuzzi, Giorgio Boskoff, Artur Bodanzky, Richard Strauss, Casals, Claude Debussy—taken at random, not pretending to name them all.

Then came the fateful year of 1914 with the outbreak of the World War. The concert-season of 1914—15 felt its effects, although Italy had not yet entered the fight. To begin with, many of the artists already engaged found themselves prevented from

fulfilling their agreements; then came the falling-off of foreign attendance, otherwise so large a factor in Rome, together with the preoccupation of the Italian public, both promising a very considerable diminution of the audiences. Nevertheless, the idea of suspending the series of concerts—which had been ventilated was instantly put aside, chiefly as a matter of morale, and every attempt was made to continue, filling the vacancies left by foreign artists with others drawn from Italy or neutral nations, or for any reason at liberty to serve. So it came that d'Albert, then passing through Italy, and Alfredo Casella, returning from Paris, and Serge Prokofieff, all played; among the singers was the Bellincioni, a fugitive from Berlin (who was also appointed instructress at the Liceo di Santa Cecilia), and two concerts were given by Thomson (then provisionally occupying a chair in the same Liceo); the Spanish conductor Arbos likewise assisted. The remaining concerts were carried on by Italian artists, and one of peculiar importance took place on Feb. 2, 1915, under the direction of Bernardino Molinari, in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the inauguration of these concerts; the limits of the concert-program were (so to say) coextensive with the history of music, from the Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo by Emilio Del Cavaliere to the music of Saint-Sébastien by Debussy. This season had, as an epilogue, a tournée throughout Italy undertaken by the orchestra under the guidance of its conductor, Molipari, on which it won noteworthy successes in numerous leading cities of the peninsula. From the administrative standpoint is to be recorded the annual contribution to the institution on the part of H. M. the King, a contribution made in addition to those already established by the State and by the Municipality of Rome.

The situation became still more critical in the following season of 1915-16; the entrance of Italy into the war (May 24, 1915) put additional difficulties in the way of arranging a long series of concerts, for divers reasons besides those inherited from the preceding season. The calling to arms of many members of the orchestra (the first to lay down his life on the alter of his country was Francesco Rosa, first viola, a volunteer who fell at Monte Cencio on May 27th), and the necessity of excluding as far as possible compositions by German-speaking authors, so complicated the problem of the Augusteo as to render it almost insoluble. (Parenthetically let it be remarked, that the question of excluding German composers from the programs excited not a few discussions and heated vindications and denunciations. Moreover. it will be understood that the Roman public, being, as it were, more directly in contact with the national spirit, was more acutely sensitive with regard to questions of this kind. At all events, matters were conducted by the directorate of the Augusteo with great tact and intelligence; it was impossible to ostracize Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, but they were brought forward as seldom as might be. And Wagner, at the outset, was . . . suspended. Even in foreign countries something may have been heard of the controversies aroused by Toscanini on his attempting to conduct, on Nov. 19, 1916, the Funeral March from Götterdömmerung—that is to say, a few days after the catastrophe at the Teatro Verdi in

Padua, occasioned by Austrian aëroplanes.)

However, the concerts did not lose in interest; one might even assert, from a certain point of view, that they gamed by the situation from the fact that, being now obliged to search among the less familiar compositions by authors of Italy or the allied nations, works of great merit were brought to light which otherwise might not have been heard so soon. First of all, it was the modern Italian composers who profitted. For instance, in the first Italian war-season we heard the première of the Symphony by Alfano, several compositions by Busoni (who gave numerous concerts), the Contento Veneziano by Casella (who was also very active as pianist), the Suite by De Sabata, the Primarera in Val di Sols by Zandonai, besides a great many other pieces of chambermusic. Foreign conductors, too (in this same season the Prenchman Rhené-Baton and the Englishman Thomas Beecham) brought us compositions of their compatriots: the First Symphony of d'Indy, the Tragédie de Salomé of Schmitt, the poem Paris of Delius, the Mock Morris Dance of Percy Grainger, etc. Further first performances took place of Strawinsky's finest works, such as the suite from l'Oiseau de Feu, and Petrushka, this latter wonderfully interpreted by Arturo Toscanini. Molinari, for his part, gave a large number of concerts eleverly arranged. During the same season four concerts were given by the Quartetto Accademico (which, unhappily, was disbanded after one short year), composed of the admirable violinists Arrigo Serato and Mario Corti, the viola-player Dudevich, and the violoncellist Magalotti

The next season began with that above-mentioned concert of Toscanini's which ended . . . badly, as we hinted; though the season as a whole was successful. Foreign artists who participated in the concerts of symphony-music or chamber-music were the orchestral conductors Léon Jehin and Rhené-Baton, the singers Claire Croiza and Jeanne Montjovet, the pianists Camille

Saint-Saëns and Risler, and the violoncellist Anton Hekking.1 The number of modern Italian compositions performed was greater than in the season preceding; among those for orchestra we note the Canticum Canticorum by Bossi (with chorus and soli), the Elegia Eroica by Casella, Presso il Clitumno by Alberto Gasco. No. 2 of the Impressioni dal Vero by G F. Malipiero, the Anachreontiche by Orefice, the Fontane di Roma by Respighi, the Chiari di Luna by Vincenzo Tommasini, besides a great many pieces of chamber-music, both Italian and foreign. In this connection we must not fail to mention the organization, through the efforts of Alfredo Casella, of the Società Nationale di Musica (transformed the following year into the Società Italiana di Musica Moderns), which was, it is true, an institution completely autonomous in every respect, but was morally sustained by the Academy, which allowed it the use of its hall. And in the concerts given by the Società Nazionale di Musica in this opening season appeared the best names in contemporary music—names of young artists in the vanguard, like Casella, Malipiero and Tommasini, who already found favorable reception in the concert-programs of the Augusteo. The circumstance is worthy of note, that the inauguration of the society founded by Casella began with a brief introduction by Ildebrando Pissetti, several of whose finest chamber-music compositions were executed: and with him by Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Davico, Alaleona, Perinello, etc.

The season of 1917-18 took its course during the most arduous period of the war, and had therefore to overcome still greater difficulties than its predecessor; nevertheless, the concerts proceeded regularly and with satisfactory results. And not only this; but in the sorrowful months through which our country passed, the Academy enthusiastically devoted several of its concerts to the aid of patriotic benefactions and for the benefit of various associations; for these occasions Lorenzo Perosi consented to authorize the execution of his oratorios The Resurrection of Christ, The Transfiguration of Christ, The Resurrection of Lazarus, and Christmas (Il Natals), which had not been performed for a number of years. The programs, embracing music by Italians and the Allies, offered wide scope for the production of contemporaneous national music, among other works we mention the prelude to Fedra, by Pizzetti, the Pouse del Silenzio, by Malipiero.

The concerts in which the above-named French artists (Croiss, Montpoyet, Risler, Hekking) took part, together with others (Boucherit, Hatto, Francell, Duran, Meynard), were those organised by Frince di Broglie for propaganda, and were repeated in several Italian cities.

Il Tempo che fù, by Vittorio Gui, many pieces by Domenico Alaleona, and the Patria lontona of Zandonai. The burden of conducting the several concerts rested almost entirely upon the shoulders of Bernardino Molinari, a few concerts directed by Rhené-Baton, Gui, and Alaleona, excepted. Instrumentalists who assisted during this concert-season, in addition to those whom we have already had occasion to mention, were Ricardo Vines and Maria Flori, together with the vocalists Giuseppe Danise, Giuseppe Kaschmann (glorious veteran!), Elena Rakowska, Anna

Maria Mendicini Pasetti, and Lavinia Mugnaini

But the most important event of the season—and possibly not of this season alone—was the artistic tour of the Augusteo orchestra to the chief towns of Switzerland in October, 1918. under the auspices and partly at the expense of the Under-Secretariat (Sottosegretariato) for Foreign Propaganda. The undertaking was not successful on the financial side; coincident with the tour was the outbreak in Switzerland of the terrible epidemic of Spanish influenza-most assuredly no favorable conjuncture for public attendance; moreover, about half the members of the orchestra were attacked by the disease (one of them, Pacini, a brother-in-law of conductor Molinari, died there). Still, the artistic result was most brilliant, and in Switzerland the orchestra was held in best remembrance.

During the following season, along with the performances of new Italian works (among them the oratorio Georgina d'Arco by Marco Enrico Bossi, and the Martyrium agnetis cirginis by Licinio Refice), may be noted the concert in commemoration of Claude Debussy, and another devoted almost exclusively to American music, at which assisted the favorite violinist Albert Spaulding. then an officer-aviator in Italy. Works played in this latter concert won genuine success, such as Gilbert's Comedy Overture on Negro themes, four excerpts from Arthur Foote's Rubaival.

and Parker's Concerto for Organ and Orchestra.

With the season of 1919-20, the first after the war, matters resumed their regular course, and the number of concerts increased noticeably. In this series, however, the assistance of foreign conductors and foreign artists in general was still greatly limited; on the programs appear only the names of Vladimir de Pachmann, Backhaus (the first German artist to return), the Swiss conductor Doret (for Swiss music only), the French pianist Paul Loyonnet, and the conductors Nedbal and Wendel (the latter for the first time in Rome). At the end of the season (March, 1920) an unqualified success was obtained by the New

York Symphony Orchestra in two concerts conducted by Walter Damrosch, assisted by Spaulding (in the Third Concerto by Saint-Saëns) and the composer-planist John Powell. Preceding these were the nine brilliant concerts conducted by Arturo Toscanini, and one given by the composer Ildebrando Pezzetti, who presented three of his own works never produced before: the Suite from Pusanella, the Preludes to Edipo Re, and the Overture per una Farsa Tragica. Of the vocal concerts we shall record the one given by the Società Polifonica Romana conducted by maestro Mons. Casimiri (the same Society that made a long and pleasant tour in America), and another in which was performed the oratorio La Strage degli Innocenti, by Lorenzo Perosi, a novelty in Rome,

although it had been executed once at Milan in 1900.

During the latest season, 1920-21, the concerts at the Augusteo reached the high figure of forty, from Nov. 29, 1920, to June 5. 1921; as all of them were very interesting it would be worth while to review them one by one. But here it is possible merely to mention some few of the artists who took part, and certain performances. This season was characterized, in contradistinction to the preceding, by the notable number of foreign conductors who took their stand on the platform of the Augusteo-Serge Kussewitzki, Ernst Wendel, Franz Schalk, Albert Coates, Arthur Nikisch. William Mengelberg, four of whom were new to Rome. Among other conductors we note Busoni (who took part in five concertsas pianist, composer, and conductor of orchestra -winning practically the same triumphant success under each of these three aspects); Toscanini, who inaugurated the season with his own orchestra; Victor de Sabata, a young Italian composer who gave proofs of the highest quality as a conductor; Vittorio Gui; and the indefstigable Bernardino Molinari. The season closed with three extremely fine interpretations of Beethoven's Ninth under Mengelberg's direction to signalize the 150th anniversary of Beethoven's birth; in this season were executed all the symphonies. and concertos of the Bonn musician, and furthermore (in the hall of the Academy) all the quartets, performed by the Zimmer Quartet of Brussels.

This "general view" of the manysided activities of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia during the past twenty-six years, however rapid and concise, will (we trust) have given the reader an impression of the importance of the institution and of its continuingly

beneficent effects on Italian musical culture in general and, in particular, of its development of musical art through its encouragement of composers and concert-artists. Of a truth, the aim presented in the first article of its constitution has been constantly pursued and in great part most signally realized, without neglecting any of the points enumerated in article second of the constitution. namely, (a) the conferring of the academic dignity; (b) the awarding of diplomas of proficiency which, issued in sequel to examinations, are recognized and confirmed by the Ministry of Public Instruction; (c) participation in the direction and administration of the Liceo Musicale founded by it; (d) the presentation of the academic medal, a supreme distinction reserved for highest desert in the art; (e) concerts and musical performances both public and private; (f) publications, lectures and conferences: (a) competitions and courses of training calculated to elevate the culture of Italian musicians; (h) the declaration of decisions and opinions which may be requested of it; (i) the Mutual Aid Fund for musicians, established by the Academy; (k) the Academy library, placed at the disposition of the students.

There are still to be mentioned the competitions arranged by the Academy, either in collaboration with other agents, such as, for example, the Società degli Autori, or on its own initiative; competitions (concorsi) from which issued prize-compositions by promising youths whose talent is now definitively recognized, like Tommasini, Davico, Gasco, Malipiero, and others. But nowadays these concorsi no longer take place, experience having shown that it is better to keep the door of opportunity wide open than to unclose it once a year under certain restrictions. Whoever will, may offer his works to the Commissions permanents di lettera [Permanent Board of Examiners] for acceptance and performance, the Board consisting of maestri Bustini, Molinari, Respighi, Setaccioli and Vessella.

Naturally, however, the chief activity is concentrated on the concerts of symphonic music at the Augusteo and of chambermusic in the hall of the Academy. These concerts continue every season for the space of about six months, from the end of November to the end of March, the symphony concerts usually number between thirty and forty, and are given on Sunday afternoons, excepting some week-days and in the evening. There are subscription concerts and concerts open to the general public, among these latter the so-called popular concerts with very low rates of admission for all. Still, taken all in all, the prices at the Augusteo are relatively very low, even for the less "popular" seats:



Bernardino Molinari

543

and this is one of the advantages of the Augusteo over the other concert enterprises which start up intermittently in other Italian cities.

As already observed, the orchestra of the Augusteo is conducted by Bernardino Molinari, who every year directs approximately half the concerts, reserving the other half for invited conductors, Italian or foreign. The orchestra is composed of some ninety members, distributed as follows: 15 first violins (leader, Oscar Zuccarini, who is highly esteemed although still very young), 15 second violins, 10 violas, 11 violoncellos, 8 double-basses, 2 harps, 3 flutes and piccolo, 3 oboes and English horn, 3 clarinets and base clarinet, 3 bassoons and double-bassoon, 5 horns, 3 trumpets, 4 trombones and bass tuba; kettledrums, 3 units of percussion, and organ. Beside the orchestra there is a chorus of about 160 voices, namely, 50 sopranos, 40 altos, 35 tenors and 35 basses; this chorus, which participates in the frequent performances of ancient and modern vocal music, is directed by maestro Emilio Casolari

Over the arrangement of all concerts presides a committee formed of the Conte di San Martino (president), Conte Paolo Blumenstihl (vice-president), Commendatore Nicola D'Atri, Maestro Alessandro Vessella, and artistic director Molinari, who is, so to speak, the delegated administrator of the entire by no

means inconsiderable undertaking.

What is the general tendency of the concert activities of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia?--- We answer, in a word, The broadset and most intelligent eclecticism. It will suffice to glance at the programs, more particularly those of the last ten years, to perceive that they represent all the "tendencies," all the "Schools," all nationalities. In the concerts one finds a wise alternation of early compositions—especially Italian—with performances of contemporary Italian and foreign music; you will see, for example, in the third concert of the season of 1920-21, the oratorio Gioia by Carissimi, rehabilitated and instrumented by Molinari, alongside of Richard Strauss's Alpensymphonis (its première in Italy); then Beethoven side by side with Malipiero or Strawinsky, or Brahms paired with Casella. The public ought to hear everything-everything, we mean, that is real art-and judge, but no one should be turned away with a Not solely because he is unknown and because his stylistic tendencies do not coincide with those of the majority.

A like attitude obtains with respect to nationality. Not only are pieces of any and every nationality often produced—

and not merely of past centuries, but of contemporary authors -but eminent conductors of one country or another are invited to bring to the Augusteo whatever they consider of most significance among recent works of their compatriots, and these are the more appreciated the greater their dissimilarity from the usual programmatic fare (whose purpose is mainly the exhibition of virtuosity); thus new compositions gain a hearing, regardless of what the final judgment of the audiences may be. By this means there is realized that continuous cordial exchange of artistic production between the nations, whose supreme advantage to the ultimate ends of art no person possessed of reasoning powers can fail to see. And foreign nations, in their turn, invite our musicians and our conductors (Bernardino Molinari himself having been several times outside of Italy in recent years to make known the Italian composers of to-day), manifesting their appreciation of the exquisite proof of fellowship shown them by the Eternal City.

That the Augusteo is not yet an organism perfect in every part-and who or what can pretend to perfection?-has been asserted by its critics; but criticism is easy when directed against an original enterprise whose scope is so vast and so multiform. Who can deny that, among the 678 concerts given by the foundation, there have been some which had their weak points, whether as regards the arrangement of the programs or in the selection of the executants? Never, to our mind, could it be otherwise; the very purpose of the undertaking, which sought to bring before the public everything new that has appeared in any part of the civilized world, together with all the-more or less illustrious-forces in the field of virtuosity, implies the possibility of sometimes finding oneself disillusioned. But if we detach ourselves from matters of a specific or personal character, we do not hesitate to say that the work of the Academy has been truly admirable as a whole, and to approve it in all sincerity. We in Italy possess an organization of the foremost rank, firmly and solidly established, which really does honor to our nation; which is, for so-called absolute music, what La Scala is—or at least was—for theatrical music, that is to say, an active and prolific centre of youthful energy whose beneficial influence has only of late years begun to be appreciated, through the reawakening of creative activity which is apparent and which inspires so great hopes for the future of Italian music

The shortcomings—if those be real shortcomings that the critics reveal—will assuredly correct themselves betimes; there

### Academy of St. Cecilia and the Augusteo in Rome 345

is too great enthusiasm and too much good will in the directorate of the Academy to permit us to doubt it. And then one will be able to speak, with yet greater confidence, of the Augusteo as one of the most important musical institutions in the world, destined (if the assertion be not presumptuous) to shine as a beacon-light from that Rome which was the centre of world-civilization—from that Italy which would reconquer the position that is here of right in the realm of Art; a position toward which she has been progressing during the past few years with a power still adolescent, yet sure of itself, and to whose approaching attainment all signs seem propitious.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

## THE MUSIC OF THE PEOPLES OF THE RUSSIAN ORIENT

### By LAZARE SAMINSKY

SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE has been the birthplace of most valuable folk-music, almost unknown to the West. Here one has scarcely an idea of the remarkable Caucasian melodies—Georgian and Armenian—or the Jewish chants, which are most original.

Those who know Caucasian music through the vulgar medium of Oriental orchestras are moved and astonished when they encounter a true and beautiful specimen of Caucasian melody.

I recall vividly, even now, the profound impression produced by an exquisite melody which I heard on the mountain of St. David, near Tiffis (the capital of Georgia and of all Transcaucasia). That air, touchingly sung by an Armenian and accompanied by a local instrument, was a sort of rhapsody composed of strophes in the Æolian scale, with a diminished second.

There rose to my memory the verse of a Russian poet, Polonsky, addressed to a famous oldentime singer of Tiffis, Aga-Sattar:

> Sattar, Sattar! Thy guttural plaints, Thy dull and pitiful cry, And these sounds and trebles of thy tehianours!— They have rent my heart.

I well remember the refrain of this charming chant:



Refrain of an Armenian Rhapsody

Such dignified and elevated types of Caucasian melody, with other local musical folk-lore of Russia, are not only a possible basis of most interesting compositions.

Analysis of these songs leads to results extremely important for musical science and the philosophy of music. Such analysis offers a vista of musical science most remarkable because the music of what might be termed the smaller races of Russia bears

<sup>1</sup>Caucarian instrument.

features strikingly peculiar, which are capable of shaking the conventional foundations of the old European musical æsthetics.

(I) First of all, one finds certain striking resemblances in the structure of these folk-songs, pertaining to peoples which, at first glance, seem to have no racial relationship, no community of ideas, no close intercourse or historical bonds of culture.

A large number of Georgian folk-songs, as the traditional religious chants of that country, consist of a natural polyphony, differing from the ordinary non-polyphonic structure of Oriental songs, and close with unison cadences, as in the Greater-Russian songs (see Ex. 4).

Another noteworthy circumstance is the resemblance which exists between some inferior types of the folk-music of the Orient—for example, between the Jewish wedding melodies constructed on the popular Oriental scale (Phrygian, with the major third) and the Armenian melodies beloved by the folk-orchestras of Transcaucasia.

Here is an example of this kind, taken from the collection of Armenian folk-songs compiled by A. Ter-Ghévondian and Spiridon Mélikian, contemporary Armenian composers.



This resemblance, as in the first case, may be explained by a certain neutralisation of the melody, which deforms in a vulgar way the wandering type of Oriental songs beloved of these peoples.

Again, still more surprising and not easily accounted for, is the resemblance which one notes between the purer and (evidently) more ancient type of Armenian song and the traditional religious melody of the Jews. Compare, for instance, the well-known synagogue melody "Kol Nidrei" and certain Armenian religious chants.

But most striking is the fact, that several of the most beautiful specimens of Armenian folk-song are constructed, like the most perfect type of Jewish song, on the Æolian scale, which was equally the favorite in ancient religious melodies pertaining to different peoples.

The solution of these problems is possibly found by analysis of the ancient psalmody, Scriptural chants and Neumes, which have been employed by the Hebrews and the Armenians since ancient times.

On the one hand, we must investigate this question in connection with the whole problem of Semitic culture. On the other hand, the famous specialist on Caucasian race questions, Dr. N. Marr, now President of the Academy of Petrograd, considers the folk-songs and religious chants of Transcaucasia to be connected with the religious cult of the ancient Orient, and not to be derived from Arian or Semitic sources, but from the so-called Japhetic one, of that particular race which bequeathed to humanity so many marvelous monuments.

In any case, the comparative analysis of the origins of Armenian and Oriental Semitic music may elucidate these problems to a certain extent. But I am of the opinion, formed after a long tour of Syria and Palestine, that the Armenian songs contain

elements of purely Arab origin.

(II) Another series of observations on the music of the southern Russian peoples and the Caucasians upset the notions of natural polyphony and of natural tonic scales, which have been gradually fostered by European musical history, and which conceivably influenced the normal tendencies of Western audition.

The most admirable phenomenon of this kind, is the Georgian folk-song, which appropriates the same polyphonic structure as the Great-Russian songs, although these races differ so much

anthropologically and historically.

The Georgian folk-songs are generally constructed in threepart harmony, the progressions of which, in the most characteristic types, consist of consecutive fifths and triads. Below is a very characteristic folk-dance obtained among the Ratchines, inhabitants of Imérétia (Western Georgia), by the composer M. Dimitri Arakichwili, Director of the Georgian Philharmonic Society and Academy at Tiflis.



Folk-Dance of the Ratchines, Western Georgia

The words of this dance-song are very curious. "Digori and Bassiani (two villages) are full of teherkèsski and boùrki (Circassian costumes and overcoats). The Quedroùla (river) has discharged its waters and carried away the mountains and valleys;

"I would not be the River, if I did not destroy everything. Behold, I have demolished the mill; have ground a little the wheat."

it has swept away the cart-house and the barn with its grain."

The Girl laments: "Now, behold! What has come to me! My Beloved comes and I have nothing but tchadi [a sort of maize-bread] to offer him."

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It is curious that the ancient Georgian ecclesiastical music, which appears to have had a singularly austere harmonic structure, consisted frankly of successions of fifths and triads. Here is an example from a collection of another Georgian musician, M. Zacharia Paliashvilli, Vice-Director of the State Conservatory of Music at Tiflis.



"Benedice Animum Meam, Domine' (Georgian)

It is difficult to explain the marked difference between the harmonic fundaments appropriated by this race of Christians and the principles of European harmony. One may, however, find some explanation in the peculiarities of Georgian history. Georgia, which has seen much and undergone much, was a cauldron ever boiling with wars, which produced without cessation collisions between the different cultures of interior Asia—Greek, Armenian, Arabo-Persian, and probably others.

Thus it may have been that the vague, metaphysico-musical ideas postulated by the Pythagoreans—their monstrous classification of intervals and the interdiction of successions of diatonic thirds and sixths, this ancient source of European harmonic ideas—had not the same influence on ancient Georgia, which developed

its own isolated culture. It is in such facts, possibly, that we must

seek the origin of the phenomena described.

(III) The scales peculiar to the music of the Oriental peoples of Russia are also very extraordinary. One finds abundant applications of all kinds of mixed tonalities. The most remarkable in this relationship are the melodies called "Khassidic" of the Russian Israelites. These melodies, beloved by the Jewish masses, pertain to the Khassidim sect, who have a special doctrine of piety and believe that "the world of melody and the world of repentance stand in close relationship."

The best specimens of this Khassidic melody are mainly constructed in the Phrygian tonality, with the major third, or in

the Æolian mode, with sudden slips into major passages.

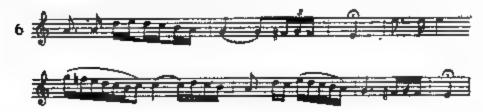
One may observe the same fantastic tonalities in the wedding dances of the Israelites who inhabit Podolia, a region of southern Russia (Ex. 8), and in some beautiful specimens of Hebrew religious melody, as in the chant "Omar rabbi Elozor" ("And rabbi Eléhazare said"), obtained in a Jewish synagogue in Lithuania (Ex. 5).

-"And rabbi Eléhazare said, and rabbi Khanina said: Wise men and learned men increase the peace of the World."



"Omar Rabbi Elosot" (Lithuanian Jews)

Armenian ecclesiastical music is constructed on the base of similar mixed tonalities, composed of tetrachords and varied melodic configurations. These whimsical scales are composed of ordinary minor and Æolian or other passages, mingled with abrupt majors. These are the peculiarities which may be remarked in certain Georgian songs (Ex. 6):



Refrain of a Georgian Song, District of Tiffix

This sort of facts is highly important in studies connected with the origin of the European tonal system and the nature of the dominant scales grafted on the ear of civilised Europe, thanks to the tonal levelling proceeding from Johann Sebastian Bach and possibly already from Guido d'Arezzo.

It is quite possible, that the real supremacy and antiquity should be attributed to those mixed scales, appropriated from the purest and most ancient melodic formations.

Possibly, our contemporary scales present nothing but the fragments or mutilation of the former.

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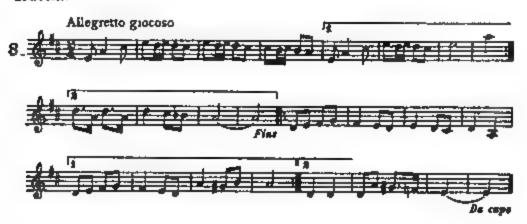
These melodies pertaining to the peoples of the Russian Orient, thanks to their original structure and their melodic wealth, may become bases of musical cultures of the most refined and valuable type.

Their "advance agents" are already well known to the West by their exposition in the works of Russian composers who have adopted the musical elements of the smaller Russian races. It is only necessary to recall the charming ballad of Finn, from Glinka's opera Russian and Ludmilla, based on a popular Finnish melody; the marvelous cantata Joshua, the Son of Nun, by Moussorgsky (on a Jewish melody), and a series of the principal works of Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Rubinstein and others, written on melodies of the Caucasians and other peoples of the Russian Orient.

It is certain that there does not exist a race of which the folksongs may not be cultivated and transformed into chef d'œuvres of cultural art. Following is such an Armenian song from Diarbécure, Asia Minor, collected by the author of this article at Damascus, Syria, among Armenian refugees:



The next is a Nuptial Dance of the Ukrainian Jews of Podolia, collected by the author in a little village of Southern Russia.



### SOME OBSERVATIONS ON TRANSLATION

### By HERBERT F. PEYSER

I'N the nature of the music and languages a perfect translation of a song text or opera libretto is impossible. Like the "limit" of the mathematicians it may be approached indefinitely, but never reached. By perfection of this inachievable sort is meant the aggregate of such qualities as a flawless preservation of the original correspondence between poetry and music; absolute literalness of rendering; complete coincidence of verse structures and metrical subtleties; identical nuances of idiom, and the intangible proprieties of word selection. In brief, the reproduction of one tongue in equally forceful terms of another. yet without the loss of its peculiar genius and without enfeeblement of its musical subjection. Here obviously is a conflict of irreconcilable elements from which an unaided issue is not to be expected. Inevitably the maintenance of one involves the sacrifice of another. Thus the basis of translation becomes compromise. And the skill of the translator takes color from his admitness in choosing the essentials of such compromise as least affects the integrity of some outstanding phase of the original. What he produces may be conceivably of high artistic value. But manifestly it fails as a duplicate of the first product—a fact to be postulated at the outset. Argument against it on this basis is, of course, untenable. Translations are not necessarily bad because they fail to convey the precise illusion of the original. More generally the evil in them arises from the laxity of their making. Like the Vicar of Wakefield's painting. "they would be better if more pains were taken with them." And also, if their authors be made to adopt a broader, less restrictive scheme of compromise. In order sometimes to retain a certain external trait of the original, some vain device, such as thyme or alliteration, they weakly renounce advantages far more cogent.

A translator, it is claimed, should be endowed alike with poetic sensibility and musicianly understanding. One feels moved to add that in English-speaking countries he should, in some measure, be a psychologist as well. More than any other the Anglo-Saxon race holds in contempt, if not actual abhorrence, translations of vocal works into its own tongue. Not all the societies for the propagation of the vernacular in opera, not all the rebukes of zealots, not

all the wars or rumors of wars, can alter this immemorial antipathy. From such a state of affairs it has been inversely deduced that the deficiencies of English translations form the root of this racial distaste. In effect, the truth lies at the other extreme. English translations have been bad because folk of English origin make no demand for better, save sporadically and in half-hearted fashion. Isolated efforts at improvement have received perther the remuneration nor the intimate and extensive recognition they sought and in various instances deserved. In some quarters the late war was bailed as a liberating influence, an augury that English translation might henceforth look for a consideration and a patronage previously withheld or else sadly skimped. Those who soberly pondered the matter experienced no such complaisant illusions. And they reasoned aright. With the subsidence of wartime passions, such translations of German works as served a makeshift duty have been discarded, and a return has been made to the German texts. German songs have been freely reinstated by those who flatly refused to sing them with English words and who accepted nothing as the alternative to German. And on all sides the restoration has been hailed with an enthusiasm implying first and foremost a wholesale satisfaction that the cumbersome crutch of translation could be at last discarded.

What, then, is at the bottom of this pertinacious hostility to the English language displayed by persons of English or American origin toward its use in foreign songs, and more especially in opera? Simply this—that the folk of these races have never accepted opera as anything but a fundamental exotic, that for all their cultivation of it they appreciated it could never become a truly expressive medium of native feelings. Among such people it has been best enjoyed in its original investiture of language, even if this precluded strict accuracy of appreciation. To set it before them in such fashion as to make it completely intelligible was to rob it of its peculiar charm by shedding the light of reason upon a thing inherently unreasonable. When all is said, the Anglo-Saxon accepts the fundamental convention of opera grudgingly. He is keenly alive to its ludicrous aspect. He possesses a devastating sense of humor which opera readily stirs to action. And there is no deadlier weapon against even the sanctities of art and life than ridicule. Voltaire found that what was too stupid to be spoken was sung. The Englishman or American goes further and concludes that many things spoken in the thoughtless commonplaceness of daily life sound too appallingly stupid to be endured when sung. In Italian or French or German they elude him or

clse seem invested with a remoteness that lends them a fictitious aspect of poetry. An Italian audience will accept without the slightest sense of incongruity Violetta's phrase to her serving-maid in the last act of "Traviata," "Apri la finestra." But no Englishspeaking audience will preserve its equanimity when it hears an English-speaking Violetta utter in song such words as "Open the window." Clearly they are no more laughable in English than in the Italian of which they are the literal equivalent. The difference lies in the listener's point of view. If instead of "open the window" the English audience heard "Throw wide the casement," all incentive to mirth would disappear. In that simple contrast is epitomized one of the most vital differences between Italian and English (or American) audiences. Again, no French spectator is disturbed when the Chevalier des Grieux casually remarks in "Manon": "Je vais poster ma lettre"; or when, in "Louise," the father solicitously inquires, "La soupe est prête?" Yet sung in our tongue both sentences bowl over the listener by the unutterable triviality of their sense. In our view, to sing a sentiment is to idealize it; but to idealize the commonplace is to achieve only the sublimation of the ridiculous.

Now, in sensing these disparate traits of racial psychology lies one of the gravest tasks with which the translator must find himself confronted. The tendency has almost invariably been to ignore or, at best, to pass lightly over this aspect of the situation. Literalness of translation is, in principle, more desirable than paraphrase. But when the alternative rests between the perpetration of unintentional and destructive humor and a compromise with precise word-values in the interests of artistic validity there can be no question of the more justifiable procedure. Such an alternative unhappily does not always offer itself, and the translator has occasionally to make himself a guiltless butt of ridicule with the best grace possible. He had no choice left open to him, for example in rendering that egregious line out of "Madame Butterfly": "Milk punch or whiskey?" The Italian was terse and mescapable, not to be modified or circumvented. Milk punch and whiskey are not quotidian experiences to an Italian. They symbolized to Latin audiences a distinctive foreign practice and were enveloped in a kind of picturesque halo by reason of this very fact. But Americans could only be struck by the frightful incongruity of hearing the thing sung. At once burlesque usurped the place of dignified sentiment. Puccini's librettists have frequently thwarted the best intentions of translators by similar devices. The "Girl of the Golden West" alone teems with such

abominations—recall only that select specimen: "What have you got to eat?" "Not much; oysters in vinegar."

Instances of this crass type are extreme but not infrequent. Unless the translator is privileged to drop his rôle for the time, to become an adapter and so to replace these enormities with something entirely new and of his own devising, he can do no more than stifle his conscience and make the best of the worst. encounters subtler difficulties in the face of such a passage as Magdalene's "Komm', Evchen, komm', wir müssen fort," from the first act of "Die Meistersinger." At first glance the line offers no considerable obstacle. It may be Englished literally "Come Eva, come, we must away" (unless one prefers for the last "we must be gone"). In accent or syllabic quantity either of these fits the music. Yet Wagner's simple sentence is appreciably distorted. Its meaning remains and so does its rhythmic shape. But the homely colloquialism of the German has escaped. It calls to mind some form of chemical transmutation whereby a volatile element of a compound has been liberated beyond recapture. The Anglicized residue, palpably correct, sounds starched and stilted. Apparently the much calumniated Corders vaguely felt something of this sort when they contributed to the gayety of the universe their precious mite: "Come, Eva, come, we ought to trot," which is merely good intention gone mad. A more balfling instance and a more familiar will be found in Lokengrin's declaration: "Elsa, ich liebe dich." All translations that strive to contort its stark simplicity for the purpose of agreeing with the exact notation of the musical phrase have come to be pretty generally recognized as futile. The accepted version is "Elsa, I love thee," which French renderings parallel with "Elsa, je t'aime" and Italian ones with "Elsa, io t'amo." And yet despite the coincidence here of everything but the fullness of a single syllable, mark by how much they all fail to preserve the essence of those four Truths like these transcend explanation. words of Wagner's. But they can be proved beyond cavil by the sensitive and unbiased ear. They show that no accuracy, however meticulous, and no tact, however poised and alert, can preserve in a translation the full sum and identity of elements that enter into the facture of the original.

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A page of music transposed into another than its primal tonality is more or less tangibly altered. Sometimes the difference is

imperceptible to any but the delicately sentient, sometimes it is evident even to the untutored ear. Certain tones and combinations of tones presuppose certain aggregations of overtones. Change these, and no matter how you retain their previous relationships, you evoke and bring into play another set of overtones and hence a new scheme of color, which can more or less raise or lower the potentialities of the music. Now languages, like musical sounds, possess distinctive overtones. Not demonstrably, perhaps, or of a kindred order, but variously manifest, notwithstanding. It is this fourth-dimensional quality of language that gives "Elsa, ich liebe dich" the peculiar clang-tint, as it were, and emotional inevitability which neither "Elsa, I love thee," "Elsa, je t'aime," nor "Elsa, io t'amo," can compass. It is this which frustrates a linguistic conversion of things as elemental and arreducible as Parsifal's "Das weiss ich nicht," as Schubert's "Dein ist mein Herz," as "Du bist wie eine Blume," as Hamlet's "To be, or not to be, that is the question." "I do not know it" renders Parsifal's outcry with fidelity of a sort; yet there is scarcely need to comment on the breadth of the abyss that stretches between them. "Thine is my heart" offers an equivalent without the displacement of a syllable; yet something vital has evaporated. "Thou art like to a flower" (the usual rendering) is not English at all. With the excision of the preposition the rhythm of the original vanishes. "Thou art like a flower" means precisely what Heine wrote. Yet it is stilted and artificial, while to substitute "you are" for the poetic second person is to vulgarize the whole thing beyond remedy. In short, "Du bist wie eine Blume" is the one and only possible form that particular sentiment would take on the lips of a German. cultured or illiterate; whereas "Thou art like a flower," or "Tu es comme une fleure" (or would one say "semblable à une fleure"?). or "Tu sei come un' flor," are infelicitous carpenterings of a purely spontaneous utterance. These divergencies, at their most clusive, are of the overtonal analogy. They are obviously felt rather than definitely explicable. But they are profoundly real. Witness in further evidence Shakespeare's mighty line writ in choice German: "Sein oder nicht sein, das ist nun die Frage "

It is one of the abiding idiosyncrasies of English-speaking peoples that they bear a far greater malice toward a translation into English than into anything else. We listen with untroubled contentment to the Czechiah "Bartered Bride" sung in German, to the Russian "Boris Godounow" or "Khovantschina" or "Prince Igor" or "Coq d'or" in Italian of Milan or French of Paris, to the French "Huguenots" or "Mignon" in the lingua Toscana.

We accept it as tranquilly, almost, as if these works had been composed in those tongues or as if nothing had been extinguished in the process of such translation. This unprotesting attitude represents a tacit avowal that other languages have artistic virtues over and above our own, that the familiar medium is unworthy of the elevation which we conceive to be implied in music of the operatic order. But also it amounts to a judgment on the respective merits of English and other translations. The Italian version of a Russian work, the French version of a German work, the German version of an Italian work. are estermed as necessarily superior to the English version of any foreign work. Now in the majority of cases this decision is wholly just, the more as such translations have been made with an eye to present utilization, been adequately paid for and prepared by men of a certain intellectual eminence. Moreover, these languages seem to lend themselves to facile poetic modeling with a plasticity of which English seems incapable—even if it is the tongue of Shakespeare, of Shelley, of Keats and of Swinburne. But to presume that translations into other languages involve sacrifices and losses less momentous than those into English is to imagine a vain thing. Nobody who has heard "Aida" in German or "Carmen" in Italian or "Götterdämmerung" in French can long preserve illusions on the subject. When, in a Gallicized representation of "The Nibelung's Ring," Brünnhilde alludes to "mein Wissen" as "ma science," the essence of the matter is set forth in a shaft of white light. "Ma science" does indeed mean "mein Wissen." It is its literal equivalent, but at the same time preposterous. Now, it does not follow by such tokens that Frenchmen. Germans, Italians, Russians, Latin Americans and others are less sensitive artistically than we. But custom has made the acceptance of compromise a property of easiness in them.

The Gospel of John affirms that "the word" is of peculiar sanctity. Certainly it often evinces in one language a peculiar individuality, a cast and potency of expressiveness that pass from it in the terms of another. Think of the singular and delicate charm of Horace's famous ode that begins "Persicos odi, puer apparatus." Place beside it a literal translation, faithful to its word-meanings in every particular. Here is the result: "Boy, I detest the pomp of the Persians; chaplets which are woven with the rind of the linden displease me; give up the search for the place where the latter rose abides. It is my particular desire that you make no laborious addition to the plain myrtle; for myrtle is peither unbecoming to you, a servant, nor to me while I drink

under this spreading vine." Where is there in all this any of the ethereal grace which is recognized as poetry in the Latin verses of Horatius Flaccus?

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From all the foregoing it will probably be gathered that the writer of these lines is at pains to demonstrate that translation amounts to an evil against which there can be no effectual or or authentic counteraction. This is in no sense his purpose. It is beyond question that no translation can wholly be invested with the elements of the original. Very few retain them even measurably. But the need of the translation is axiomatic. What is unintelligible to people does not exist for them. And there are translations endowed with high traits of artistic excellence. Achievements like Longfellow's rendering of the "Divine Comedy," Bayard Taylor's of "Faust," or, in our own day, Gilbert Murray's beautiful conversion of Euripides, reveal the ingenuity and dignity of a second creation. It is even conceivable that the translator-granting an alert poetic fancy-may improve upon the intrinsic worth of the original and make a virtue of necessity by his very inability to give us its precise substance. Schubert was wont to claim that "a good composer should be able to set wall advertisements to music," and in not a few of his six hundred odd songs he proceeded to demonstrate the virtual truth of this perilous conviction. Some of the minor poetry he set proved to be scarcely on a more exalted level than advertisement doggerel. Bad enough in German, it takes on the likeness of an atrocity in any other language unless the translator can elevate it by the free play of his imagination and judgment-in which case we get, paradoxically, something better though not as good.

But in the main the individual who places his powers of translation at the service of musical works sets himself a task far more inexorable than one who translates unhampered by the fetters of music. He endures a slavery, the ruthlessness of which is accentuated by the trammels placed upon his powers. The translator of an opera, a song, a choral work, toils in a strait-jacket. His course is carefully chalked off for him. He is not at liberty to give his method suppleness, or to leave it in a fluid state, so to speak, in order to bend it instantly this way or that and thereby resolve a certain difficulty with a minimum of compromise. If the original is composed of rhyming lines or pursues some other specific plan of metrical structure he generally labors under the obligation of conforming to a similar scheme. The importance

of this consideration appears to a certain type of intelligence to be paramount. That the obstacles thereby incurred are out of all proportion to the meagre, not to say debatable advantages secured is of little consequence to minds of this cast. Many of the absurdities derided in translations are due to the ridiculous demands for rhyme at any cost. A steady concatenation of syllabic jingles comes to be regarded as more desirable of achievement than an intimately sustained correspondence of words and notes. The alternative is not left, as it should be, to the best instincts of the writer. Once committed to rhyme, alliteration, or whatsoever the formula, no choice remains to him, even if the

outcome must needs be grossest gibberish.

Consider this tyrannous fetich of rhyme. It is an indisputable fact that in the union of melody and words the former is dominant. In spite of the Wagners, the Wolfs and the Debussys, music, in the last analysis, overrules the text that ostensibly constitutes its source and justification, and finds the deeper, the more lasting lodgment in the consciousness of man. How true this is may be grasped from the habitual act of a truant memory in recalling partly forgotten words by means of their melodic associations. But who seeks to recollect an escaped melody by mental allusion to its words? Now, verse-forms maintain their shape to the ear with a clarity inversely proportionate to the organic complexity of the music. The simpler the musical form, and the more square cut the melodic design, the more vividly the poetic outline asserts itself. It follows, then, that consecutively or alternately rhyming lines best retain their effect when utilized with musical forms of a symmetrically balanced, strophic order-When the tonal structure follows subtler and more extended ramfications—as in the "through-composed" (durchkomponiertes) song of Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Strauss and other moderns, and the sweeping, rhythmically liberated "speech-song" of Wagner in his third period—the assonance and symmetry of verse grow enfeebled and imperceptible. They are negatived and falsified to the ear, which takes its primary suggestion from the musical flow and melodic conformation. Think of how little force the rhyme scheme retains in a song like Wagner's "Im Treibhaus." It was in obedience to a sound law that Wagner forsook rhyme in the tetralogy and that the appearance of it in "Tristan," "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" coincides almost invariably with a more appreciable formality of musical periods.

Then why this passionate addiction to rhyme, since it so often supplements or confirms the musical phrase-formation but

lightly and in many cases not at all? Why not adhere to rhyme only in cases where this may be accomplished simultaneously with much else? Why perpetuate this silly decree, when the pathway is scarred with the pitfalls of balderdash? Why compel a general scheme of adherence at the outset instead of a flexible plan, to be altered according to the most immediate needs of the translator? Because of idiotic traditions, no doubt, and non-sensical precedents.

Scrutiny of the English versions of "Lohengrin," "Parsifal" and "Tristan" brought forward at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York (after it had been decided that Wagner's music could no longer endanger our liberties or our precious democracy) revealed an abundance of things that give point to most of the foregoing observations. Of the three, only "Parsifal" invited untempered consideration. Henry Edward Krehbiel's translation was new made throughout. The "Lohengrin" and "Tristan" were "editions" of the famous (or infamous) Corder complications, the editing being the joint labor of Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey and consisting only of a mitigation of the principal Corder monstrosities. The editors could, therefore, be judged only on the strength of isolated sentences. Yet often in cases of translation a single line is as potent to enforce a moral as an entire scene or act.

It is a fairly common practice to "criticise" a translation by the simple expedient of contemptuously quoting parts of it. Such criticism is, in a manner, telling, though not basic. It does not necessarily get at the root of things. Besides, on the same principle, it would be possible to quote a smooth-sounding passage in evidence of its excellence, when as a piece of translation the thing might be execrable from several standpoints. Now, there are various examples of the Krehbiel "Parsifal" and of the Spaeth-Cowdrey Corder revision which might gain credit on the basis of unassociated quotation, but which, in the fullness of actual context, or by comparison with the original, are very far from satisfactory. Take for example, the ensuing in the first act of "Tristan": "Small thanks has thy lord, it seems, from me, if serving him turns thee unmannerly towards his betrothed." It is one thing when viewed by itself. It is another when we contemplate it in its association with the phrase sung by Isolde and as an English equivalent of "So dankt'ich Geringes deinem Herrn, rieth dir sein Dienst Unsitte gegen sein eigen Gemabl?" Or again: "Were I beside him landing, before King Mark to be standing" for "Sollt' ich zur Seit' ihm gehen, vor König Marke zu stehen." There is nothing I go by his side." But the translator was in the thralldom of rhyme. "Standing" literally duplicated "stehen," but something had to be done for a rhyme's sake, since "gehen" and "stehen" relentlessly pursued each other in Wagner's text. Hence "landing" was dragged in for better or worse (the lovers were navigating, anyhow, and had to "land" sometime) and the happiness of nations was preserved. For the same sacred cause of rhyme, the ensuing was committed earlier in the act to cope with Kurvenal's "Ich ruf's, du sag's und grollten mir tausend Frau Isolden": "T'll speak and let them scold us, ten thousand fine Isoldes." Only the translator, lacking the courage of his convictions, neglected to write it "Isoldus." Nor is it easy to account for the way the original thousand came to be multiplied by ten.

In the second act Brangane sings from the watch-tower:

Einsam wachend in der Nacht wem der Traum der Liebe lacht, hab' der Einen Ruf in Acht, die den Schläfern Schlimmes ahnt, bange zum Erwachen mahnt.

#### In English it became

Lonely watching all the night Those who dream in love's own light Hark how warning calls with might; Ye that slumber, 'ware the foe, Now has come the hour of woe.

Whoever examines the German passage will seek vainly for any allusion to "love's own light" and to the warning that "calls with might" or to an "hour of woe." The source of these phrases is the necessity for word jingles. It was esteemed more important to obtain the succession of "night-light-might" than to admonish "Ye whom love's dream smiles upon" to "keep in heed the call of the one who, foreseeing evil to the unwary sleepers, fearfully warns them to awake." For, obviously, it must be one or the other; it could not be both.

In collaboration with a well-known and deservedly popular translator I once tried my hand at Anglicizing "Elsa's Dream," with the aim of deviating as little as possible from the meaning of each single sentence, of rhyming where Wagner had rhymed and, so far as might be, of maintaining the original relationship of word and note. I regret that the outcome was lost, not for any positive value that it possessed, but as a diagram, so to speak,

of our procedure. To be sure, it was no worse than numerous other translations of this part of "Lohengrin." The outstanding fact exemplified in it was, that as we gained a point in one direction we lost one or two in another, until the whole business took on the character of an operation in Chinese puzzles. began by translating a sentence into its literal English counterpart. Then came the process of welding the result into lengths and shapes conformable with the musical phraseology—inevitably a Procrustean maneuver, whereby clauses and entire sentences had to be reshaped, lengthened or curtailed until, in the end, the resemblance between the translation and Wagner was perceptibly diminished. But the most grievous troubles did not confront us till we set about modeling our rhythmic prose into lines designed to rhyme after the pattern of the original. Rhymes, both direct and alternate, we found upon taking energetic thought, where the exact word was unavailable we molded the closest possible synonym to our purpose. But that, in turn, necessitated further alterations of sense or construction. The more this continued. the more this thing became changed from its literalness into a condition of paraphrase. At the end we had our verse-forms and our rhyme-schemes. But bit by bit we had been driven from our position of faithful adherence to meanings in which we had begun.

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Languages lend themselves divergently to music. The characteristic rhythms, the inflections, the momentum—the qualities. definable and indefinable, which we signalize as the genius of the tongue—cannot be exploited indiscriminately in music, lest they or the music be marred. In short, a certain language demands for its best interests a certain style of music, just as an individual of a certain figure and build is shown to better advantage in one cut of clothes than in another. In the failure to recognize this truth may be read one of the causes contributing to the fate of so many English and American operatic works. The diverse, yet fundamentally unified, styles created by Schubert, Schumann, Weber, Wagner and Brahms are perfectly suited to the necessities of the German language. They bear a spiritual relationship, their roots reach equally down to the soul of the race that brought The forms of Wagnerian declamation assume a kind of falsity when paired with French or Italian. other hand, Verdi, Rossini, Puccini, Bellini, each in his particular

way, found the tonal vehicle built to convey the Italian tongue, while Massenet, Gounod, Bizet wrote music that can be wholly itself only in conjunction with French. The music of Arthur Sullivan's best works—the operettas written in collaboration with W. S. Gilbert—is scarcely conceivable set to other than English words. Even assuming it were humanly possible to translate into German, Italian or French something like

To sit in solemn silence in a dull dark dock Of a pestilential prison with a life-long lock, Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock Prom a cheap and chipper chopper on a big black block,

what would Sullivan's music sound like in company with anything but English? Worse, indeed, than Massenet or Gounod sound with German or than Wagner with French. And if the Wagner operas seem preferable in English rather than in French versions the reason may be sought in the closer kinship of our tongue and German. The declamation of Wagner imposes certain elongations, certain features of inflection and movement, certain implied accentuations, not native to French. It is not merely a question of appropriate virility and ruggedness. It affects the very gait and demeanor of the language. Many of our own composers, gifted otherwise, but insensible to this phase of tonal psychology. have impaled themselves on its sharp point. Deluded by the traditions of their training, they have wedded English texts to music conceived more nearly to the exigencies of German or French. And the offspring of this wedlock was necessarily awkward, unnatural, malformed.

Against this phenomenon of racial distinctions, so to speak, the translator should be armed. But not even with the keenest ingenuity can he hope wholly to evade its penalties. Still, adequately gifted, he can guard against certain of the enormities that are bound to grow out of its disregard. In order to mitigate the incongruity of the language of one race stretched or cramped to the music of another, he should be prepared to sacrifice what otherwise might have been retained. Comparative naturalness of expression should be the first aim in a translation, and whatever mars that should be discarded. Sometimes it may be achieved by the retention of literalness, by rhyme, by metrical forms; sometimes it can be obtained only at the price of one or more of these. How best to compass it is for the translator to determine. But one of the primal elements of natural expression is the adaptability of language to given musical formulas.

Examining Mr. Krehbiel's version of "Parsifal," one finds in the ensemble of *Flower-maidens* the exclamation "die Falschen" ("the false ones") converted into "the hussies". The implication of the German here is undoubtedly some such thing as Mr. Krehbiel divined. But in its musical contexture the English epi-

thet rings false. Wagner has written Hai die Fel-scheal

yet the normal inflection of "hussies" is not at all 7 7 but

7 7. To lengthen arbitrarily one syllable of a pair that usage

has equalized is to place the word in a false perspective. Moreover, the disparity of accentuation involved in the high B flat on the strong beat of the bar and the ensuing eighth-note on a weak one is foreign to the nature of the English word.

Mr. Krehbiel was guilty of an even grosser misstep in the first act of the same drama, and with less reason, in rendering Parsifal's outcry, "Ich verschmachte," "My strength leaves me." It is hard to ascertain what reason withheld him from the literal "I am fainting," from which no consideration of rhyme or notation restrained

him. The notational scheme is

"I am fainting" fits this in every particular; "My strength leaves me" throws the essential word "strength" on the weak, inconspicuous sixteenth and falsifies the accentuation of the entire sentence. Perhaps the translator aimed by this sort of dislocation to denote the overwrought, helpless state of the young hero. But Wagner afforded him no such clue or justification. Only a couple of pages earlier he committed a similar error (his version, for that matter, abounds in misplaced accents) when he turned "Wer fürchtet mich? Sag'!" into "Who has fear of me?" instead of an exact "Who feareth me? Say!" Whereby "fear" fell on an unaccented sixteenth, while an eighth and a quarter-rest stood between "of" in one bar and "me" in the next.

These are not isolated or biased examples. Mr. Krehbiel's "Parsifal" was hailed in some quarters when it appeared as the best in the English language. It is not such to any one familiar with Ernest Newman's (which has weaknesses enough, in all conscience), though at moments it attains a certain dignity of

language. The faults of the things are the faults likely to one who is not a translator by divine dispensation. For translators are born, not made. Without certain essential intuitions, without the resourcefulness of a poet, an etymologist and a musician, they translate works chiefly in the sense that *Bully Bottom* was "translated." It is difficult to think of so delicately sensitive a translator as, for example, Mr. Frederick H. Martens, contenting himself in



with "All Araby nothing else yields for his relief"—which is neither idiomatic English nor natural declamation.

It may be interesting to know the fate of this passage in French. At the hands of Judith Gautier and Maurice Kufferath it became "Il n'est plus rien en Arabie pour son saiut." The main difficulty with this is that the word "Arabie" fails to coincide with the mysterious and evocative chord in which Wagner has enveloped it. Yet this Gautier-Kufferath translation is interesting for the reason that Mme. Gautier's original had the endorsement of Wagner himself. In 1881 the composer wrote to Dr. L. Strecker, a member of the Schott publishing firm in Mainz, urging him to interest himself in the Frenchwoman's work. Judith Gautier had enjoyed the friendship of Wagner since the days of the unfortunate "Rheingold" performance in Munich, and was intimately acquainted with his ideals and wishes. Gautier," wrote Wagner to his publisher, "who recently visited us, showed me her French translation of 'Parsifal,' and this version seemed to me so perfect from every point of view that her desire of seeing it published appears entirely justifiable. Will you not, dear sir, put yourself in communication with her?" The translation did not appear, however, until 1893. It had not been designed, unfortunately, with an eye to musical necessities. To this end a revision was made by Maurice Kufferath and in this form it is extant. That it gives no indication of the modifications made by Kufferath must be regretted.

In every language there are words that lend themselves less satisfactorily to musical setting than others. Sometimes their

consonantal predominance makes them unvocal, sometimes they are awkward for the voice on tones of a certain height, sometimes their complexity of formation lends them an artificiality which music throws into more vivid relief. The English language contains many of these, notably words of Latin derivation. It is almost a platitude that short words, of Anglo-Saxon origin, are preferable for the uses of song to other derivatives. There is no particular reason why "build" should sound logical and dignified when sung, and "construct" ludicrous. But it does. One of the humorous high-lights of the Anglicized "Madame Butterfly" has always been the line "I never studied ornithology." Now, "ornithology" is not a word of commonplace origin or colloquial usage. Yet, vocalized, it becomes monstrous. There are truths in art that defy logical explanation, that must be accepted without argument; and this is one of them.

Whatever warrant poetry in another language may offer for the employment of words of this character, it is the translator's bounden duty to eschew them in English. It may hedge him in with more and greater perplexities, it may complicate an already heart-breaking task. Yet he cannot flinch if he aspires

to serve the highest interests of his office.

It may be doubted whether the translator confronted with the labor of transmuting into another tongue an opera of Wagner or a song of Schumann, Dupare or Chausson, is more sorely beset than he who essays to do as much for a folk-song. If there is anything harder to translate than language of extreme complexity, it is language of extreme simplicity. On the whole, the closer it gets to the soil and the more imbued it is with the homely soul of the folk, the more formidably it resists all transposition. How can one translate into English "Ach du lieber Augustin, alles ist hin"? Or "Sur le pont d'Avignon l'on y danse tout en rond"? Or into what French or Italian or German or Spanish is it humanly possible to render "'Way down upon the Swanee river, far, far away"? Assuming even that a poet could make dignified and singable English of "Ah, dearest Augustin, everything's gone," what would remain of the spirit animating the original, once it had been done?

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When Wagner rewrote the Venusberg scene in "Tannhäuser" for the ill-starred Parisian production of 1861 it was to French and not to German words that he adapted his score. His aim

was to let the music grow directly out of the poem and mirror its minutest, most instant details of significance. It may be surmised that its subsequent conversion into his own German entailed such modifications of musical detail as he found necessary. The importance of Wagner's procedure lies in the demonstration it affords of how inexorably he regarded the word as a motivation of the tone, how uncompromisingly he welded the one to the other. Not all great composers have displayed the same solicitude. But the most illustrious, past and contemporary, have always put forth more or less endeavor to enhance the saliency and purport of certain words or phrases by setting them to notes or phrases so outstanding that the emphasis thus conferred could not be mistaken. All the words of a sentence are not equally important and hence have no need to be set off in such high lights. The notes consorted with them have a melodic character rather than the force of a rhetorical device. To ally them with different words in the course of translation does not necessarily work injury to the potency of the passage. But when Schubert, in "Der Wanderer," sets the crucial sentence "Dort, we du nicht bist" in such fashion that the preponderant word "nicht" falls on a poignant appoggiature over an arresting chord of the sixth, the emotional effect is deliberate artistic calculation. It may be legimate and pardonable, in translating the preceding "Im Geisterhauch tout's mir zurück," to depart from the precise German word succession, for the tones do not aspire to be specifically graphic, do not shed definite expressional light upon any one word. But to pair anything but "nicht"-"not"-with that trenchant A flat is to eliminate the extraordinary puissance of the immortal phrase. The usual English makes it "There where thou art not," giving the uncalled-for enhancement to "art." would you have? One cannot make English of "There where thou not art." "Where thou art never" at least achieves a closer correspondence and raises to prominence a parallel meaning. But the thing is clumsy and the inflection un-English. Clearly, only "not" will really serve. It is the sole, the inevitable word. Alas, how use it?

Not all cases are similarly desperate. At the close of the second act of "Parsifal" the retreating youth admonishes Kundry: "Du weisst, wo du mich wieder finden kannst"—"Thou knowest where thou again canst find me." The pith and moment of the utterance lies in the word "wieder," which is sung to the longest sustained note in the passage—a D natural, held through the whole of one bar and three-fourths of the next. Mr. Krehbiel, in

his translation "Thou knowest where thou and I can meet again," elects not only to distort the actual content of the sentence but to yield the emphasis which belongs to "again" to "I." The rendering given just above remains not only faithful to the German text but maintains the position of its emotional center of gravity.

An excursion through the *lisder* of Schubert, Strauss, Liszt, Franz, should prove fruitful in illustrating analogous situations. Under conditions like these the hampering restrictions of such vanities as rhyme glare forth most pitilessly. While ever and anon there arise other difficulties to prove how superhuman a task truly meritorious translation really is.

In conclusion let us examine a few measures of Duparc's magnificent "Chanson Triste," and, by way of illustrating some of the snares that await the translator and some of the compromises to which he must inevitably resort, I shall attempt the rendering of two or three verses, at the same time analyzing the operation.

The poem, by Jean Lahor, is made up of alternately rhyming lines, the first and third of nine syllables, the second and fourth of eight. In the ensuing crude effort there shall be no endeavor to reproduce the rhyme scheme, but rather to adhere as closely as practical to the literal and at the same time to conserve as best may be the relationship of words and music. The opening line, "Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune" permits of a reasonable literalness, "In thy heart sleeps a beam of moonlight." To all intents the same word is in the same place and, as there is virtual identity of syllabic quantity, the note-values of the musical phrase are not violated or joined to words of decidedly different natural inflection.

The next problem is "un doux clair de lune d'été." Word for word this gives "a sweet moonlight of summer." Here at once good fortune deserts us. The French obligates us to eight syllables. The English yields only seven. Further, the word stresses fall differently, a fact brought home more decisively still by the note-durations assigned the voice. "Été," for instance, takes a quarter-note on a weak beat for its first syllable and a dotted half, tied to a quarter, for its second. Clearly, "summer" cannot take its main stress on the second syllable. And if these reasons do not suffice, there are others to throw our English out of gear. Manifestly, concessions must be made somewhere. Since literalness will not serve, some form of paraphrase must be invoked.

Well, then, consider the words "un doux clair de lune d'été. Their function is, in a manner, parenthetical. They repeat and slightly amplify an idea contained in the foregoing, the idea of moonlight. They add only that the moon shed "sweet moonlight of summer." It is therefore not amiss to emphasize the thought of summer sweetness, and to mold from this a participial clause "summer's sweetness gently diffusing," with the adverb interpolated to eke out the necessary number of syllables, yet modifying the meaning as little as possible. In this shape the concoction fits and tallies with the musical values, though to accommodate the final syllable of the participle the tied quarternote has to be sounded. We have travelled some way from the

original, though without doing it wanton outrage.

The sixth measure of the song challenges us with "Et pour fuir la vie importune," which, being translated, signifies "And to flee importunate life." Here again the English falls off a syllable, besides revealing a different distribution of accents after the third word. Further, "importune" is set to four upwardly inflected notes, conspicuously posited, and qualified to carry nothing else but this meaning. Again we are reduced to compromise. But as an augmentation of syllables and their more favorable placement will solve the difficulty, there is no need to resort to elaborate paraphrase. "And to fiee from life's importuning" may be derived from a slight transposition of implied sense. Since "life" in English does not take the definite article and the preposition "from" is not at all uncommon after "flee," the substitution of the one for the other on an inconspicuous eighth-note may be condoned, while "life" and "importuning" remain where they are.

"Je me noierai dans ta clarté" proffers similar obstacles. "I shall drown myself in thy light" is both too long and too short. Besides, the reflective verb in this instance does not possess in English the delicate, almost poetic flavor it does in French. Alter this to "I shall be drowned." The sense is left unimpaired, despite the change in construction. True, the pronoun "me" gives place to a verb, but the note that carries it is not of forceful connotation. "Drowned" remains securely illustrated on the low D of "noierai." For the needed syllable in the next bar one may preface "light" with "dear," since the reference is to the "light" of the beloved, and since the music does not give the word

prominence.

Care has been exercised in translating these lines to avoid words which are not conveniently vocal. That is a consideration of great moment. It is only one, however. The translator in any age or clime is like a wayfarer in the wilderness, beset with all manner of deadly pitfalls. He cannot hope to escape them all. At best he can sidestep a few. But few have greater need than he to approach his ordeal with prayer and fasting.

# THE ANOMALOUS PLACE OF MOZART IN MUSIC

### By HAROLD D. PHILLIPS

A WIDE personal intercourse with musicians of various types, together with the concensus of opinion which occasionally finds expression in current musical literature, has gone far to convince me that, with the single exception of Bach, Mozart is beyond all others essentially the musician's musician. I say advisedly the musician's musician because I believe that, if the taste of the general public were consulted, there would be found no composer of the first magnitude so little in sympathy with its

cravings and ideals.

The discrepancy of opinion, indeed, between the cultivated musician and the mere music-lover is one of peculiar psychological interest, for, on the surface, the appeal of Mozart's music would certainly seem to be to the layman rather than to the expert. He has, for instance, to a greater extent than any other composer of the first rank a very un-Teutonic "light touch," and in pure melodic invention it is generally conceded that Schubert is his only rival. Further, he is never guilty of the unpardonable ain of thrusting subjects for reflection on ears seeking the satisfaction of pure sound only. In a word, Mozart is wholly untrammeled by any of the factors which have delayed the world-wide recognition of such genius as that of Bach, Brahms, César Franck and the later Beethoven.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the actual volume of his tone is usually very meagre and that in all his music there is hardly a suggestion of strong elemental passion or even of at-

mosphere in the ordinary sense of the term.

What is there, then, in the essence of his music, which, despite these limitations, surely as obvious to the trained musician as to the amateur, places him on such a pedestal in the minds of the most asthetically sensitive and eclectic? Well, to clear the way, let it be conceded that the typical Mozart composition is as much of a bore to the connoisseur as to the average concertgoer. His ordinary output, indeed, is perhaps of less account than that of any composer of the first order with the exception

of Handel, as is shown, for instance, by the fact that, out of fortynine symphonies, three or at most five still survive. Compare this with Beethoven's nine-all of which in a greater or lesser degree still enjoy good health. The well-informed musician, however, knows the conditions under which the composer worked -that the harmonic, as distinct from the polyphonic, school was still in its infancy, and that all the composers of the period were to a great extent experimenting not only in harmonic progressions and form, but also in colour and instrumental technique. He also realizes that the formal and artificial traditions of Europe about the middle of the eighteenth century would have regarded the expression of strong feeling or individuality as something indecorous or even indecent. Consequently, enlightened musicians dismiss the numerous insignificant works of Mozart under the headings of technical studies, experiments and pot-boilers and place the composer among the three supreme musical geniuses of all time on the strength of his masterpieces alone.

In this connection, it is well to realize that a creative artist should be held responsible to posterity for the positive value of what he has bequeathed—not for the negative qualities of numbers which the public is at perfect liberty to discard at discretion. Now, the true appreciation of the measure of any composer's genius must be gauged to a great extent by his influence on the history and evolution of his art, and, in this respect, I have often been amazed at the confusion existing even in the minds of musicians as to the relative importance of the pioneer work done by Haydn and Mozart respectively. Students are still taught in a general way to think of Haydn as the prime originator, Mozart merely as the developer and Beethoven the perfecter of that great school of instrumental music which superseded the polyphonic era and found expression in the Piano Sonata, String

Quartet, Concerto and Symphony.

Now, to do Haydn justice, he does seem actually to have been the creator of the modern String Quartet and also to have perfected, in miniature at any rate, the instrumental forms of his immediate predecessors before Mozart appeared on the horizon.

It was the latter, however, who, in Haydn's lifetime and eighteen years his junior, elevated the symphony and quartet from insignificance and obscurity to the very highest of musical

<sup>&</sup>quot;It will atterest the author and his readers that the following saying is attributed in Central Europe to Mozart: "Wer mich nach melous schlechten Sachen beurteilt, ist ein Lump" (whoever judges me by my poor stuff, is a rescal). Whether this dictum be appertyphal or not, I do not know.—Ed.

forms and who was undeniably the first masterhand in laying the foundation of those general principles of orchestral scoring that have served as a model to most of his successors. It was Mozart also who created the modern concerto, and who raised traditional Italian opera to a height hitherto unconceived and never since attained, and simultaneously paved the way for that German School of Opera afterwards wholly nationalized by Weber.

These are the things which the expert knows and of which the amateur is naturally ignorant, and they, to a great extent, account for the disparity in the viewpoint of both sides. The question of evolutionary knowledge on the one hand, and corresponding ignorance on the other, while of immeasurable importance in estimating the genius of, say, a contributor to scientific research, cannot, however, in the nature of things, be by itself an equally determining factor in the case of artistic creation. Here, intuition, not merely knowledge, has to be reckoned with both on the part of the unsophisticated music-lover and on that of the cultivated musician, and it is in the deeper and more subtle intuition of the latter rather than in evolutionary statistics that, I think, is to be found the ultimate solution of the question under discussion.

To the higher type of musician belongs that peculiar fineness of organization and sensibility essential for the full realization of Mozart's genius, and that is why for the most part we see reflected in the greatest of his successors a profound esteem and love amounting almost to adoration in speaking of his music. For one thing, it is only to this finer type of musician that the appeal of the supreme refinement of Mozart's music is manifest, for this refinement is of a very subtle order and is revealed not so much in the nature of the composer's actual conceptions as in the almost ethereal delicacy of their expression.

This particular secret of the composer's genius can be discerned sometimes even in his pianoforte works, but far more in his string quartets and chamber music generally. Mere refinement of expression, however transcendent, cannot alone account for the peculiar fascination that the best music of Mozart has for the elect; and I think we come nearer to an understanding of the problem when we realize the existence under the surface of a very subtle vein of poetry and idealism altogether out of the range of the average hearer.

Take, for instance, "Don Giovanni"; here indeed is an exception to the biblical saying that no man can touch pitch without being defiled. Just imagine what any of the realistic composers

of to-day would have done with a story generally frivolous and, except in the finale, suggesting nothing either of the dramatic or even the imaginative! Mozart, however, in a way all his own and never even approximated by any other composer, has somehow refined and idealized not only every character but every incident in the play, and this without any sacrifice of the main essence and purport of the librettist's conception.

Think, by comparison, of Beethoven, who wrote only one opera through inability to discover another libretto of sufficient nobility! From altogether another angle, take, for example, "Lucia di Lammermoor." Here (exactly the antithesis of "Don Giovanni") is the instance of an opera founded on one of the most sublime tragedies in fiction wantonly degraded into a triviality to fall in line with the limited and shallow gifts of Donizetti, or, to quote a familiar phrase, "used as a peg to hang pretty tunes on."

There is another characteristic, once again only discernible to the few, but to them no infrequent element in Mozart's best music and occasionally making its appearance even in his more commonplace work, and that is a peculiarly subconscious element of pathos. This has nothing in common with the pathos of a great struggling soul like that of Beethoven or with the more feminine repinings of Chopin or Tschaikowsky. Rather is it the plaintiveness of a frail, highly strung child who through hypersensitiveness of organization is subtly aware of lurking potential tragedy even in the ordinary incidents of every-day life, but who, nevertheless, generally enjoys existence and is wholly free from morbidity.

Paradoxical as it seems, even the obscure depths of the pathos of Brahms, César Franck or the later Beethoven are more intelligible to most musicians, for this obscurity is a natural result of the difficulty of expressing, in ordinary terms, thoughts and feelings so remote from the consciousness of the average individual. The undeniable something, however, that is so baffling in the character of Mozart's pathos, is that, except in his "Requiem," be never appears to have any conscious realization of the soul struggles or tragedies of life, and his particular expression of pathos gives the impression of something projected accidentally, so to speak, from his subconscious mind.

Enough has now been said as to the more hidden and inward qualities of Mozart's music, perhaps one of the most difficult subjects conceivable to treat of in a lucid and convincing manner. There remain, however, to be noted one or two reasons more definite in their nature, for the disparity of opinion between

the two types of critic so often alluded to as to the true measure of Mozart's genius. One is the more than scholarly perfection shown in his part-writing, construction, and in the detail of composition generally, which it would be manifestly unfair to expect the ordinary music-lover to grasp. Another is the absolutely intuitive dramatic genius revealed in his greater operas, but which, owing in a great measure to the character of the librettos, passes unnoticed as a rule by the typical patron of the opera and, indeed, can be fully appreciated only by musicians of unusual perspicacity.

Having reviewed as much in detail as space will reasonably permit what seem to be the underlying causes for the divergence of opinion as to Mozart's place in the musical world of to-day, the writer now ventures to suggest one flaw in the composer's make-up as a whole, which he thinks will be generally admitted alike by the amateur and the expert. This is the over-accentuation of the purely formal element—a thing which cannot be wholly extenuated either by the artificiality of the age in which the composer lived or by the transitional condition of music generally at that period.

Even Haydn was less obtrusive and obvious in his formality, while Beethoven about the time of Mozart's death was already (at any rate in his piano sonatas) beginning to create isolated movements wholly without a trace of those formal passages which mar even the greatest of Mozart's instrumental compositions. Take even the latter's most inspired creations, such as the first movement of the G minor Symphony or the Adagio of the String Quintet in the same key-even here are to be found passages which do not appear to be an integral part of the composer's conception, but are irritatingly reminiscent of similar passages in others of his compositions.

In comparing these movements with so early a work, for instance, as the Adagio of Beethoven's Eb Sonata (Opus 7), where every measure seems to be part and parcel of the original conception, one cannot but recall the verdict of a once famous critic to the effect that, whereas Mozart moulded the thought to fit the

form, Beethoven moulded the form to fit the thought.

## ESKIMO MUSIC IN NORTHERN ALASKA

### By D. JENNESS

THE music of the Eskimos of Northern Alaska, from Barrow to the Alaska-Canada boundary, is almost entirely vocal. The only instrument that the natives possess is the drum, and that is reserved for dances where the real music is provided by the singing. Their songs are roughly divisible into two classes, both of which are strictly native. The first comprises the folk-songs, game-songs and magic-songs, all of which are handed down from one generation to another with very little change; the second are the dance-songs or "topical" songs, which rise suddenly and flourish for a season, then drop back into oblivion.

Many of the folk-songs are confined to the children, as, for example, the "Song to the Aurora" and the "Sparrow Song." So also are the chants that are attached to various games such as "Hide and Seek" and "Pitch and Toss." Some of the game-songs are mere rigmaroles that are scampered through as quickly as possible. This is especially the case with the chants that accompany the game of "Cat's Cradles," although even in these, particularly at the beginning, there is often a distinct melody noticeable. The magic-songs that have been included in this group have now virtually disappeared under the influence of missionary teaching.

Owing to the disaster that befell the Canadian Arctic Expedition during its first year in the Arctic, no phonograph records were obtained during the few months we spent on this portion of the coast However, a certain number of songs were written down by ear, and the music checked up later on a harmonium that was kindly placed at my disposal by the resident missionary at Barrow. Some time afterwards the songs were harmonized for the organ by Mr. George Young, of Bushey, England, and he played them over for me on the church organ. The scale of the Eskimo music appeared to be substantially the same as our own, except, of course, that its range was much more limited; the time, too, was comparatively simple, being always either common time or 2-4. Young noted that tempo rubato was required to give the proper expression to the songs. With regard to the words there seemed to be a nasal intonation running through them all which was not altogether pleasing. They are never uttered distinctly, but are slurred over in a way that does not prevent some syllables from receiving greater emphasis than others. The pronunciation of the words in ordinary speech gives very little clue as to how they will be pronounced in a song. This is true more or less of all music, whatever be the language in which the words are written, but it is particularly marked in these Eskimo songs.

The first example that may be given is the "Sparrow Song," which is extremely popular among the children all along the Arctic

coast of Alaska.

# The Sparrow Song



There can be no doubt that this is a genuine folk-song. Nevertheless, it has the same characteristic as many of the gamesongs, that is to say, the last few measures are usually raced through, without regard to the time, and often equally without regard to the notes. This is a matter of individual preference to a large extent, and all that the recorder can do is to mark the passage "ad lib." The same feature appears in the chant to the cat's cradle figure, the "Seal-Poke."

#### The Seal Poke



Folk-songs of the type that have just been described are more or less permanent, that is to say, they are handed down, century after century, with very little change. But the second type of songs, the dance-songs, are for the most part very transient. rarely surviving more than a few years. The words, whenever they are more than meaningless syllables, seem to reflect, in a rather incoherent manner, the thoughts and actions of their composers under some special combination of circumstances; consequently, without the direct explanations of their composers, they are often hardly intelligible even when they first appear, and within a very short space of time they become meaningless, owing to the corruptions and modifications they undergo as they pass from place The Eskimo singer is no more interested in the meaning of what he sings than the man in the street with words of an Italian opera. Syllables like ai ya yanga occur frequently in Eskimo dance-songs, and any word is liable to terminate in at least the first two of these, which may then be sustained on the same note over several successive beats. Any vowel sound may be treated in the same way, and there are besides a number of meaningless syllables, as alala and ilili, which are at the disposal of the composer or the singer whenever his imagination or his memory suffers a temporary lapse. Instead of a succeeding verse the song is repeated,

either the whole of it or the first half. The close of the song and of its repetition as a refrain are both marked by a number of these song syllables all on one note, ending up with a staccato ya on the same note or a tone lower.

The tunes to these songs, on the other hand, seem to be much more permanent than the words. Apparently there are a number of airs that are known, with slight variations, to all the Eskimos of this region, and the composer of a new song merely sets his words to one of these airs. It may be, however, that certain portions of the music are his original composition, for the number of "topical" songs, as they may be called, that came under my notice was so limited that any generalization is far from certain. These topical songs are not confined to the dance-house. Like our own dancemusic, they are more frequently heard in the home, sung not in chorus, but by the individual Eskimo. For the native, when he has nothing to do, lies on his back among the skins that form the bedding, and, beating time with his hand, shouts or murmurs a song in utter disregard of the other inmates, whether they are asleep or not. Thus a Colville River native would often wake up in the middle of the night and murmur this song, although the only words in it were the meaningless syllables ai ya yanga.

## Song of Aksiatak



The most interesting of all the songs I heard, both from the circumstances in which it was composed and from the intrinsic beauty of the melody, had its origin on the old whaling steamer "Karluk," the "flagship" of the Canadian Arctic Expedition. The Karluk was caught in the ice near Flaxman Island, off the coast of Alaska, about August 11, 1913, and, after drifting helplessly for several months, was finally crushed and sank in the following February. In the early days of September a Point Hope Eskimo on board the vessel, Asetsak by name, composed the following song, expressing in its words his longing for his old home and his despair of ever seeing it again. Asetsak reached the shore with a sled party about a fortnight later, and as he travelled along the coast he taught his song to every family he encountered. During the winter of 1913-14 it was perhaps the most popular song for 100 miles on either side of Barrow. Mr. Young, who harmonized it for me, frequently played it as a "voluntary" in his church, and more than once was asked the name of its composer. One lady even thanked him for his "lovely selection from Bach!"

# Song of Asetsak





It is difficult for a lay person to speak of the seathetic value of such Eskimo music, more especially when so much depends on the singer. Sometimes it seemed to express the patience and subdued melancholy which I thought a characteristic undertone in the character of the people; at other times it was loud and blatant and meaningless, satisfying only the sense of rhythm, not of beauty. There are undoubtedly great differences in the seathetic values of different tunes, but a much more thorough and searching investigation of the subject is required before any authoritative judgment can be reached.

In the dance-houses these "topical" songs are sung to the accompaniment of tambourines or drums. The Eskimo drum consists of a membrane of deer or mountain sheep skin, or sometimes of the intestine of a walrus or a whale, which is stretched tightly over one face of a narrow wooden boop generally 8" to 12" in diameter, and beld in place by lashings of sinew or raw-hide through the rim. Ordinary raw-hide lashings of seal or walrus skin would be too coarse and thick, so the natives employ deer skin instead. When the drum is used the membrane is moistened with water from time to time to keep it taut. The handle is of bone or deerhorn, and frequently has a broad and deep spiral groove running round it. The outer end is generally simply rounded off, but the drum-end almost invariably terminates in a representation of a human head, the significance of which I was unable to discover. Just behind the head is a deep square notch into which the rim of the drum sets, reinforced by a short flat strip of bone. The three pieces, handle, rim and bone backing, are lashed firmly together, and the drum is complete except for the stick. This may be short or long, and its use differs accord-The musician holds the drum in his left hand, and with the short drum-stick strikes the rim on its open face so that the tip of the stick bends down and taps the membrane about the center; then with a quick turn of the wrist he strikes similarly the opposite side of the rim, but still on the same face. Thus he continues striking each side alternately, sometimes in time with the song and sometimes not. In the case of the longer drum-stick

the rim is struck on both sides at once so that it is the middle of the stick which bends and taps the membrane. Neither the short nor the long drum-stick is ornamented as a rule; they are plain flexible sticks, smooth and round. The main force of the impact always falls on the rim, and if the stroke is light the membrane is hardly touched.

In the case of any single drum the note varies more in volume than in pitch; generally it is a deep resonant bass. No attempt is

made to tune them when two or more are used together.

The drum is reserved for the dance, and a dance presupposes a gathering of people from several houses. There is no musical instrument for the home. Sometimes you see a whistle of tin or brass, but it almost certainly belongs to one of the children, probably to the baby. Many of the young men have cheap accordious bought from the traders with fox skins. They soon learn to squeak out a few missionary hymn tunes, and occasionally try to play some of their own native songs. The result in neither case would be very encouraging to us, although the musicians themselves appear to derive a good deal of pleasure from it. I saw a primitive kind of fiddle made by an inland native who had recently visited Barrow. The sounding box was a flattened tin into which a stick was inserted with a strand of sinew attached to the end. At the other end a peg revolved in a hole, and the string ran along the flat surface of the stick and passed through a small hole in the peg; in this way it could be relaxed or tightened. A wooden "bridge" was inserted under the string near the tin. This onestringed fiddle was not scraped with a bow, but tapped with a wooden stick. The Eskimo made it for the baby to play with, but he himself derived more amusement from it than the child.

Missionary hymns have largely taken the place of the native music, even among those Eskimos who seldom come into contact with the whites. Many of the old familiar tunes common to all the Protestant churches have here undergone so great a change, both in the time and in the notes, that they are almost unrecognisable. Nevertheless both the game songs and the topical songs still flourish, and will perhaps as long as there are Eskimo children left to play the games, and Eskimo men and women to gather in the dance-houses and while away the evening hours in song.

#### THE TWO REGER-LEGENDS

#### By ERNEST BRENNECKE

There lies before me, as I write, an attractively-printed yellow pamphlet entitled, "Ueber die Wiedergabe der Orgelkompositionen Max Regers." It purports to have been written by one Walter Fischer, organist at the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church of Berlin, for distribution at the general convention of Westphalian organists in Dortmund in May, 1910-a "Max Reger-Fest" which was to be, in the words of the pamphleteer, "eine echt deutsche Kulturtat." It is an astounding little document in many ways, full of stupidity, egoism, foolishness, and pathetic futility-and yet there breathes through it at times an ardent confidence and enthusiasm that inspire one with a touch of real regret that the great idealistic illusion, of which it is but a very humble manifestation, has passed away, never to return. Now that the Day of Judgment has arrived, one begins to feel very tragic when contemplating with any degree of intensity the spectacle of the German spirit of art and life as it was in 1910.

Here, at any rate, completely drenched in that spirit, in its wilful blindness and perversity as in its gorgeous vision, is to be found the first, the great, Reger-legend in all its dazzling purity and magnificence. "Verily," writes Fischer, "we organists shall have our hands full if we are to be called worthy contemporaries of a Reger . . . We are the first to whom it is permitted to play Reger . . . See that posterity says not of us, 'The Great Moment found but a Small People' . . . 'What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? . . . A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet!" For the Fischers there was indeed but one God of Music, Reger—and Bach had been but his prophet. two were bracketed together continuously and insistently, and always in this relationship. Bach had come into the world for the sole purpose of initiating us into the technic wherewith our Reger preached his gospel. . . Throughout this glutinous mass of fulsome praise, saccharine flattery, and expressions of holy awe, the reader seeks in vain a single word of dispassionate criticism. Whatever Reger saw fit to put forth, ex cathedra as it were, was at once accepted without question as being beyond



Max Reger

reproach—and fortunate indeed was he to whom it was not also

beyond comprehension.

Reger was indeed a musical giant a decade ago. With Arthur Nikisch and the redoubtable Karl Straube, he completed the triumvirate that ruled the musical destinies of the city of Leipzig. As Professor of Composition at the Royal Conservatory there, he seemed the logical successor to Mendelssohn and Schumann. His enormous output of very black and formidable-looking music was eagerly devoured by publishers and public. The little affair at Dortmund was but one of many "Reger-Festivals." At Cologne, at Dresden, at Berlin, there were Reger-concerts, at which the great man would occasionally appear in person. Here the Boston Symphony, when it was (in 1909) still the orchestraof the United States, would feature as an event of the greatest magnitude the first performance of the Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy, op. 108, and Edwin Arthur Kraft would return from foreign parts to the familiar fold of American organists, boasting of having devoted an entire recital in Berlin to Reger-compositions. And we would all enviously admire that glorious, difficult feat.

How are the mighty fallen! All that Reger's name can now evoke is a raised eyebrow or a shrugged shoulder. The Great Stir is definitely over. And yet it would be a mistake to suppose that his glory has completely vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Echoes of the great legend, relics of the old worship, are occasionally encountered. To a few persistent admirers Reger still remains "one of the greatest modern composers."

He died at the age of forty-three, on May 11, 1916, and is, to those who still think about him, one of the many tragic figures of the modern Central Europe. The circumstances of his death are somewhat obscure. Paul Rosenfeld mentions "vats of beer." But by the time he died, the second legend was already well under way, its movement accelerated and intensified by the passions and prejudices of the War. I encountered it for the first time when I once showed some of the organ-music to Daniel Gregory Mason. I shall never forget with what amazement the Professor exclaimed, "Why, there's melody in this!" He had had but one picture of Reger in his mind up to that time: that of a great bloated spider, interminably weaving an ugly, filthy, escophonously contrapuntal web. This picture presents the very essence of the second tradition, which bids fair to be the permanent one for musical history, unless something is done about it. Perhaps it is but a natural reaction from the first. At any

rate, Messrs. Baldwin and Kraft no longer include Reger's compositions in their recital-programs; and the general opinion, whenever an opinion is expressed (Regeriana are now extremely rare), is that his music, tremendously erudite and superlatively difficult of execution, completely lacks that indefinite quality

that makes for permanent appeal in works of art.

Whatever will be the final judgment on his compositions, it is no more than an act of fairness to correct a mistaken impression of his personality that seems to be attached to the prevalent opinion of his music. He was not, as Mr. Rosenfeld imagines in his ingenious but condemnatory obituary sketch, an uncouth, repulsive Thing—not, at any rate, in his personal habits. He was a pleasant chap in his daily intercourse, according to those who knew him—as pleasant, that is, as one can expect of the German schoolmaster-type of being—a good raconteur, with a fund of effervescent wit and sparkle, a solid "Hausvater" like Strauss, and not at all morose, sardonic, or bitter. His photographs, though not particularly attractive (fancy vests and smoking-jackets are much in evidence), do after all show a countenance that resembles Franz Schubert's rather more than it does that of an ugly beetle.

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Is Reger the unrecognized genius of the past generation, or was he just a futile, maddening pedant? Did he fool all the true believers of the early legend, and perhaps fool himself, too? Both views of the man and his music have been given rather violent expression. Whether or not his music will make an appeal seems to depend, as indeed does nearly all music, on the temperament and mood of the listener. This is very particularly true of Reger. At the risk of following in the ways of Herr Fischer, I will cite Bach as a parallel case. People keenly alive to the appeal of music may be, very roughly, said to fall largely into two classes: those to whom Bach is dull and repetitious, and those to whom he is profoundly stirring. The difficulty with Reger is that few have heard his music, and that to-day opportunities of hearing it are very scarce. Those who have not heard it are unanimous in their professions of violent dislike. when approached on the subject. Who wants to be known as an admirer of a dead German pedant in this tense and nervous age?

About the Reger-technic there can be no question. It is an amazing thing. At an early age he was thoroughly drenched in the Bach-counterpoint. Its turns and tricks became a part of the man himself. His paraphrases of minor Bach works, by the way, and the third part that he added to the two-part inventions of Bach, making of them a "School of trio-playing" for the organ, are among the best things he has done. But he not only thinks horizontally by nature—an accomplishment that distinguishes him from many a more successful modern composer—but his vertical harmonic skill is quite as wonderful (witness his Beiträge zur Harmonielehre). Expert tone-colorist as well as contrapuntist, his daring modernistic harmonic clashes once gave him a pleasant notoriety as one of the "iconoclasts" of the day. Even to an age that witnessed the powers of manipulation of material displayed by Strauss and Strawinsky, Reger appeared to be endowed with an astounding technical facility. But this very facility has worked against him in many ways.

In the first place, his unconscionable demands upon the performer's virtuosity have frightened off many an ardent investigator. When a singer is asked to span intervals of unearthly difficulty, when an organist is required to manage a shaded decrescendo from ffff to pppp in one line while ten fingers and both toes and heels are kept busy playing the printed notes, the impulse to turn away from such strong meat to something savoring more of the innocuous lollypop is not always to be resisted. At the same time, this very lack of regard for the physical limitations of the performer has undoubtedly enriched the technical resources of those who are to follow him, no matter what the esthetic value of his contribution may eventually prove to be. The composer's demand for the technic, both of the instrument and of the performer, always precedes the development of the technic itself. Upon the organ-builder and organist in particular. Reger makes transcendental demands-and the printed pages of his music are sometimes terror-inspiring.

That a solidly idiomatic musical language flowed so readily from his pen seems on the face of it a thoroughly commendable thing, a thing that many should envy him for, but it proved his greatest enemy in the end, for it often tempted him to compose music when he had within him no matter that cried for expression, or when the things he had to say were in themselves trivial or worse than trivial. This was a temptation that he rarely had the strength to resist, and to this weakness of his is pretty certainly due the origin of the obnoxious second Reger-legend. In so far as this legend concerns itself with those moments when Reger's cursed facility led him to produce without inspiration—

and those moments are not few—it is wholly justified. But Reger did, on occasion, have other moments.

His output was so rapid and so huge that it is impossible to believe that he spent any time in revision or in selection. Opus followed opus with a prestissimo-tempo of production comparable only to that we have seen developed by some of our shell-plants in war-time. And each opus was a substantial volume, or set of volumes. There is very little of his work, therefore, that has either the finish or the inevitability that belong to so dissimilar a thing as Debussy's *Pelléas*, upon the completion of which ten years of incessant labor were lavished. Reger very evidently published everything he wrote, probably because it all found a ready, nay, anxious, and very profitable market. The result is a vast mass of music, representing a tremendous input of enthusiasm, labor, money, and printer's ink. Economy alone demands that it be given a fair examination.

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In the organ works, which are perhaps the most easily accessible portion of Reger's output in this country, I have discovered a very fair proportion of creditable writing, and a few pieces of really great, inspired music, thoroughly wholesome food for the strong-hearted lover of vital beauty and of the truth that is often defiantly unlovely. The organ, at all events, was Reger's chosen medium, and the works he composed for that instrument represent him in his most characteristic attitudes. He did not begin to write for the orchestra, by the way, until he had reached his ninetieth opus. If we look with some care through Reger's organ works, then, which surpass those of Bach at least in the matter of bulk and total quantity, we may be able to arrive at a few conclusions that will illuminate and guide our judgment of his artistic contribution as a whole.

A superficial glance at this music clearly indicates that he had in mind continually the fine three-manual instrument in the Thomaskirche at Leipzig, where his consciousness of the nearness of the spirit of the great Bach, his predecessor in this church, must have evoked his utmost efforts. He calls for a foundation of heavy diapasons, flutes, strings and reeds, a few good solo stops and mixtures, and a pedal organ of immense power and fulness. Solidity rather then finesse is demanded, although occasionally unusually delicate tone-colorings are required.

One is next struck by his fondness for the old Lutheran chorals—a fondness that fairly amounts to an obsession. Bach,

Mendelssohn and Brahms had preceded him in the use of these wonderful church-melodies as sources of inspiration. The large choral-fantasies of Reger are a contribution to the literature of the instrument alone sufficient to bring him a deserved eminence. Their form is a combination of the programmatic symphonic poem and the choral-prelude, variation, and fugue. Taking the text of the hymn as the spiritual basis, and its melody as the thematic basis of the composition, he invests each stanza with its appropriate musical setting. The result is often a work of art that leaves little to be desired in clarity of form, in poetry of content, and in its ultimate inner appeal. The words of the choral usually supply all the comment that is necessary.

At a Palm Sunday concert at Potsdam in 1912, Dr. Otto Becker played the Fantasy on "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," with the following notes on his program:-they will perhaps

serve to make Reger's general plan clearer:

Introduction (Grave assai.) Night; the world lies in deep slumber; only the spirits of darkness attempt to disturb the sleepers with their ghostly, tumultuous rushings to and fro. Thereupon a voice is heard from above:

Stanza I (Sostenuto)

Wachet auf, ruft une die Stimme Der Wächter sehr hoch auf der Zinne, Wach' auf, du Stadt Jerusalem!

Mitternacht heisst diese Stunde: Sie rufet une mit hellem Munde: Wo seid ihr klugen Jungfrauen? Wohlauf, der Bräut'gam kommt!

Steht auf, die Lampen nehmt! Hallelujah!

Macht euch bereit zu der Hochzeit: Ihr müsset ihm enlgegen geh'n,

Stanza II (Quasi allegro vivace)

Zion hört die Wächter singen, Das Herz tut ihr vor Freude springen, See wachet und steht eilend auf. Ihr Freund kommt vom Himmel prächtig, (Melody in the pedal, shim-Von Gnaden stark, von Wahrheit mächtig. Ihr Licht wird hell, ihr Stern geht auf.

(In the interludes, as in the Introduction, there is depicted the night scene and the spirits of darkness.)

(Imitation of bells in the distance in the pedals.)

(Day begins to break.)

(The voice resounds ever more insistently and joyously.)

(The world is awake. Joy is expressed by the lively triplet-figures.)

mering figuration in the other parts.)

Interlude (Allegro vivace)
The spirits of darkness vanish.
(Adagio con espressione)
Nun komm', du werte Kron,
Herr Jesu, Gottes Sohn!
Hostanna!

Wir folgen all' zum Freudensaal Und feiern mit das Abendmahl. (In sudden contrast to the foregoing, there follows a very tenderly sustained poetic tonepicture.)

(Here is expressed the devotional atmosphere of the Lord's Supper and a longing for heavenly peace.)

Choral-Fugue:

There follows, in fiery tempo, a fugue expressive of the greatest joy and exultation, which, by the addition of the choral-melody (Stanza III: Gloria sei dir gesungen), leads up to a tremendous chimax.

Reger responded magnificently to the great possibilities of this form. In all he produced seven choral-fantasies of like dimensions, and of the same general plan. Particularly noteworthy are the first (op. 26) on "Ein' feste Burg," a rugged piece of work, and the one on "Wie schön leucht't uns der Morgenstern," which can hardly be surpassed for the unerring delicacy with which all the varying moods of the text have been interpreted.

In the fifty-two shorter choral-preludes, op. 67 (evidently suggested by Bach's set of forty-six in the "Orgelbüchlein"), he has not been so inevitably successful; yet some of them, notably "Gott des Himmels und der Erden," "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," and "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," have that quality which will profoundly stir and move the least sympathetic listener. The harmonic scheme is never trite nor obvious, nor does it often seem far-fetched to modern ears. At their best, these preludes are real masterpieces of the form; at worst, they are rather lifeless things; but they are never really bad. They are an excellent introduction to the study of the real Reger; many of them are easy of execution—some (though they are all labelled "leicht ausführbar") require virtuoso-technic.

The greater Reger is perhaps observed at his best in the Second Sonata, op. 60 (the First is a very disappointing thing). This piece should be welcomed thankfully by a world already as weary of the efforts in this form of Guilmant, Widor and Louis Vierne as it has been wearied by those of Mendelssohn, Rheinberger and Gustav Merkel. I know of nothing with which it can be compared, unless it be with such dissimilar things as the ill-starred Julius Reubke's Ninety-Fourth Psalm-Sonata, or the Choral in A-minor of César Franck, or Liszt's Fantasy and Fugue "Ad nos, ad salutarem undam." But even these it greatly surpasses

in the perfection of its form. Those who believe that Reger never spoke a language of his own should examine the haunting second subject in the first movement-an "Improvisation" in strict sonata-form-or the Invocation, in which sorrowful and passionately entreating passages are followed by a shimmering, palpitating paraphrase of the choral "Vom Himmel boch, da komm' ich her," or the last three or four pages, in which Reger has done some hitherto unheard-of and soul-stirring things with the fugue. It is easy to describe this music as free counterpoint in chord- and note-lines, as based on whole-tone and duodecuple scales, as using daring harmonic progressions, as displaying expertness in tone-color manipulation, but this kind of analysis can accomplish very little; here is music for the ear and nerves and brain and heart, and one can only feel sorry for those who have no heart for it. And even those will have to admit that this, whatever it is, is certainly not merely warmed-over Bach or Handel or Strauss or Debussy. . . Of like quality—in Reger's "grand style"—are the Passacaglia in D-minor, the Fantasy and Fugue on B-A-C-H, the Variations and Fugue, op. 72, and the Symphonic Fantasy and Fugue. But I do not know an organist in this country who is capable of performing the last.

Among the host of shorter compositions in both strict and free form, it is impossible to pass by the set that we find under op. 59, in which the composer's inspiration and ingenuity have worked hand in hand to produce a series of unforgettable pieces. There is a Procludium whose first line of overpowering sweep and dignity proclaims itself "echt Reger" of the finest quality, a Pastorale and a Kanon of a not-too-simple loveliness, an Intermezzo that is something new in the scherzo-vein, and a rousing Toccata and Fugue. The second book is the rade mecum of all true Regerites. The Kyrie Eleison, based throughout on a phrase of aix notes, speaks at first a fervent appeal, rises to a climax of agonized groups and shricks of despair, and breathes consolation through a beautiful melody, to the charm of which few listeners can remain obdurate. The Gloria in Excelsis, the Benedictus, and the Te Deum, are worthy companions:—if there is anything at all that can dispel the second Reger-legend, it is this group of compositions. If I remember rightly, it was the melodious Benedictus that seemed particularly to affect Dr. Mason

The sustained grandeur, mingled with deep touches of a true lyric ecstasy, that is discoverable in these pieces is but seldom equalled in the voluminous later efforts of Reger. With the exception of the mordant, piquant scherzi, and a few things like the Moment Musical from op. 69, there follows a general level of talk that is calm and hectic by turns, but that manages to say very little in the end. There is a great arid desert of contrapuntal material, in which a theme is put through all its logical and illogical permutations and combinations—and it seems to be a mere matter of chance if the result will be fruitful: sometimes indeed the merest chance evidently produces something worth while, as in the unearthly beauty of some spots in the Prelude in E from op. 80. If anyone wishes to observe Reger at his worst, at moments when he really deserves the opprobrium of the second legend, he should look at the Monologues, op. 63, and the Suite, op. 92. Even the interminable Rheinberger was seldom duller and muddier than this.

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If we now make a short excursion through some of the musical utterances for which Reger chose a different medium of expression from that of his beloved organ, we shall probably find ourselves reacting generally in about the same manner as we have just now. Noble, magnificent moments of both passion and calm will alternate with dreary, arid stretches of the most deadly boredom. Vital differences are not lacking, however. Many of the songs, for instance, of which there are over three hundred, seem occasionally to come nearer to the spirit of the brilliant and flippant conversationalist that their author really was, than does anything else that he has left behind. His settings of light, fanciful lyrics are perhaps the most immediately engaging and attractive things he has done.

His sheer eleverness can nowhere be observed to better advantage than in his manifestations of humorous psychological insight in the treatment of feminine character in the songs. He seldom chooses to take either women or the theme of secular love quite seriously, and often he selects lyrics that verge pretty closely on the forbidden territory of the salacious. The subtly-smiling Reger of "Schmeichelkätzchen," and the cleverly whining parodist of "Strampelchen" should not be altogether forgotten even when one feels prone to worship the creator of the great Organ Fantasia on "Straf' mich nicht in deinem Zorn." There is also a rare simplicity in the "Schlichte Weisen," and an unsophisticated charm about the "Wiegenlied," "Die Nixe," and "Das Dorf."

Many of the songs do possess the real Reger-undertone of grave, brooding beauty, such as the "Liebe," "Grab," "Traum,"

"Leben" and "Tod," in which the expressive melodic line is raised against an accompaniment that always provides a definite and appropriate mood-setting. The piano part is often very simple, particularly for idyllic effects, but occasionally is of such complexity as almost to swamp the voice as it manfully wanders through the mases and swamps of the Reger-harmony. At such moments we begin to detect again the dank, dead odor of the artistic charnel-house. . .

Let us not dwell on the unpleasant theme of Reger's many unmistakably still-born Lieder, which comprise roughly about one-third of all his songs. Much of his violin-music is also rather pointless—but it is fortunately possible to see what the man was at times capable of accomplishing in this field by listening to Efrem Zimbalist's phonographic record of the wonderfully poetic, almost heartrending Andantino from the second sonata for unaccompanied violin from op. 42.

It is very easy to share in Franz Kneisel's enthusiasm for the string-quartet in E-flat, which was played here early in 1911, and which did not lose in effect by following directly one of the great Beethoven-quartets. Of the sonorous Larghetto Mr. Kneisel said at the time, "There is no other quarter-movement that so sounds over to the audience." The Scherzo exhibits Reger as the unique jester, the malicious but good-humored, wonderfully clever satirist and clown, and the final Fugue is a stupendous and imposing peroration. As I think back upon the effect of the performance of this composition, I become convinced that it would triumphantly survive a well-deserved resurrection.

Of Reger's work for orchestra it is also possible to speak at times with unqualified admiration. His Symphonic Prologus to a Tragedy and his Comedy-Overture are real achievements, uniting depth of feeling with formal perfection in such a manner that one may justly consider these compositions "classical," in the best sense of that term. His orchestral variations and his semi-romantic later suites, in which he seems to have succumbed shamefully to the influence of the "invertebrate" Debussy, as he once called the Frenchman, had better be left in the merciful darkness of the forgotten. Would that they had never been called out of the mysterious regions of the unfulfilled!—

The same wish might be breathed with some fervency about many of the choral works, particularly the numerous "Männerchorwerke," which seldom rise above the level of mediocre hackwork, and frequently fall below it. A good word must be said, however, for such creditable performances as the setting of the one hundredth psalm, op. 106, and "Die Nonnen," op. 112. Things like the "Gesang der Verklärten," despite the gargantuan complexity of its score and the imposing array of singers and instruments required for its performance, are really very feeble. anamic efforts.

In his piano-music, Reger has been particularly unfortunate. This is perhaps one of the reasons for his total lack of popularity along the Main Street of music today. It would have been far better for him, like Strauss, not to have written anything at all for the piano. The readily playable pieces are nearly all dull; at times there are moments of calm Brahmsian beauty which succumb all too quickly to the inevitable fogginess and mugginess, and the attempts at swiftness and gayety sound as if Messrs. Lebert and Starck were trying to add a series of modernisticmildly modernistic-exercises to their famous "Piano-School." The themes are banal, and the harmonic daring seldom goes beyond a senseless jumping about into unrelated tonalities. Reger seems not to have realized, as many modern followers of the Schumann of the "Kinderscenen" do, that a composer is often judged by the quality of his easy piano pieces, these being the most marketable article that he can produce. And one cannot blame people for waxing impatient over the "Aquarellen," "Aus memem Tagebuch," and the inane "Sonstinen."

It is when Reger spreads his imaginative wings and dips greedily into the inkpot that he produces lasting work for the piano. He was a remarkable performer himself, by all accounts, and it is in those works which he wrote in complete disregard of the limitations of the ordinary planist that the greater Reger appears. This is unfortunate for the composer, for capable and willing virtuosi are very scarce. The "Variations and Fugue on a theme of Bach," op. 81, rank with the best that he has done, as do the great Concerto and the Beethoven-variations for two pianos, but who has heard these things in recent years? The last might very creditably fill an honorable place in many a two-

piano recital.

The dual aspect of this alternately repelling and charming music may perhaps be fancied as a reflection of the man's own personality. As we try to bite through the horny crust of his technic and manner, cracking many a tooth in the attempt to get at the delicious meaty kernel that we firmly believe to be inside, we must often think of the man's ungainly physical bulk, his massive, ponderous frame, his generally unpromising visible aspect—an aspect that nevertbeless failed to disguise completely a sharp, delicate, exuberant mind, and a spirit that passionately loved truth and beauty. As we turn over the pages of his music and uncover great stretches of Stygian dulness, but illuminated here and there by the clear and brilliant flame of poetic genius, we cannot help thinking of the scowling mask of the second Reger-legend that covers, and indeed threatens to obscure completely, the polished man of the world and the fervent, mystical man of God that are combined in the idol of the first Reger-legend.

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It remains but to mention the Reger swan-song. Just before his death there appeared in Hameln the three "Orgelstücke," op. 145: the "Trauerode," "Dankpsalm," and "Weihnachten." Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's war-sonata, d'Indy's war-symphony, and the many lesser works which purport to have been inspired by the fret and fever of the past struggle, must fade into insignificance beside these monuments to the tragedy that happened in Central Europe. Written when all Germany believed implicitly in a final overwhelming victory, it is remarkably enough the first one of the set, the Ode of Mourning, to the memory of those who died in battle, that fixes the dominant ground-tone for the whole group. They are all pregnant with sorrow, with despair, with anger and defiance, with the religious ecstasy of resignation, but of exultation there is very little, and of pure joy there is not a trace. I know of few more dramatic moments in music than that in the Trauerode when the inconsolable sorrow and the wild despair first expressed is broken by the strains of the choral "Was Gott tut, das ist wohlgetan," in soft, but very bright, registration; or when in the Dankpsalm (dedicated to the German army) the furious agitation of the opening is interrupted by a recurrence of the Trauerodemood, or when the piece sweeps on to a magnificent declaration of the tune "Lobe den Herren, den mächtigen König der Ehren." Weihnachten is not a happy succession of joyous noëls; it is definitely the war-time Christmas-mood, the gloom of which is only partially dispelled by a tour de force of poetry and ingenuity: a combination of the melodies of "Vom Himmel hoch" and of the immortal "Stille Nacht," upon which it closes. Purest and truest poetry is in these pieces, the poetry of absolute musicmusic for its own sake—and the poetry that is the expression of the tremendous spiritual tragedy that is there for him who has ears and brain and heart to hear and understand and feel it.

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It is time for a fair compromise. Let it be admitted that Reger has done things to merit both legends. All that the second legend says of him is true of his uninspired moments, but if we examine the very best of what he has done, there will doubtless be discovered enough enduring good to make the first legend sound very plausible. Certainly he has, at times, achieved a courageous brutality, a delicacy, a humanity, and a rare poetic loveliness that few others have to their credit. Sincerity of purpose all must grant him. He was essentially of his age and generation in his attempts to penetrate into the darker and more complex aspects of existence and in his rigid eschewing of the superficial; and his deeply-ingrained religious bent represents the very best of the many good qualities that went along with the bad to make up what we have now come to designate as "that pre-war German Kultur."

Lacking the geniality as well as much of the muddiness of Brahms, having very little in common with the French cult of sublety that seems to have attracted more than its share of admiration and imitation, without any of the barbaric splendor or eastern languor of the modern Russians, and violently opposed to the theatricality of his compeer Strauss, Reger managed to win but a momentary acclamation and has since passed into obscurity. A slight reaction in his favor would probably bring real pleasure to many music-consumers and lasting benefit to many music-practitioners. Certainly the quality of the music offered in many of our churches would not be cheapened by the infusion of a little Reger.

Both of the legends are merely legends: both are false; for this man was neither God nor Insect, as he is alternately painted, but a fascinating personality possessing both godlike and spiderish attributes: a combination of amazing strength and equally amazing weakness, of charm and repulsiveness, for which a nervous age like the present should really make some show of interest, and perhaps also of gratitude.

# EARLY IRISH BALLAD OPERA AND COMIC OPERA

#### By W. J. LAWRENCE

THE hour is ripe for vigorous protest against the spirit of pedantry which is invading musico-dramatic history, that spirit, for example, which dictates the placing of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in the category of musical comedies. Among the essential things that our pastors and masters have yet to grasp is the fact that in England theatrical nomenclature has never been scientifically determined nor scientifically applied. One might safely widen the scope of this contention, seeing that it is impossible to frame a definition of any particular dramatic genre which would be thoroughly descriptive of the salient qualities of every example of that genre. Times change, and the precise implication of theatrical terms changes with them. It is only, perhaps, in the Wagnerian music-drama that an ancient Greek would find to-day any approximation to his concept of Tragedy.

Theatrical nomenclature, then, must be taken at its face value. It is not the function of the musico-dramatic historian to throw the classifications of old on the Procustean bed and maim them in accordance with some hard-and-fast principle. Nothing but confusion can ensue from such a course. No matter how unscientific many of them now appear, the labellings given by bygone authors to their wares must remain sacrosant. It is not our duty to bring them up to date: what is demanded of us is an explanation of the meaning they conveyed at the

particular time of their use.

These pronouncements have pertinent application to the present study. Swayed by their passion for scientific determination, latter-day investigators are prone to ignore the obvious fact that all vital art-forms have growth and plasticity. They attain diuturnity largely because they have not been cast in rigid moulds, and they are often rejuvenated by sensible experimentation. Through failure to recognise the potency of these factors, musico-dramatic historians, in dealing with eighteenth-century English records, have had to confess their inability to distinguish between early ballad opera and comic opera, finding

themselves powerless—and that despite a superabundance of data-to formulate a broad definition of either.1 however, but our tendency towards hairsplitting raises a barrier in the way of a clear solution. Broadly speaking, "ballad opera," together with its variant, "ballad-farce" (the term usually employed when the entertainment was in single-act form), signified a play of a humorous, satirical or pastoral order intermixed with simple song, the music for which was for the most part derived from popular ditties of the street-ballad type. But, as no rigid formula had away, both original music of a light order and preexistent music of more scientific quality were occasionally pressed into service. On the other hand, elaborate concerted music was eschewed, being beyond the capacity of the ordinary singing player, and there was no glimmering of orchestration, the band simply following the voice. Little, however, as the services of the composer were in requisition, he could not be wholly dispensed. Though the primary conception of ballad opera was due to Allan Ramsay and worked out to artistic perfection in his Gentle Shepherd, historians have elected to see the archetype in The Beggar's Opera because its astonishing vogue in 1727 and thereabouts firmly established the genre. Pepusch, in providing Gay's satire with a thematic overture based on the borrowed air, "One evening, having lost my way," used in the third act, set a fashion largely followed, though the average early ballad-opera overture was little better than an artless medley of popular tunes.

At first nothing more pretentious than an elaboration of the ballad-opera principle, comic opera was slow in emerging. A powerful object-lesson showing how rich comic humour could be satisfactorily allied with music of scientific form in exclusively musical drama was given in 1753, when the Giordiani family delighted the town at the Haymarket and Covent Garden in Italian burlettas; but, deep as the revelation sunk into the public mind and considerable as was the consequent experimentation (especially with recitative in Edgar and Emmelius and The Spring at Drury Lane in 1761-2), ballad opera pursued its course un-affected, rendered immune from assault by the British predilection for spoken dialogue.

Comic opera had its origin at Covent Garden in December 1762 with Bickerstaffe's Love in a Village, which, in spite of the fact that it presented a patchwork plot set to patchwork music,

<sup>&#</sup>x27;There is much muddying of the waters in this respect in Mr. George Tufts' othertrise meful article, "Ballad Operas. A List and Some Notes," In The Musical Antiquery for January, 1913, p. 81 ff.

attained a success and a long-sustained popularity unequalled save by The Beggar's Opera. Though the tone of Arne predominated (his total provision being eighteen airs, of which three were new), all sorts and conditions of composers fell into the dragnet, from Handel, Galuppi and Geminiani to Boyce, Howard and Weldon. Doubtless out of compliment to his native country, Bickerstaffe made pleasant use, also, of two popular Irish airs, "Larry Grogan" and "St. Patrick's Day." Recognising that the new comic opera was only the old ballad opera in disguise. he claimed in his dedication to Beard the tenor "that the music is more pleasing than has hitherto appeared in compositions of this kind; and the words better adapted, considering the nature of the airs, which are not common ballads, than could be expected, supposing any degree of poetry to be preserved in the versification." From this humble beginning progress was rapid. In a few years we find Bickerstaffe providing original books for homogeneous scores, notably The Padlock of 1768, for which Dibdin was the composer.1

Though the prime differentiation of the early comic opera lay in the use of concerted music to carry on the business of the scene, the distinction between it and ballad opera was not so much one of form as of method. Ballad opera was designed for the player who could sing, comic opera for the singer who could make some attempt at acting. The latter demanded for its adequate representation some extension of the personnel of the theatre, practically an extra vocal staff. Outside London this proved a check to its immediate popularity and tended to prolong the life of ballad opera. So much by way of necessary introduction.

The prevalent impression that the Irish Stage in the eighteenth century was almost wholly parasitic, depending for its dramatic supply on London—an impression largely due to the lack of an exhaustive account of its annals—is simply a half-truth, distorting the historical perspective. My present purpose is to show that on its musico-dramatic side the old Dublin Stage was mildly creative, attaining at one juncture the distinction of pioneer, and that, if Ireland borrowed liberally from England, she also, to some degree, paid back in kind.

<sup>\*</sup>One of Bickerstaffe's early followers, Richard Cumberland, was the first to use the term "musical comedy". He applied it to his The Summer's Tale (Covent Garden, 1788), which was nothing otherwise than a comic opera, as comic operas then were framed. It is difficult to understand this departure from routine, but perhaps the fret-ful Cumberland had prescience of sundry super-subtle musico-dramatic historians to come.

Procreative as was the success of The Beggar's Opera on its original production at Rich's theatre in 1727, its vogue in Dublin when brought out there in March, 1728, proved scarcely less inspirational. For long musically starved, possessing no operahouse, passively suffering their benightedness, the polite inhabitants of the gay little Irish capital suddenly became obsessed with a divine discontent. One result of this was the coming together of a little band of music-lovers in the winter of 1728 to establish an institution akin to the London Academy of Music. "for the practice of Italian Musick," a movement which led to the erection of the Crow Street Music Hall three years later. Meanwhile, half a loaf being reckoned better than no bread, a crase arose for ballad opera, which, in the absence of sufficient supplies from abroad, the players strove to satisfy with wares of local manufacture. It was then that Dublin found she had to pay the price for her persistent, degrading West British sycophancy—she, the capital of a separate kingdom with a native parliament!—for her belief that nothing was good dramatically which lacked the London hall-mark, and for her consequent discouragement of native genius. This attitude had made it impossible for the working Irish dramatist to earn his living in his own country: creativeness became the prerogative of the occasional dilettante.

As luck would have it, however, originality was not a sins qua non of ballad opera. Appropriation was the essence of the genre, and if the music could be stolen, why not the book? So, at any rate, thought a facetious Dublin hunchback, one Charles Coffey, who had a pretty knack of writing satirical prologues and epilogues for the playhouse and for Stretch's puppet-shew, and now turned his attention to the manufacture of ballad operas. His was the eventual good fortune to concoct the rollicking, long-lived Devil to Pay, which, however, did not see the light in Ireland, as Coffey, like others of his craft, once he had become full-fledged, took wings and flew across the Channel.

It is doubtful, however, whether the little hunchback must be saddled with the responsibility of the first Irish-produced ballad opera. One searches among his acknowledged works in vain for anything half so bad as this Chuck, or The School Boy's Opera, produced at Smock Alley on January 27, 1729, for the benefit of Lewis Layfield, the original Irish Captain Macheath, and seemingly not acted a second time. When published in London in 1736, this puerility bore the name of Colley Cibber as author, an attribution which had no more justification than that it was

probably based on one of his comedies. One is the more inclined to doubt Coffey's culpability, inasmuch as there are signs and tokens (as we shall see anon) that he had a youthful rival in the field. Added to this, his first acknowledged ballad opers was already in the Smock Alley manager's hands awaiting production. had in fact been delivered in October, 1728. Strange to say, although a much superior effort to Chuck, its initial failure was almost as decisive. Written in three acts and bearing the happy title of The Beggar's Wedding, it was produced at Smock Alley on March 24, 1729, and played three times, the third, to a poor house, for the author's benefit (evidently the sole return for his labours). Like the child-souls in The Blue Bird, Irish theatrical criticism was waiting to be born, and the newspapers of the time yield little information as to the merits or success of the first original musical productions. Coffey himself has, however, boldly revealed the main cause of his opera's failure. Not content with putting on the piece when most of the "quality" were out of town, the players destroyed its whole raison d'stre by cutting out the quaint ceremony of the beggar's wedding and six of the characters in the last act. There were doubtless enough people in town to make the thing a success had they had the mind, but the old West British prejudice against the native author surged uppermost, causing those who had swallowed the camel of vulgarity presented in The Beggar's Opera to strain at the gnat of low bumour dancing and darting through Coffey's piece. Coffey, himself, frankly acknowledges that he was inspired by Gay's satire, but is silent as to any other source, and those who, arguing from his later facile custom, suspect appropriation, have not been able to justify their attitude. It may be that he was not incapable of originality, nay, at first attained it, but found the game not worth the candle.

Ill-satisfied with its Smock Alley production, Coffey lost no time in publishing The Beggar's Wedding locally in self-defence. Issued by Powell with an etched frontispiece representing one of the scenes in the piece, and audaciously dedicated "to the Provost, Fellows and the rest of the Learn'd Society of Trinity College, Dublin," the ill-treated ballad opera presents in its first printed form a revealing preface from which I have already drawn some important particulars.

Coffey was lucky in his indignation, for the circulation of his opuscule led to the production of his ballad opera in London.

'Only one exemplar of the Dublin edition of 1789 is known, that in the July collection in the National Library of Ireland.

Think of it! Within a year and a half of the period when Dublin first saw Gay's pioneering satire, this helplessly dependent stage (as it was generally considered) had returned an acceptable example of the genre to the source. Produced at the Haymarket in the summer of 1729 in its original three-act form, Coffey's piece was transferred to Drury Lane on July 4 and given there with success as Phabe, or The Beggar's Wedding, in single-act form but practically with no elimination. Not only that, but it bore revival in London and Dublin considerably after the period of its author's death, an event which happened in 1745.

Such was the rage for ballad-music in Dublin created by the vogue of *The Beggar's Opera* that it even led to resort to a new kind of epilogue. At Smock Alley, in 1730 and after, we find Mrs. Sterling, the original Irish Polly Peachum, delivering topical epilogues specially written for her, in the course of which she sang

two or three appropriate ditties set to familiar airs.

Now and again one has difficulty in determining whether an early ballad opera played simultaneously in both countries had its first production on the London or the Dublin stage. Where the evidence favours Dublin, one sometimes suspects that all the evidence has not come to hand. In 1704 Farquhar and Motteux adapted from the French for production at Drury Lane a capital farce called The Stage Coach, which some person over a score of years later converted into a long-popular ballad opera. Genest's first trace of the latter in England is at the Goodman's Fields Theatre on February 22, 1731. Assuming that it had not been performed on the London stage much, if at all, earlier, the ballad opera must have first seen the light in Ireland. It was given at Smock Alley on April 2, 1730, for the combined benefit of the Widow Eastham and Mr. Le Roux, the box-keeper, and repeated ("never performed here but once") on May 13, 1731, for Thomas Griffith's benefit. Griffith might possibly have been its contriver, as he was a graceful song-writer, some of his lyrics being preserved in Allan Ramsay's collection. When The Stage Coach was given for his benefit it was announced as "altered after the manner of The Beggar's Opera with gentle and humorous songs, properly adapted to old English, Scotch and Irish tunes." It might be dangerous to assume that the use of Irish tunes points to an Irish origin (The Beggar's Opera had one or two acknowledged Irish airs), but it at least favours the supposition.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;The Beggar's Wedding was thrice reprinted in London, together with the Hay-market prologue and epilogue. N Rich's undated edition (1749?) gives the music from engraved plates at the end, as likewise does Knapton's edition of 1731.

Most Irish ballad-opera writers drew to some extent on popular native music, even though they rarely discussed Irish themes. It is quite possible also that the English and Irish versions of *The Stage Coach* were independent, for whereas the Smock Alley piece was in one act, the Goodman's Fields version, according to Genest, was in two acts, and an enlargement of the original farce.<sup>3</sup>

In 1731, Madame Violante, the famous rope-dancer, who now lives in memory chiefly as the first exploiter of Peg Woffington's talents, had a booth in a back garden in Dame Street, Dublin, much patronised by the élite of the capital, where, besides exhibitions of acrobatism and dancing by Madame's foreign troupe of funambulists, farces and slight musical pieces were given. Early in January, 1732, there was produced there a new and anonymous ballad opera in two acts, entitled The Cobbler of Preston, based on Charles Johnson's sixteen-year-old Drury Lane farce of the same name. With one exception, the players were all cleverly trained local children, and the novelty met with considerable success. Little Peggy Woffington was seen as Cicely Gundy, the country alewife, Madame Violante's daughter as Kit's wife, and Master Peters in the onerous character of Kit Sly, the drunken cobbler. Shakespeare's humourist at third hand. So happy, indeed, proved the production that the book of the ballad opera was published locally by the noted George Faulkner in the following February.

Misled by the recollection that the jovial hunchback afterwards had a Merry Cobbler produced (and damned) at Drury Lane, one at first guesses Coffey as the concocter, and one is wrong. Not only does the prologue indicate that "our youthful author" was a novice at the game, but it indulges in a sly dig at the author of The Beggar's Wedding. "Even Coffey's farces have been acted twice" it advances apologetically. Hence there is good reason to believe that The Cobbler of Preston was the work of William Dunkin, a young student who had just taken his M. A. at Trinity and who had a reputation in his salad days for foolish acts and witty poems. It is known for certain that Dunkin about this time wrote prologues for Violante's farces and plays for Stretch's puppet-shew. In after years he became a Doctor of Divinity, a friend of Swift, and one of the ablest Latin poets of his time.

At Smock Alley on May 10, 1732, was produced for Layfield's benefit a trivial, short-lived pièce de circonstance in ballad-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>The Stage Coast is its balled-open form was seemingly never published. <sup>5</sup>Enympler in the Joly collection in the National Library of Ireland.

opera form called Johnny Bow-wow, or The Wicked Gravedigger. Mr. Bow-wow, whose real name has unfortunately not come down to us, was then lying in durance vile for stealing corpses for students' use out of graveyards, and suffered transportation for his

uncanny commercial enterprise a few weeks later.

Irish ballad-opera productiveness was now perceptibly slowing down. Coffey had betaken himself to London, and, thanks to the competition which arose with the opening of the new Aungier Street theatre, a taste had been created for better things. In 1735 Handel's Acis and Galatea was given at the new house with an increased orchestra, followed not long after by Saturdaynight performances of serenatas, etc., in which Signora Maria Negri sang. But taste is the prerogative of the few and there still remained a considerable demand for popular music. Thus, at Aungier Street on February 9, 1736, there was produced "for the benefit of the author" (an announcement which implies that the author had hired the house for the occasion), as afterpiece to Hamlet, a ballad opera in one act, entitled The Medley. announcement added "with a new comick Medley Overture, composed by Mr. Prelure [sic] and the songs of the farce set by Mr. Gladwin." The author, who was possibly Irish, considering the place of production, kept discreetly in the background. There was also the "N.B. The late Mr. Purcell's three-part Musical Catch beginning 'Sum up all the delights, etc.' is to be sung by three voices in the farce." Neither of the two composers mentioned was then living in Ireland. Peter Prelleur was then playing the harpsichord in the Goodman's Fields orchestra and Thomas Gladwin was organist at Vauxhall Gardens. One can only assume that The Medley was a wretched production, for notwithstanding that the vivacious Peg Woffington "created" the part of Betty, it was never heard of after.

A few records of original productions exist whose accuracy cannot be vouched for by the conscientious historian. I have seen it stated that a ballad opera in one act by Samuel Davey, called Whittington and His Cat, was produced at Aungier Street on December 13, 1739. Also that before its performance at Covent Garden on November 28, 1760, Bickerstaffe and Arne's Thomas and Sally, or The Saulor's Return, had been brought out in Dublin. In neither case has careful research on my part resulted in confirmation of the statement. Of Whittington and His Cat there is absolutely no trace, and Thomas and Sally does not appear to have been acted in Ireland before its performance at Smock Alley on April 27, 1761.

Once Dublin began to get a good supply of light musical entertainment from London, little encouragement was given to native production, and few among the later locally-produced ballad operas were of any particular moment. At Smock Alley on November 26,1739, was produced by way of afterpiece a curious ballad opera in one act by William Hammond, entitled The Preceptor, or The Loces of Abelard & Heloise, which failed to survive its first night. Its fate is not surprising, seeing that no more unsuitable subject for humorous discussion could well be fastened upon. But the author thought its ill-auccess wholly due to deficiencies in the performance, and published the piece in self-Probably the Dublin playgoer of this period was in extremely critical mood. A frost of unprecedented severity had set in, and not all the extra stoves pressed into service could make the theatres comfortable. Thus it was that the production of Matthew Gardiner's new ballad opera The Sharpers, or Female Matchmaker had to be twice postponed, and after being first announced for performance at Smock Alley on December 31, 1739, ultimately saw the light at Aungier Street on February 21, 1740. And even after all this ado, the mountain only brought forth a mouse. At Smock Alley on the following March 13. William Este, the player, produced for his own benefit a ballad farce in one act from his own pen, called A Cure for Jealousy. Some account of Este is given by Chetwood, the old prompter. in his quaint "General History of the Stage." A pleasing singer, he died of a disease called "too much good company" in 1743.

On April 16, 1741, was produced at Aungier Street an amusing little ballad opera of four characters, described in the bills as a "Comi-Farci-Humorous-Operatical-Political Burlesque Scene on the present posture of affairs" and entitled The Queen of Spain, or Farinelli at Madrid, with the author, Jemmy Worsdale, as the Queen of Spain. This lively pièce de circonstance, founded on the famous castrato's happy experience at the Spanish court, hit the public fancy and was repeated several times. Printed in Dublin shortly after its production, it was revived at the Haymarket in April 1744. Worsdale was an itinerant portrait-painter with a happy knack of song-writing and some gifts of humorous characterisation which he availed of occasionally in making sporadic appearances on the stage. A specimen of his easel-work—an appallingly bad conversation-piece of the Dublin Hell-Fire Club—is preserved in the National Gallery of

'Por details, see Hogarth's Memoirs of the Musical Drams (1838), L. 420-424.

\*An exemplar is in the Hallday collection in the Royal Irish Academy (Vol. 100).

Ireland. His own full-length portrait has been drawn with surer strokes in the mordant pages of Letitia Pilkington's Memoirs.

But of all the later Dublin-produced ballad operas, undoubtedly the most noteworthy was Henry Brooke's Jack the Giant Queller, an allegorical satire in five acts brought out at Smock Alley on March 27, 1749, and prohibited by the Lords Justices after the first performance. Brooke was not the man to indulge in offensive personalities, but there were sundry sly digs at those occupying the seats of the mighty, "most tolerable and not to be endured." Dublin was thus deprived for the time being of a piquant musical entertainment as melodious as it was biting. Owing to the fact that Lampe, the composer, had just been giving a season of English Opera at Smock Alley, there were several good singers in the cast, including Mrs. Lampe and Mrs. Storer. In the circumstances the town had to solace itself as best it could with the vocal music, which the enterprising Sam Lee of Dame Street lost no time in publishing.1 Brooke wrote all the dialogues in his allegory in rhymed couplets, and in his slashing satirical songs paid Gay the sincerest form of flattery. The songs were all set to popular airs, many of them already heard in ballad opera. From the wealth of Irish melody several drafts were made, including "Oroo Dremendoo," "Grania mucil" and "Ballinamony oroo." One feature of the setting is both unique and inexplicable. Two airs ("Ye Commons and Peers" and My Minny thought lang") were used twice for different songs. Brooke's labours, however, were not wholly wasted. In March, 1757, an altered version of Jack the Giant Queller was brought out at Smock Alley and played for five nights.

Exactly a year previously an interesting ballad-farce was produced at the same theatre, but unfortunately it was never printed and few details regarding it have come down to us. Dr. Arne had been conducting a well-appreciated operatic season in the city and for his benefit on March 20, 1756, announced Comus, together with "a Farce (never acted before) called The Pincushion: Being a Manuscript of the celebrated Mr. Gay's, Author of the Beggar's Opera. The songs adapted to favourite Ballad Airs of Mr. Arne's. The characters by Mr. Sadler, Mrs.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>The book of the original opera was never published. In Brooke's Collected Works (1778), Vol. IV, is to be found the text of the altered version of 1757 under title, Little John and the Guards. An exemplar of the book of songs issued by Faulkner in 1787 is in the Royal Irlsh Academy (Haliday Tracts, Box No. 232, tract 4, after The Reserved.)

<sup>&</sup>quot;For earlier use of this air, see The Musical Antiquery, Oct., 1910, p. 17, Mr. W. Barelay Square's article "An Index of Tunes in the Ballad Operas."

Pye, Miss E. Young, and Miss Brent, etc." Seeing that Gay was long since dead, it was certainly politic of Faulkner's Dublin Journal to assure the public in a separate (and doubtless inspired) paragraph that The Pincushion was undoubtedly from his pen. But later it fails to vouchsafe us any estimate of the mysterious ballad-farce's merits, and nothing was ever heard of it afterwards.

Injurious as it longed proved to the interests of the legitimate drama and of the players, the Italian burletta season which began at Smock Alley in December, 1761, with a performance of La Cascina, had a momentous outcome, historically considered. It led to keen theatrical rivalry and occasioned the production in Dublin of the first English burletta. Written by Kane O'Hara, a brilliant Irish wit and a noted musical amateur, this mythological whimsicality in strict Italianate form, Midas, was produced at Crow Street on January 22, 1762, amidst a chorus of laughter and approbation which echoed and rechoed through several generations.3 Although the origin of English burletta falls outside the present investigation, I feel constrained to give some details concerning O'Hara's happy adaptation of the foreign genre, not only because he had followed the method of balladopera writers in setting his songs to old airs,1 but for the reason that Midas, in its frequent resort to concerted music, bridged the gap between ballad opera and comic opera. Avoiding spoken dialogue, O'Hara wrote his recitative in rhymed couplets, and the vogue of his creation determined for long the precise mould of English burletta. Thus, Bickerstaffe's He Would if he Could; or an Old Fool Worse than any (1771), falls strictly into line.

Later, however, the term burletta was given a looser interpre-

tation and grew in time to be almost meaningless.

Between the production at Covent Garden in 1761 of Love in a Village, the first English comic opera, and of Tit for Tat, or The Cadi Gulled, the first Irish comic opera, a period of over four years clapsed. The latter saw the light at Crow Street on January

<sup>\*</sup>Cf Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood on "Dr. Arne's Visits to Dublin" in The Musical Antiquory for July, 1910, p. 229.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;For further details, see Dr. W. H. Grattan Plood on "Kean O'Hara" in The Irish Packet for January 9, 1909. Also John O'Keeffe's Recollections and Michael Kelly's Reminscences.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>An exemplar of the original songbook is to be found in Haliday Pamphlets, Vol. 306, in the Royal Irish Academy. Walsh's vocal score (1764) represents the altered Covent Garden version.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;On this score, see Peake's Memoirs of the Colman Family, II, 397 ff Grore's discussion of buriettes is an unadequate as it is misleading. Fancy including The Beggar's Opera in this category'

20, 1766, and was once repeated a week later. Who wrote it, one cannot say: no details are given in the announcement save the cast. Mahon played Darah; Mrs. Mahon, Zelmira; and La Spiletta, Balkis. La Spiletta, be it noted, was the popular agnomen of Signora Nicolina Giordani, the arch burletta vocalist, originally bestowed upon her some years previously because of her delightful impersonation of a character so called in Gh Amanti Gelori. After establishing her reputation in Dublin in foreign burlettas, she had now begun to sing and act in English and was

even seen as Madge in Love in a Village.

It is noteworthy that while many London-produced comic operas were transferred to the Dublin stage about this period with considerable rapidity, owing to the keen rivalry between Barry and Mossop, not all proved on their reproduction to be identical with their originals. Copyright and stage-right between the two countries were then non-existent, and anything could be appropriated with impunity on which hands could be laid. There was, however, one difficulty. Though the books of operas were generally published immediately after production, the music frequently remained for long in manuscript-and the music of comic operas was only in part of the familiar ballad-opera order. Hence, Dublin had an extraordinary experience when the two rival managers came to produce Bickerstaffe's The Maid of the Mill within a couple of months of its appearance at Covent Garden; Arnold's original score being unprocurable, there was nothing for it but to reset the songs. The first in the field is not always the victor, and Barry's version, brought out at Crow Street on March 25, 1765, proved a miserable and wholly disappointing pasticcio. Next evening, Mossop of Smock Alley, who had discreetly kept his own counsel, sprung a surprise on the town and overwhelmed his rival by producing Bickerstaffe's opera with an entirely new score by Tommaso Giordani Much as one has to take the newspaper puffery of those days with a grain of salt, there was probably a larger measure of truth in a correspondent's contention in Faulkner's Dublin Journal to the effect that, unlike the Crow Street mélange, Giordani's score echoed the sense and lent itself to happy rendering, having been composed with an eye to the capacity of the executants.

Most facile and prolific of composers, this Tommaso Giordani had come to Dublin in the spring of 1764 with his sister, La Spiletta, and other members of the gifted Giordani family. He was fated to exercise for long a beneficent influence on the musical culture of the city, and to write his name large in Irish musico-

dramatic annals both as composer and manager. Demands of space preclude discussion of more than a tithe of his work in the present survey.1 A new comic opera for which he composed all the music was produced at Smock Alley on April 24, 1766, when he himself presided at the harpsichord. It was called Love in Disguiss and came from the pen of Henry Lucas, a young Trinity College graduate and the son of a distinguished patriot. Of its merits we know nothing, but seeing that the University students trooped down to the theatre on the opening night to give the venture a good send-off and that notabilities like Tenducci and Miss Catley figured in the cast, it is not surprising that the operaattained considerable popularity, and that, too, despite lingering traces of that old West-British prejudice which had so long persisted in throwing cold water on native effort. Hence, encouragement at last began to be given to artistic initiative. On Febuary 25, 1767, was produced at Crow Street an anonymous comic opera entitled Phillis at Court, the score by Giordani, an alteration of The Capricious Lovers of Lloyd and Rush, a Drury Lane production of some two years previous, taken from the Caprices d'Amour of Favart. With Madame Cremonini and La Spiletta in the cast, the new production met with some favour. But one does not know why its book should have been published a little later in London and in London alone. There is no trace of the opera on the English stage. The preface, however, is noteworthy, since it illustrates the influences being rapidly brought to bear on primitive comic opera, with resulting approaches to full scientific form. We read, inter alia:

In order to make that piece [The Capricious Lovers] entertaining (and in conformity with the Italian burletta) musical dialogues have been added towards the end of each act; these are known among the Italians by the word finals, and are deemed indispensably necessary in an entertainment of this sort.

Once more Ireland had pioneered the way. Beyond the meagre information yielded by advertisements, of the next new production little is known. For Walter Clagget's benefit at Smock Alley early in May, 1767, was produced a comic opera in two acts entitled *The Power of Sympathy, or The Innocent Lovers*. Himself a musician, Walter was a brother of the more conspicuous Charles Clagget, then leader of the Smock Alley orchestra and

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Por more exhaustive particulars, see my article, "Tommaso Giordani: au Italiau Composer in Ireland," in *The Musical Antiquery* for July, 1910, p. 229.

best remembered now as a musical inventor.\(^1\) He kept a music shop in Castle Street, whence he issued in 1769 a Collection of Catches selected for the Dublin Philharmonic Catch Club.

On May 18, 1771, at a time when the Irish Capital had an embarrasament of riches in choice of three theatres, and playgoers became all the more difficult to please, an indifferent new ballad opera called *The Fair American*, announced as by a Dublin Lady,<sup>2</sup> was brought out at Crow Street and met with the fate it merited. After a second performance for the author's benefit a fortnight later, when new airs had been provided, it was crammed at once into Oblivion's wallet. It was not that Dublin had outgrown the taste for ballad opera, but ballad opera had now to be superlatively good to stand comparison with comic opera.

At the same theatre on March 24, 1772, Henry Lucas, after a six-years' cessation, returned to the assault with a comic operaentitled The Triumph of Vanity, for which, as an inspired paragraph notifies us, "the admirable airs were composed by Sig. Tenducci, when in this city, out of his particular regard for the author." This intimation was calculated to give a decided fillip to curiosity, seeing that Ferdinando Tenducci, oblivious of his major disqualification for matrimony, had created a sensation in the town a lustrum earlier by running off with and marrying his pupil, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Counsellor Maunsell. Nevertheless, one cannot find that the opera survived its third night (April 7), when it was given for the author's benefit.

Eighteenth-century Dublin never showed any particular partiality for theatrical mirroring of its own life, and to chance upon an Irish-produced play or opera with the scene laid at home comes upon the investigator like thunder from a clear sky. A production of this rare order, which managed to survive the three nights necessary to bring in the author some return, took place at Smock Alley on November 26, 1772. This novelty was a comic opera dealing with contemporary Irish life, called The Milesian, and the characters, bearing such names as Donagh O'Mara and Captain Turlagh O'Regan, were thoroughly redolent of the soil. In the advertisements there was preliminary appeal to amor patria, it being announced that the dresses were wholly of Irish manufacture and that the overture consisted of a medley

<sup>&#</sup>x27;For full details of Charles's career, see my article, "A Forgotten Irish Musical Genius," in The Irish Resery, XXIV, 1989, No. 4, pp. 286, seqq

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>Possibly by Lady Dorothes Dubois, for whom see subsequent records.

The curious will find a full account of the subsequent trial for nullification of the marriage in Exshaw's Gentlemen's and London Magazine for April and May, 1783.

of Irish tunes. From what source the music was derived we learn nothing. The Public Monitor, a scandalous chronicle of the time, condemns the production as coarse, obscene and libellous, epithets equally appropriate to its own vile pages. It speaks of the author as "John McDermot of Dunleary" and characterises him as a creature of Lord Townshend's, originally a breechesmaker, later Lord Mayor's clerk, and recently made Surveyor of Dunleary. These details are important, as McDermot's piece has frequently been confused with Isaac Jackman's comic opera of the same title, produced at Drury Lane in March, 1777. That the two had nothing in common but the title can readily be seen by comparing the account of the Smock Alley opera given in The Hibernian Magazine for November, 1772, with the account of the Drury Lane production given in the same magazine for April, 1777.

Whatever the reason, this period was one of quite unprecedented productiveness. In 1778 an event occurred not previously paralleled in the annals of the Dublin stage. Two new pieces were seen at the one theatre on the one night. At Smock Alley, on January 21, had been produced a new comedy, The South Briton, written by a lady who chose to remain anonymous. (The epilogue, by the way, recalled the curious balladepilogues of forty years earlier, inasmuch as it was sung, not spoken, by Tom Ryder, the versatile manager.) When given its second performance on the 25th, the new comedy was followed by a new comic opera in two acts, entitled The Amorous Alderman, "the music entirely new and by Dr. Arne." Of the latter nothing more is heard.

Almost three months later, or on April 16, 1773, Crow Street, after several postponements, brought out a new comic opera called The Haunted Grove, the music of which had been culled from a varity of sources. The author was the soi-disant Lady Dorothea Dubois, an unhappy creature who had returned to her native city a few months previously and who, it is not unlikely, was the writer of The South Briton aforesaid. She had already had two little musical pieces produced in London at Marylebone Gardens. The story of this unfortunate woman's life is written at large in her novel, Theodora. She was the natural daughter of the sixth Earl of Anglesea, who had deceived her mother by a fraudulent marriage and left his child without subsistence; and the most of her life was spent in the vain endeavour to establish her legitimacy and her consequent claim upon the Annesley estates. Though married to a musician, she was always in distressed circumstances

and died destitute in Dublin in January, 1774. The Thespian Dictionary, in its account of her, names a wrong theatre, a theatre not yet in existence (Fishamble Street) as the originating place of The Haunted Grove, and may be equally wrong in its statement that the opera was suddenly damned because of a rank indelicacy in one of the finales. Be that as it may, the piece was at any rate given for a second time on April 29 for the author's benefit.

"But enough of these toys," as Bacon says in abruptly terminating his reflections on the tinsel glories of the Masque.

# OUR MUSICAL KINSHIP WITH THE SPANIARDS

## By GILBERT ELLIOTT, JR.

O less a personage than Manuel de Falla, of "Three Cornered Hat" fame, recently voiced anew the old complaint regarding the apathy of the Spanish public toward the Spanish composer. "The best theatre in Madrid," he laments, "is at the mercy of Italian publishers. They not unnaturally are engaged in exploiting works of their own countrymen, forcing Spaniards to seek their premières abroad."

This may in a measure account for the small amount of attention recent musical developments in Spain have received. If the Spanish public refuses to take its own composers seriously, it is certainly asking a great deal to demand that foreigners should do so. It is none the less unfortunate, however, for as far as music, at any rate, is concerned it is no longer possible to follow the old blind dictum about Europe ending at the Pyrenees. Especially is it an unfortunate situation for us as Americans. For not only is the present vigorous movement in Spain of vital interest and importance in itself, but from a number of considerations there is something about it which has a special interest for us, something in a sense which proclaims the Spaniards and ourselves musical kin.

For an explanation of this let us cast about a bit among the commonplace things in our American musical life and observe the imprint of the Spaniard. Take negro music, for example, or rather much that passes as genuine negro music, but really is not. Many have shrewdly suspected that the negro originated little and assimilated, transformed and transmitted much, and that while his music has perhaps been exalted far beyond its true importauce as far as its negro elements were concerned, it is really a treasure house of things which the negro has absorbed, colored, if you will, and passed on. Among the elements to be discovered in it, a rhythmical reference to things Spanish, particularly to Spanish folk-dances, is one of the most important if not the most important. Where it came from it would be as difficult to determine accurately as it would be to say where certain positive references to Celtic-Scottish Folksongs, appearing in many so-called negro melodies, originated. The important point is that it is there, as a comparison of the rhythms of negro music and Spanish folk-dances and certain things in the compositions of the modern Spanish school will prove, and whether we are inclined to believe with Mr.

Krehbiel, who states in his essay on Afro-American Folksongs that, in South America, Spanish melody has been imposed on negro rhythm (agreed, save as to the rhythm), or to formulate some theory, regarding the common African origin of the Moors, to whom the Spaniards owe the principal characteristics of their music, and our negroes; or to lay the whole matter at the door of Spanish settlements in the West Indies, Florida, and California, is really of secondary importance.

The same is to an extent true of effects which we are prone to call Indian—I refer of course to rhythmic effects. No doubt the Indians use them of their own good right, but when we find very similar effects in Spanish folk-dances, the question comes up as to whether or not the Spaniards did not "beat them to it," and—more important still—did not give us our taste for them. We find members of our modern Spanish school, to refer to it once more, using them in their compositions. And not having heard of any probibition in Spain, one can scarcely conceive that they have been interviewing Redmen of the sort that "hootch" can conjure up. As an example of this I have in mind a splendid passage in Albeniz's "Triana" which shows that in spite of the fact that he never visited this land of Redmen's songs he was nevertheless elever with his tom-tom—the Indian (?) effect is so good.

But the strongest influence of the Spaniard, the direction in which we feel his kinship most closely, is in our present-day popular music, call it rag, jazz, blues or what you will. In looking over some of this modern Spanish music one would be inclined to think that its authors were intimately acquainted with the intricacies of our rhythms, did we not soon realize that the shoe is on the other foot, that the Spanish folk-dances from which they drew their inspiration, of which more anon, have also in some unknown fashion strongly influenced our jazz. The resemblance shows itself in many ways. Perhaps the most striking is the close resemblance of the triplet figure so familiar in the Habanera, Tango, and other Spanish dances, to a typical syncopation. By making the first note of the triplet a sixteenth instead of an eighth and dotting the

second note thus we produce something that is jazz, but is very close to the Spanish. Inversely, we can Habanerize jazz. It would be a brave man who would say that the ordinary jazz has the requisite grace to be made into a Habanera, but if anyone doubts the possibility of the process I recommend that he play "Dardanella" in Habanera style and note for himself the effects of which this pean is capable.

Other interchanges of this sort are also possible, although the real strength of the relationship rests rather on an allied spirit of rhythm than on any purely technical connections. So true is this that in the courts where jazz is judged -our ballrooms—many popular Spanish dances of the day, such as those of Valverde, have been found acceptable in their original forms for alternation with jazz numbers. And as the proof of the jazz is in the "feeting"—as it were—no severer test of this rhythmic kinship could be applied. As long ago as in the time of Emmanuel Chabrier, the tendency of the Spaniards to syncopate was noted. He writes, in his "Letters from Spain," "The dancers themselves syncopate instinctively the measure in a thousand ways, striking with their heels an unbelievable number of rhythms."

To those of us, of course, who can see no possible connection between these commonplace things of American music and a possible American Art Music—I say possible advisedly—proof of this relation of the Spaniards and ourselves will have little significance. For their benefit I would trace the matter a little further. I would show that it was exactly to this Spanish folk-music which seems so close to us that the modern Spanish school turned as a foundation

for their art-music and a source of their inspiration.

"The bistory of Spanish music during the last twenty-five years," wrote G. Jean-Aubry in "Le Correspondent" for April, 1916, "is the most marvelous proof of what beautiful works can be produced by the will of those provided not only with natural gifts, but with a precise curiosity." To this let us add that it was a curiosity which, with full knowledge of the manner in which an art music was up-built in countries far earlier in the field than Spain, was rightly directed toward the only sure foundation for such an art—the wealth of national folk-music.

To be sure, the Spaniard had in addition the heritage of a wonderful tradition. Although long neglected, and preserved only among the ecclesiasts during the centuries when Spanish music amounted to practically nothing, the creations of the glorious sixteenth-century group of church composers who centered about Vittoria and included the names of Cabezon and the Iberianized Italian Domenico Scarlatti, as lovely to-day as when first written, no doubt inspired the modern Spaniard with confidence, that heights once attained by his ancestors could again be mounted. But this tradition could prove a pitfall as well as an inspiration. Fortunately, Felipe Pedrell, who has been to this school very much what Balakireff was to the Russian school of Moussorgsky and Borodin, realized this. Although he has written extensively about

the sixteenth-century ecclesiants, he guided his pupils and friends away from the slough of church music, at which many Spanish composers still toil commendably, and turned them back to their folk-dances.

For this he had much foreign precedent. Strangers, notably French and Russians, wandering about the peninsula, heard these folk-dances and found them good, later incorporating them in their compositions. In this way such famous and successful compositions as Chabrier's "España," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Caprice Espagnole," and Debussy's "Iberia," were the result, pieces that are Spanish in the sense that Carmen is a Spanish opera, their brilliant Spanish coloring rendering them very successful, but their

soul being of other texture.

It is hardly my intention to go into a detailed account of the lives and achievements of the individual members of the modern Spanish school. Mr. Van Vechten in his essays on "The Music of Spain" has written very charmingly about them. Their most interesting feature is that they are the most recent of all nationalistic schools to achieve something of worth, and that twenty-five years ago the music of Spain was in a position similar to that of our own to-day. Then, under the stimulating influence of their French neighbors to the north—Debussy was just having his first successes and Franck was just beginning to gain that appreciation which unfortunately came posthumously—the seed began to bear fruit. Pedrell's two essays, "Músicos Anónimos" and "Por Nuestra Música," dealing largely with the importance of folk-music as the basis of a national Spanish school, may be said to form the literary background of the movement. Strangely enough, although a good prophet, Pedrell does not seem to have been a success as a composer. He has written much, including a gigantic trilogy "Pyrenees" in the Wagnerian manner, but his compositions appear to have been of secondary importance.

An interesting thing about the movement, one in which we again feel our kinship with the Spaniards, for we are here also largely in the same boat, is that its members, not having a Wagnerian sense of orchestra, have written their most important compositions for that humble instrument, the piano. Albeniz, 1

<sup>&#</sup>x27;This statement, those who have followed admiringly Mr. Kurt Schindler's concerts of the Schola Cantorum, New York, of Spanish choral music, will accept only with reservations. Fascinating as is the piano music of Albems, the choral music of a Nicolai is just as fascinating. Nothing precisely like it causts anywhere clae, and it is not at all a far-fetched prophecy that for a revival of the interest in choral music our American (and other) composers will have to sit at the feet of these practically unknown Spanish masters.—Ed.

first of the school to schieve fame, and its most vigorous member, wrote his best and most characteristic compositions in the form of four volumes of piano pieces known as "Iberia." These pieces are replete with interesting things and their study is well worth the while of any American composer. The unfortunate death of this man at the age of 48, when he was just coming to the fulness of his powers, has undoubtedly robbed Spain in particular and the

world in general of some very beautiful music.

Enrique Granados also, whose death from drowning on the Sussex in 1916, when at the height of his career, so shocked the musical world, did his most characteristic work for piano. He was a pupil of Pedrell. His most interesting work is a suite for piano. "Goyescas," so named because they are interpretations of some of the pictures of Goya. It was on this piano suite that he based the music for an opera of the same name produced at the Metropolitan the winter before his death. Like the "Iberia" of Albeniz, the Goyescas music employs the rhythms of the Spanish folk-dances with that exotic verve which seems to lend itself peculiarly to the piano. Indeed, it is safe to say that with the exception of Debussy no one has written more gratefully for the piano in recent years than have Albeniz and Granados. Incidentally, their piano technique is largely original and some of the difficulties of performance of this music make Chopin études seem like five-finger exercises.

Manuel de Falla and Joaquin Turina, the two most prominent living representatives of this school, are so close to us that we cannot form a just estimate of their abilities. Turina seems to be following the piano tradition of Albeniz and Granados. His best known works are his three "Andalusian Dances" and his suites for piano "Séville" and "Coins de Séville." De Falla is attempting more ambitious things. I spoke of his ballet "Three Cornered Hat," successfully produced in London. Among his other works are an orchestral suite, "Nuits aux Jardins d'Espagne," and an opera, "La Vie Briève." From what these two men have written it is already possible to generalize that they are both working along the lines laid down by their predecessors. Their works are strongly colored throughout by Spanish folk-dances.

Taken as a whole, the work of this school, which includes a number of lesser known men such as Enric Morera, Breton, Chapi, Sancho-Marraco, Usadizaga, Espla, del Campo, and others, is really a brilliant reflection of the great flame burning to the north in France. Albeniz, for example, was the friend and associate of d'Indy, Dukas, and Fauré. But although it has naturally taken the secondary place in the interest of the world, and although its developments were somewhat lost sight of because unfortunate enough to coincide with the World War, it has none the less achieved results of the first importance. When at its best this modern Spanish music is very beautiful and stamps its authors

as men of the greatest talent, if not of genius.

The moral of our little story is obviously this, if the Spaniards be really our musical kin, should not this young Spanish school be also our special inspiration? Twenty-five years ago Spanish music was practically stagnant. To-day they have a small but beautiful musical literature and a flourishing school. To be sure, America lacks a musical background of Jotas, Fandangos, Seguidillas, Aragonesas, Habaneras, and the innumerable other Spanish Dances. This difficiency we shall have to fill as best we may; suffice it for the moment to show that those things which the Spanish school used as its fundamentals are so close to our popular musical sympathies. And it seems rational to believe that consideration of this vital matter should aid us in our struggles to develop an art-music of our own.

## ON HEARING MUSIC

# By COLIN McALPIN

USIC is a threefold employment. It involves the composer-he who originates; the executant-he who interprets; and the auditor—he who hears. Though all three might conceivably be rolled into one-where the composer plays his own compositions to himself, or into two-where the executant plays to some one else pieces he himself has written; they represent, nevertheless, three discreted functions that can never

be otherwise than separate and distinct.

With the other arts, however, it is different. You can look at a picture without the intervention of what we might term the 'middleman' in art. Though a poem may be recited or a drama played, in neither case do you need the interpreter as in music. You can read your Shakespeare in a sense in which you cannot read your Beethoven. Even if a highly trained musician can sit down with a piece of music or full orchestral score and hear it inwardly as he scans the pages, music, to be fully realised as originally intended, depends on the mediate office of one or more performers. If it is really to arrive, music must be sung or played.

And one serious implication of this particular fact is that music can be either made or marred by an adequate or inadequate performance. Indeed, some mediocre music may be made to sound quite plausibly pleasing by reason of the excellence of the artist; whilst, conversely, beautiful music may be

cruelly murdered by a crude interpretation.

Music, then, must pass from the composer, through the artist, to the auditor. And this division of labour—to call it

such—makes music an eminently social art.

But the fact that music must be so mediated is in itself a further source of danger. For we are tempted to concentrate our attention too much on the artist-to pay too great heed to the way in which the music is rendered. Hence, many come to regard the performance of music as more a challenge to criticism than an occasion for uplift and enjoyment. They are apt to forget that it is the ideas—not to speak of their artistic influence—that ultimately matter. They say, "So and so sang well," not that "The song was inspiring." They ask, "Who is going to play?" not "What is going to be played?" With such the performer is everything, the programme nothing. They degrade the concert to the level of a mere performance. It is to them but an exhibition of virtuosity, but a test of skill in execution—a vain display of bare technique. Hence, a topnote is of more importance than a high-minded melody; a rapid passage on an instrument is of more account than a swiftly-telling phrase.

It needs but little imagination to realise the kind of influence that such an attitude has upon the self-consciousness of the artist. He becomes simply an entertainer—a kind of conjurer who juggles with sounds before an astonished audience. Hence it comes about that on the platform it is too often a case of "See what I can do," rather than "Hear what I have to

88y."

So, in a sense, it is unfortunate that music must be thus mediated through a secondary personality—the executant. For the latter has to appear in person. And the unmusical are thereby tempted to concentrate on the individual in question. They fasten their attention on some idiosyncrasy of the player, or on some mannerism of the singer. They fall ready victims to one or another casual distraction. Could we but screen the performer from view, and so eliminate the personal element, perhaps our hearing would be of a less adulterated quality. But such a situation would probably make music a thing too abstract and remote. The majority of people love the obvious; and to such the visible appearance of the artist comes as a boon. They can at least lay hold of something tangible and apparent.

Certain it is that the presence of a pleasing personality not unusually enhances the effect of the music. Graciousness of bearing and expressiveness of manner most surely help to recommend the efforts of the artist. Nevertheless, while fully alive to the value of personal magnetism, there is still a fatal tendency to transfer our interest from the music to the exponent.

The case, however, is different with the operatic singer. Here the artist is not only a singer, but a character as well. Not only has the music to be expressed, but a specific rôle has to be sustained Personality here becomes a very real concern—it is part and parcel of the plot. Too often, however, the operatic artist charms the ear, but fails to captivate the eye.

On the other hand, poetry and painting do not suffer a like disability. If they did, then a poem or picture, which had

to be interpreted by some one else, might—equally with music —fail to capture the undivided mind. Indeed; if not so much the recital of poetry, then assuredly the theatrical representation of a play tends to divert the attention from the dramatic text.

Still, we cannot afford to despise the artist; we cannot safely disregard the value of a good performance. The only trouble is that execution is too often made an end in itself; whereas good singing and dextrous playing are but means to ends that are esthetic. And if beautiful ideas are beautifully expressed, then artist and audience alike should be lost in the music of the composer. We ought, in short, to listen only to the ideas, forgetful, in a sense, of both performer and performance. Good music should insist entirely on itself, nor tolerate, for a moment, the intrusion of the artist.

But our present business is to discuss, in detail, the attitude of the auditor alone—the difficulties that beset the listener, and what exactly is expected of him who hears. We shall concentrate, therefore, specifically on the general outlook of the music-lover who would reap the fullest benefit from the point of view of audience.

Be it said at once that the capacity to receive intelligently the message of music cannot be overrated. Musical appreciation is a gift of undoubted excellence. It is an art not very far removed from creativeness itself. Indeed, a good listener is himself a kind of composer. He creates anew in his inner consciousness the inspirations of genius. As he hears aright, he unifies within himself the flow of notes and flux of chords, transient in the mind. Yet, to many unenlightened minds, in hearing music you have only to let a stream of dulcet sounds pass through one ear and out of the other without leaving the slightest deposit of enrichment in the soul.

Further, in these days of educational facilities, we have a whole host of capable executants; but it is extremely doubtful whether those who affect appreciation can boast a like number of equal quality.

Truth to tell, in practically all our musical institutions much time and trouble are taken in turning out proficient performers, but little in cultivating the taste and inward appreciation. Why not, in these times of artistic bewilderment, a chair of musical esthetics? Such a faculty for guidance would surely not be ill-advised.

But the reason for this needless neglect is not far to seek. Most of us like to do something, it redounds to our credit. We gain thereby appreciation, not to say applause. And that appeals to a common weakness in our humanity. Unlike poet or painter, the musical performer is, in the nature of the case, very much in the public eye; whereas members of the audience take—vulgarly speaking—a 'back seat.' Hence, one of the dangers of music—if not as to its nature then as to its circumstance—is that of egotism, an inordinate sense of self. So it comes about that the humble, though none the less musical, soul who sits as one of many in the concert-hall, does not get the credit he so richly deserves. In short, we make bold to state that a really good listener is almost as rare as a really great artist.

Now, whilst it is perfectly true to say that any one can listen to music, it is equally untrue to say that any one can appreciate it. This despite the fact that many regard music as the one, of all the arts, which makes the least appeal to our artistic intelligence. Dr. Johnson, for instance, regarded music as an exercise making but little demand on the intellect of the hearer, whilst contributing not a little to the self-gratulation of the artist. On once being told that a piece was difficult, he expressed the

wish that it might have been impossible.

Furthermore: it is doubtful if even the expert executant is quite so good an auditor as he who, whilst incapable of doing anything himself, is natively endowed with an intuitive love of music. Indeed, many executants are notoriously bad listeners: they too often lay themselves out to criticise rather than enjoy. Though unable to explain the merits of a piece, the untutored amateur may, with musical instinct alone, sense inwardly its manifold beauties of expression. He has, moreover, no 'school' to favour, no 'style' to espouse, no prejudices to overcome. In consequence, his taste is often purer, and his judgment, not unseldom, more unerring than that of the most cultured musician.

Again: the musical expert may know all about the technical difficulties surmounted, all about the theoretic constitution of the music played; but that in itself is a possible source of danger. It renders him liable to concentrate on structure and technique, rather than on the underlying meaning of music. Indeed, many a learned professor has so fastened on the science of his art as to deaden his soul to the spontaneous freshness of inspired beauty. The academic theorist, therefore, is not unusually less near the essence of music than many a simple soul whose heart beats instinctively in happy unison with the measures of the art. Similarly, the unsophisticated are generally truer

in their estimate of their fellows than are the most crudite casuists. Though we in no wise despise the intellectual grasp of musical beauty that comes of thoughtful study, there is always a possibility of the student degenerating into the 'literalist.' And the letter 1' is that kills; whereas the spirit—that to which art peculiarly belongs—gives life.

So much, then, for our preliminary remarks. Now for the

hearing of music alone.

Generally speaking, music—to the average amateur—is but a pleasing accompaniment to fleeting funcies that dissipate, rather than discipline, the energies of the mind. He regards it as some form of entertainment, scarcely worthy of serious consideration. So far as the philomusical philistine is concerned, we play to while away the time or give a fillip to vapid conversation. The modern conjunction of music and meals is symptomatic of the truth.

But it is assuredly not enough merely to listen; we should attend to what we hear. Something very real is expected of us. We who hear have a duty to what is heard. We should take trouble; it would greatly repay. The proper enjoyment of music should entail an effort of the will. To be in a passive condition of listless receptivity is to nullify the power of the art. We should, in reality, give as close attention to what we hear as does the pianist who adequately accompanies a song. And the higher the music, the greater the need for attentiveness.

We think otherwise, however, because our attendant state of mind cannot be so decisively checked as when we listen—say—to a lecture. And yet we say we have enjoyed the music, but seldom ask ourselves whether we have understood it. Perhaps it were too ideal to suggest that classical music calls for a certain amount of self-preparation. Yet only think of it—a symphony that has taken probably months to write is given less than an hour's casual attention.

We conclude, then, that the musical layman, generally speaking, hears the sound but not the music. He is conscious of the medium, but not of the message, of music. But music, though dependent on, is something more than, sound: though it is primarily an appeal to sense, it has meaning as well. It is something more than a "concourse of sweet sounds." This is merely the sensuous, and therefore the lowest, aspect thereof. A composer thinks in music. A melody, for instance, may be viewed as but a pleasing succession of notes; yet it is the specific mode of sequence, stamped as it should be with the impress

of the composer's personality, that makes it exactly not a mere mechanical succession of sounds. But the esthetic 'overplus' that emerges from such a melody, thus impressed, is just what escapes the inner ear of the dilettante.

In view of the foregoing, an analysis of the different types of hearers will help to clear up our position, and pave the way

for a better understanding of our subject.

And for purposes of illustration we might divide them into three classes:—(a) Those who hear only with the ear, (b) those to whom music makes peculiarly an intellectual appeal, and (c) those whose faculty of appreciation resides more expressly in the soul.

To take them in the order thus enumerated, the first need not detain us beyond a passing remark. As they obviously do not take music seriously, neither need we take them seriously. Their ultimate court of appeal is an entirely aural one. They form their judgment on sensuous impressions alone. They regard music simply as sensorial stimulation. They dote on musical comedy, love the sickly ballad, and hear the classics with a weariness of spirit. Music which calls for close attentiveness is here out of the question. Given a titillative tune with strong insistent rhythm, and you dispose of this class of hearers at once. They may have the proverbial 'ear for music,' but to the inner soul's response they are utter strangers. Incapable of deep musical feeling, they are out merely to be pleased; and there the matter ends.

But of the second class, which embraces those whom we might term the intellectualists or formalists, more must be said. They are nearer the artistic truth. For, over and above the mere act of audition, they add attention to the method of music—the mould in which it is cast. They follow the melody as it threads its way, like delicate tracery, through the interlacing music. They are conscious, in varying degrees, of the balance of melodic periods: they are artistically alive to the intricacies of thematic treatment, which they follow as they would some subtle argument. They are aware—consciously, if initiated; subconsciously, if uninitiated—of the presence or absence of musical form, whereby a movement gains or loses in unity and balance, purpose and design.

To such, music of a contrapuntal character makes especial appeal. And to hear—say—one of Bach's fugues for the organ, as its majestic periods are being rolled out in some vaulted cathedral, is to know the fine fascination that comes of architectural symmetry in music. In short, we have in this class of music-

lovers the sense of form and faculty of analysis highly pronounced and developed.

But, apart from the learned theorist, it might well be asked: Who consciously follows form in music, or takes pains to acquaint himself with the constructional design which the music purports to adopt? Very few indeed! Neither need we be seriously disturbed on this account. Though the intuitive amateur can give no scholastic reasons for the pleasure he derives from the formal fitness of absolute music, or the displeasure occasioned by music that is discursive, we must never forget that form is of lesser account than content, even as intellect is of smaller concern than feeling in matters appertaining to the artistic. Form is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. It is merely the best way of expressing emotion, and is as the physical configuration of the incorporeal soul. It is excellent as far as it goes, but is not of prime importance.

This brings us to the third class of auditors, who seem to be on higher ground still. For here we pass from intellectual apprehension to that innate sympathy of soul which is most of all in sweet accord with the genius of all true art—and especially with music. Here we have those rarer souls to whom the interior spirit of music makes instant appeal—that particular spirit to which all modes of form and methods of treatment are but tributary and ancillary. And they are really the genuine lovers of music who experience to the full such spiritual raptures, such higher flights of aspiration and enthusiasm, as are to be found in utterances of the inspired masters.

But in perfect musical beauty the appreciative attributes of all three classes should be wisely correlated and happily combined. We cannot but hear music with the ear; but we should also understand it with the mind, and most certainly appreciate it with the soul. And here we have what might be termed, respectively, the bodily, mental and spiritual phases of musical apprehension—albeit variously mixed in different individuals. Neither do they coexist on equal terms; but represent, as it were, three stages of an ascending scale of merit—if not of the very historical rise of music itself.

Needless to say, we find a varied disposition of the musical elements in the great composers themselves. Schubert, for instance, despite his beauty of ideas, is too prolix and diffuse. He lacks the formulating faculty of a Bach. Beethoven, on the other hand, of all the classicists, achieves the triple function of pleasing the ear, contenting the intellect, and satisfying the

soul. In his music we find a perfect balance of the intellectual and sympathetic faculties—an equipoise of form and feeling, sense and soul.

But what, after all, do we exactly mean by listening intelligently to music—by 'understanding' it? Why is the hearing of music so often regarded as the least exacting of all artistic activities? To answer fully such a pertinent question we must,

first of all, indulge in a little self-analysis.

If we carefully examine our personal experience when listening—say—to a Beethoven symphony, the first thing we notice is that our attention is liable to waver and our interest apt to flag. Our ideas have a tendency to fluctuate and our thoughts are prone to wander. Though still conscious of hearing the music, vagrant visions crowd the imagination with alarming rapidity and irresponsible fickleness. The mind alights now on this, now on that, object of quite indifferent interest, in a way that does not usually happen—for instance—at the opera, where scenes and visible enactments tend to pin us down to a fixed and rigid observation. Indeed, concentration, as such, is the last thing the ordinary concert-goer seems capable of; rather is he thrown involuntarily into a kind of day-dream, or what is popularly known as a 'brown study.'

Yet is this the fault of the mind or of the music? In any case, music, in the main, has not the same power of riveting the thoughts as a picture which fixes the mind in space and delimits the area of attention. And to confine is to concentrate: and

concentration is attention.

Yet it can be truthfully said that only those who listen attentively to, and sympathetically appreciate, music really hear it. It is, however, a psychological problem which goes far deeper than the superficial distractions previously discussed.

It is one which at this point should be elucidated.

In the first place, music suffers from its own superiority. It is a victim of its virtue. Being the freest of the arts, it is—for that reason—the least binding on the imagination. It seems to leave untouched the upper levels of the mind, and play about the transmarginal consciousness of man. It invades the cryptic chambers of the spirit: it unlocks the storehouse of the secret soul. It is the artistic appeal to the subliminal in man. It is, in short, the subconscious becoming conscious—the esthetic emergence of the inmost self.

Roughly speaking, music is a kind of hypnotic induction whereby dormant ideas leap to light, slumbering enthusiasms

are fired afresh, and buried memories are excited into being. Indeed, beautiful music literally 'en-trances' us. And it is held by some that hypnosis is facilitated, if not actually induced, even by sound alone

Hearing music, therefore, is more akin to dreaming than waking:—a dream, however, in which we wake to higher realities unseen—a dream wherein we seem to sense the spiritual values of another world. Hence those strange and indeterminate feelings which music awakens: hence its power to quicken into vivid imagery the dim experiences of the past, and kindle anew the long-lost loves and joys private to the heart of him who hears. And though these are the accidents, rather than the essence, of music, they are, nevertheless, customary concomitants of the musical consciousness which tend unduly to side-track the attentive mind.

In other words music lets go entirely the world around. It loses its hold on things terrene, only to find its anchorage in the deeper realms of thought. Hence its capacity to stir into livingness fresh deeps of personality dormant in the presence of other forms of beauty. And the comparative modernity of music, with its ethereality and fineness of structure, coincides with the comparative modernity of the subliminal self as a discovery and reëmergence of the occult potencies of mind. Is it that music has helped to quicken the "abysmal depths of personality"? Who can tell? True it is that music—voicing, as it does, the larger personality—has ever been the attendant art of prophecy and spiritual unfoldment.

But there is a more obvious reason still which will help to explain at once the intrusion of unsolicited distractions. Music, in the nature of the case, is the most interior and spiritual of the arts. In other words, it is the most abstract type of beauty. And the abstract always makes greater demand on concentrated attention than does the apparent. You have only to discuss some recondite subject when the average mind almost immediately relaxes its hold on the matter to hand. Slowly, but surely, it wearies, tires of sustained effort of attention, and ultimately fails to be interested. Discuss, however, some obvious fact in experience, and the mind becomes at once attentive and alert. In other words, moods in music are not like definite modes of thought: they are nearer akin to abstract ideas which of their very nature are more difficult to follow.

But be it observed in passing—the mind wanders most during (what is theoretically termed) episodical writing, wherein

the subject-matter is unfolded and developed. When, however, some telling theme arrives, some arresting motive returns, the attention is immediately recalled. And this because melodic ideation is the more pointed and positive part of music, and more to the musical purpose. In consequence, melody more readily holds the field of the wakeful mind than does harmony, which seems rather to hover about the fringe of musical thought.

Music, then, being made up of such fine material, suffers from the disability we experience when listening to some abstruct argumentation. Being abstract (in, of course, the esthetic sense), it naturally calls for closest attention on the part of the audience. That is to say, being the most subjective of the arts, music presents us with no definite object, no tangible idea on which to stay the mind. Hence, at the very outset, our

thoughts are tempted to stray.

On the other hand, our attention is more easily focussed on an object of plastic beauty. It tells us something; it appertains to knowledge, and is based on facts. Here the mind must, of necessity, converge on some palpable thing of experience. Indeed, the definite shape of sculpture and implicit objectivity of painting are certain challenges to concentration. Being built of more substantial stuff than immaterial music, they naturally make a smaller demand on the powers of application. In short, the more phenomenal the art, the more—like scientific thought—is it sharp in consciousness.

Architecture, again, is a like example. It stares us in the face: we cannot get away from it. But it is even more angular and geometric, more clearly defined in space, and so invites a still more keen inspection. Though, like music, it lays no claim to intellective content, its very external bulk and mass arrest attention.

These latter esthetic instances, moreover, remain the same all the while we behold them. Here there are no processes of thought to follow, as in the mellifluous progression of music. It is just this transience of the tuneful art—not to speak of its tenuous texture—that makes attentive hearing somewhat of a strain to all but the most musical. For where we have simultaneity in space, concentration is facilitated; but where we have continuity in time, concentration is made more difficult. The very fixity of plastic beauty helps enormously to hold the attention.

Again: the sense of unity makes for mental cohesion. Hence, a picture, which is instantaneous in appeal and unific as to its

aspect, grips at once the imagination of the spectator. A painting hangs before us already complete, compounded and compact; whereas music is continually passing in and out the mind.

Further music and poetry share alike this quality of movement. In the case of poetry, however, the mental demands seem still more exacting. For here we have to gather up the sense, as well as build afresh the pictures in the mind. We have to reconstruct in the inner consciousness, from verbal symbols of the printed page, the scenes and incidents described. We pass, in short, from stable and external vision to fluent and internal verbalism. Yet even here there is no such play about the confines of our consciousness as in music, since we have in poetry a possible procession of mental objects, of inward pictures -something tangible upon which the mind can fasten, something which of its very nature conduces to sustained and focalised interest. Hence, many would listen attentively to a song, on account of the words, where they would not listen attentively to a pianoforte solo. Nevertheless, the panoramic passage of presentative ideas, however beautiful, tends to tire the interior vision of the mind. In other words, there is always a greater call on consciousness in attending to what is transient in time, than to what is permanent in space. And music's restless flood is ever on the move. When hearing music of a certain type we seem to be beside some purling brook whose constant ripples lull the soul to rest.

True it is, that some master-musicians are capable of appreciating, in a very real sense, the music they hear; whilst, at the same time, there runs a counter-stream of thinking which has no vital connection with the musical matter to hand. But these are rather instances of the highly trained thinker who, whilst hearing understandingly some learned discourse, can yet permit of a running commentary to course through the deeper consciousness like an intellectual 'aside.' It is as though the man were the happy possessor of some dual consciousness—some kind of mental bifurcation.

But this is possible only for the expert, and belongs to one of the many mysteries of the highly evolved mind. For the generality of the musical public it merely means undisciplined discursiveness. Hence the composers, so that their tuneful arguments might carry more weight and cogency of appeal, have built their music in accordance with some formulated scheme—the ripened fruit of a historic evolution. As a remedy for—shall we say—possible inattention, they have reared a supraliminal

structure of logical development over and above the subliminal storehouse of unregulated rhapsody and bemused musicality. At the hands of the classicists music thus becomes at once more

methodised and coherent, and so easier of apprehension.

The practical advice we would give the average auditor is as follows. Acquaint yourself beforehand with the 'subjects' employed by the composer. It will leave you freer to follow the trend of the tuneful discussion, as you would the fortunes of some fictional hero. Fasten, again, tenaciously on the principal themes, as if they were the 'headings' of a discourse or the characters in a plot. This will help to stave off the inevitable temptation to relax. For motives in music are points in an argument: melodies are personalities in a play.

Furthermore: acquire some previous knowledge of the 'plan' of the piece which is to claim your attention. That will help the sequent thoughts to fall more happily into place, and change an otherwise clashing chaos of ideas into a fitness in design. It will, in short, regulate your hearing, and bind the whole in

a satisfying unity of purpose.

In addition to this, you will be conscious of the cumulative effects of music. What you hear will have an increasing interest as the unfolding harmonies pursue their course. As the primary subject returns upon itself, it will do so—as in the sonata—with added emphasis and power, following on, as it does, the tortuous windings of expository thought.

But this, of course, applies to absolute music—such as the symphony or concerto—rather than to the song or opera, which is relative music, the constructional device of which must perforce be subservient to the words and evolvement of the

plot.

Now, what we have already been saying implies the radical distinction between feeling and thought. For feeling is not something you can picture to yourself; it does not take definite shape in consciousness. We cannot imagine it as we can some poetic description, since the very word itself implies the presence of an image in the mind. If we can use the word 'imagine' at all in connection with feeling, it is in the sense of a kind of sympathetic attunement. The truth is, the rising scale of beauty represents the gradual diminution of definitude—from the solid forms of painting, through the facts of poetry, up to the rarefied feeling of music. And we are more liable to mental aberration when dealing with the vague and inexact than when confronted with the more definite things in life.

But, since music is the expression of feeling, it must perforce—in at least its higher reaches—excite into being just such ineffable modes of consciousness, just such indefinite motions of the spirit, as go to make up the more interior life of man.

Does that mean, then, that in hearing music we register within ourselves but vague disturbances of mind? Does it mean that we are but the passive recipients of vacuous flutterings of the emotions? Not at all: on the contrary. The express mission of music, when rightly heard, is to take hold of the indescribable sentiments, the unpicturable feelings of the soul, and make them keen and vivid in the mind.

Or again: does it mean that we must pay heed solely to the formal figuration and melodic play of notes, irrespective of the underlying current of emotion? By no means! There are, in reality, two aspects of musical awareness. The one is the very explicit music itself; the other, the implicit, though vaguer, excitation of soul. And the former—its outward manifestation—is definite; whilst the latter—its inward significance —is indefinite.

But to be fully alive to the music you hear, you must allow the composer to guide you through the wandering mazes of your passional life—you must allow him to control the fluctuations of your emotional experience, nor fly off at a tangent after vain conceits and idle vagaries that tempt the listless mind. Thus, and only thus, can you discipline the heart and regulate the soul.

So to hear music with the ear, or even with the intellect, is not enough. We should hear it in the heart, and appreciate it with the character. We should, in short, feel it. We do not see a picture only with the eye: we do not get the best out of poetry by merely understanding it. Music, at root, is really depth of feeling. Its final appeal is not to sense; nor does it address itself primarily to knowledge. Indeed, the knowing faculty, as such, enters but little into the activity of appreciation. Ultimately, music is more a question of sympathy than scholarship. It holds high converse with our humanity alone. Consequently, what we admire is really—in a very subtle sense—a judgment on ourselves. And though this is true of all things appertaining to the beautiful, it is peculiarly true of music which lays far greater stress on the heart than on the head

But perhaps 'understanding,' in this connection, is not the most suitable term to apply: 'appreciation' is probably better. We might know all about, and fully 'understand,' the proportional properties of a cathedral, and yet be wholly insensible of its structural beauties. Similarly: to be versed in all the lore of the classics, is not necessarily to save the musical soul alive. The end of science is to know: the aim of philosophy is to understand. But art seeks to go beyond mere knowledge, and strives to transcend the understanding. Here we do not so much comprehend with the intellect, as apprehend by intuition. And the highest things we may not know, but still appropriate. In the realm of art we live, as it were, by faith. Beauty trusts

us, and we trust beauty.

Yet the only external proof we have of the presence of musical appreciation is that which lies in the capacity to remember certain phrases of the music heard. This is by no means final; this, in itself, is not nearly enough. We may say we feel the same with respect to certain kinds of music; but feelings vary according to the artistic status of the hearer. The fact is, we differ so much in degrees of intensive feeling. And there is here no means of measuring depth of emotion or height of aspiration. Of the inner experience of the auditor we can know but little. Hence the problem of musical appreciation. When, however, a debate (for instance) is heard, the understanding of it can be proved by a faithful rehearsal of the argument—the points raised and conclusions arrived at.

But here we are up against the sundered poles of exact thinking and esthetic emotion. For we either understand a mathematical computation, a geometric problem, or we do not. There are here no lights and shades as in painting, no nuances of thought as in poetry, no graduations of feeling as in music. An argument can be verified: a disputation may result in some definite conclusion. By the inviolable laws of logic they can be registered identically in different minds. It is, however, otherwise with music. Indeed, music is precisely not exact thinking. Hence the divergences of opinion, and varieties of

On the other hand, plastic beauty has more of mental exactitude about it; whilst poetry cannot really exist apart from definite ideation. The fact is, the specifically mental element of knowledge is more needed in painting, more necessary in poetry, than in the case of music. Consequently, there is no art like music where so much is left to the imagination—to the play of personality and creative freedom of the spirit. Much is left to the seer of a picture, more to the reader of a poem, but most of all is left to the hearer of music.

appreciation, with regard to the same composition.

So it was never more truly said than of music that we get out of it what we bring to it of ourselves. And some bring their griefs and disappointments, some their joys and gratitude, some—alas!—their shallow search for pleasure; but one and all bring themselves—their lives of varying quality and worth.

No art, then, relies so much for its ultimate effect on the recipient as does music. To one the duet in Tristan and Isolds—for instance—is unequivocal eroticism; whilst to another it is ideal romanticism. Still, all art suffers a change as it passes through the alembic of personality. Yet unlike plastic beauty, which is an appeal from without, music appeals at once to ourselves. It is, therefore, more highly coloured by the character through which it passes: it absorbs more of the nature through which it is mediated. Not so, however, exact thinking. Two and two make four in every mind, despite some acrobats of the mental world.

But what, after all, do we really mean when we say we 'understand' music? To which we put a counter-question: What do we mean when we say we 'understand' a person? For music, with its rich fund of subjectivity, more nearly affects the deeper self in each one of us than does any other form of beauty. So the understanding of music is analogous to the understanding of a personality, with its secret sentiments and private play of motives.

We can truthfully say we understand another soul when we take on, as it were, his personal feelings in the matter. Yet not—be it said—through the analytical brain, but in and through the discerning 'heart.'

In music, then, we understand through sympathy: we know through love. It exercises itself in and through community of interest. Sympathy is more deeply discriminating, love more profoundly penetrating, than is the intellect. Music, by parity of reasoning, is more searching than any other mode of art. Music is the voice of pity, the mouthpiece of passion. So when we hear it understandingly we absorb, so to speak, the hopes and fears of a fellow-mortal; we are in deep accord with some other soul. We identify ourselves with a pulsing personality; and in this specific sense we may be said to esthetically 'understand.' It matters, therefore, very much what kind of music we listen to; even as it does the kind of personal influence under which we come.

The root of the matter lies in this—that conjoined with the musical faculty, as such, there must be a nature stocked with lively feeling and vivid emotion. Conversely: feeling alone is not sufficient; feeling must be wedded to faculty. Yet, whatever else be said, we must appropriate the music we hear—make it unreservedly our very own—if it is to fulfil its ultimate mission to the soul. We must, in short, live it over again; literally be it as it sprang warm with ardour, fresh with enthusiasm, from the heart of the composer.

So the wisest counsel we can give to those who would hear music aright is:—Think of it in terms of LIFE, feel it in the depths of EXPERIENCE. Let the joys and sorrows that have stirred the composers to audible beauty be yours for a season. You will then find your humanity deepened, your sympathies

broadened, beyond your accustomed wont.

Music speaks to those who live deeply. And he who is at grips with the eternal realities will, if tunefully endowed, in no wise content himself with the vapid vapourings of a passing mood; but will take to heart more seriously the diviner sympathy that is resident in the soul of music. He will meet with something akin to a sacred satisfaction—its motives of pity and its melodies of love. He will realise that genuine music deepens for him the innate qualities of spirit that endure, and enhances the diviner values which make of life a thing of supreme importance. After hearing great and noble music you can never be quite the same, for you have drunk of beauty that is eternal.

So it is not so much to the constitution of the art that we would call attention, as to something deeper—all such perennial passions as beat in the soul of music. Hence, it is for just those who have drunk more deeply of the wells of experience, who have tasted life more fully, that the composers have wrought their symphonies and songs. For the storm-tossed Wagner, the blighted Beethoven, and many another strong, melodious soul, knew all too well the changeful fortunes of man's chequered

life.

# HEINRICH HEINE'S MUSICAL FEUILLETONS:

N his "Musical Reports" from Paris of the year 1840, Heine gives a glowing word-picture of Liszt's playing. And in his "Musical Reports" of the year 1841, after an introduction in which the Paris Salon of that year serves as a pivot upon which to swing his musical narration, he again reverts to Liszt. before passing on to other lions of the season. It might be mentioned, in parenthesis, that Heine makes no allusion to Liszt's accusation directed against his rival in interpretation, Paganini. that the latter was guilty of "narrow egoism." Liszt declared that "the divine service of conviction" bestowed an almost sacerdotal power and responsibility on genius which Paganini failed to appreciate. He also expressed the hope that "Paganini was the last resplendent representative of his narrow egotistical rôle." This public declaration was made in the year 1841, that of the "Musical Season" which follows.

### MUSICAL SEASON OF 1841

Paris, April 20, 1841.

The Salon this year discloses only brightly-colored impotence. One might almost believe that the renascence of the plastic arts had come to an end in our case; there was no new spring, only a pitiful Indian summer. Painting and sculpture, even architecture, took on a joyous uplift after the July Revolution, but the wings were only externally attached, and a deplorable fall succeeded the forced flight. Only the youthful sister art, music, has risen in her primitive and peculiar power Has she as yet attained her utmost point of radiance? Will she long maintain herself there? Or will she rapidly sink again? These are questions which only a future generation can answer. At any rate, it appears as though the contemporary present might be preferably entered in the annals of art as the age of music. The arts keep pace with the gradual spiritualization of the human race. In the earliest periods architecture had of necessity to advance alone, glorifying rude and unconscious grandeur in its massivity, as, for instance, we may see in the case of the Egyptians Later, among the Greeks, we behold the age of florescence of sculpture, and this already betokens an external control of matter, the spirit chisels a divining.

half-guessed meaning in the stone. Yet the sport found stone too hard for its increasing needs of revelation, and chose color, the bright shadow, is order to depict a dawning world of love and anguish. Then the great epoch of paintings arose, which developed with splendor toward the end of the Middle Ages. With the cultivation of self-consciousness in life all plastic endowment vanishes among men, in the end even the sense of color dies out, which after all is ever held down to definite drawing, and enhanced spiritually, and abstract thought clutches at sounds and tones in order to express a stammering extravagance which is, perhaps, nothing else than the solution of all the world of matter music

may be the last word in art, as death is the last word in life'

I have here apposed this short initial consideration in order to point out why the musical season intimidates rather than pleases me. That we are fairly drowning here in music, that there is hardly a single bouse to Paris wherein one may take refuge, as in an ark, from this flood of sound, that the noble art of tone inundates our whole life this for me is a grave symptom, and at times, because of it. I am sensed with s great all humor, degenerating into the most contanterous injustice as regards our great marstri and virtuosos. Under these circumstances one need not expect the cheeriest kind of a song of praise on my part for the man about whom the fine world here, especially the world of hysterical ladies, is jubilating with the most insane enthusism, and who, in fact, is one of the most remarkable representatives of the musical movement. I am speaking of Frank Liest, the genial planest, whose playing at times seems to me like the melodic agony of the world of visions. Yes, the genius is here once more, and gives concerts which enert a magic bordering on the mirriculous. Beside him all other manists disappear-with one single exception, Chopia, the Raphael of the psanoforte. In fact, with this exception, all the other psanists whom we have heard in countless concerts this year are merely pianists, they shine because of the agility with which they handle the stringed wood; in Last's easy, however, one no longer thinks of difficulties overcome, the mano disappears, and music is made manifest. In this connection Limit, since we last heard bim, has made the most astonishing progress. With this advantage he combines a calmness which we formerly missed In him. When, for instance, he used to play a thunderstorm on the pinno, we saw the lightning flashes cross his own face, his limbs trembled as though in the stormwind, and his long locks of hair seemed to drip the thundershower he depicted. Now when he plays the most powerful tempest, he still towers above himself, like the traveller who stands on an Alpine peak while the lightning storm rages in the valley, the elouds lying far below him, the lightning darting anaka-like at his fort, while his head is uplifted, aniding in the pure air

In spite of his geniality, Lisat has encountered an opposition here in Paris. It is one made up mainly of serious musicians who hand the faurel wrenth to his rival, the imperial Thalberg. Lisat has already given two concerts in which, contrary to custom, to all traditions, he played alone

<sup>&</sup>quot;The opposition was, preliams, due to that very generity of his. The quality is one which is a tremendous rriger in more eyes, one which month by sufficiently puntished. Talent just manages to be excused, but against groves men are invarigable," Land Syrun, with whom Liest had many points in common, once said," we read in the version of this letter published in the Angelonger Ally. Sectory — Fronti.



without the assistance of other municians. He is now preparing a third concert for the benefit of the Beethoven monument. This composer, in truth, must be the one whom Lisat's taste would find most congenial. Beethoven, for a fact, carries the spiritual in art to that sounding agony of the visionary world, that destruction of nature, which makes me shudder with a dread I cannot conceal, though my friends shake their heads over it. I find it a most significant circumstance that Beethoven became deaf toward the end of his days, and that even the invisible world of tone no longer had sonal reality for him. His tones were no more than the recollections of a tone, the ghosts of sounds which had died away, and his last works bear a gruessome death-mark on their foreheads.

Less ghastly than Beethoven's music did I find Beethoven's friend, I'Ami de Berthoven, as he everywhere produced himself here, I believe even on his visiting-cards. A black hop-pole with a terrible white cravat and a funereal countenance. Was this friend of Beethoven really his Pylades? Or was he one of those indifferent acquaintances whose company a man of genius enjoys all the more, perhaps, at times, the more insignificant they are, and the more prosaic is their chatter, which refreshes him after exhausting poetic flights on the wings of the spirit. At any rate, we have here a new manner of exploiting genius, and the little papers make not a little fun of I'Ami de Berthoren. "How could the great artist find such an unedifying, mentally impovershed friend supportable?" cried the French, who lost all patience at the monotonous chatter of their tiresome guest. They did not remember that Beethoven was deaf!

The number of concert-givers during this year's season has been legion, and there has been no dearth of mediocre planists who have been acclaimed as miracles by the papers. Most of them are young folk, who is their own modest persons, or through the medium of some modest brother or other, favor the appearance of these songs of prasse in the press. Self-worship of this kind, the so-called advertisements, offers most amoung reading. One advertisement recently contained in the Gazette musicule, reported from Marseilles that the celebrated Döbler had conquered all hearts there, also, especially because of his interesting pallor, which, a consequence of an illness from which he had just recovered, had attracted the attention of the world of beauty The celebrated Döbler has since returned to Paris, and has given several concerts, he also played at the concert of M. Schlessinger, of the Gazette musicale, who rewarded him most liberally with laurel wreaths. The France musicale also sings his praise, and with the same absence of partmanship. This journal cultivates a blind hatred for Liest, and in order to prick the hon praises the little rabbit. But what does the value of the celebrated Döhler really amount to? Some say that he is the last among the second-class pianists, others that he is the first among the third-class planuts. As a matter of fact he plays prettily, nicely and neatly. His performance is most charming, evincing actonishing finger dexterity, but giving no evidence of power or apirit. Delicate weakness, elegant impotence, interesting pallor!

Auton Felin fichindler, Beethaven's faithful friend and biographer, b. Moudl, Moravia, June 13, 1795, d. Bockenheim, near Frankfurt, Jan. 16, 1906.

Among this year's concerts which continue to echo in the memories of music-lovers, must be reckoned the matinées offered their subscribers by the proprietors of the two musical journals. The France musicale, published by the brothers Escudier, two anisable, intelligent and artistic young fellows, shone in its concert through the assistance of the Italian ungers and of Vieuxtemps, who was looked upon as one of the hons of the musical season. Whether beneath the hon's harry pelt be hidden a true king of beasts or merely a wretched greyling is more than I can determine. To tell the truth, I cannot believe the exaggerated praises which were heaped upon him. It would seem to me that he has not as yet climbed to any remarkable height along the ladder, at whose end we once saw Pagamin and on whose last, lowest rung stands our admirable Sina, the celebrated bathing-guest of Boulogue, and the owner of a Beethoven autograph. Perhaps M.

Vieuxtemps is much nearer M. Sins than he is to Paganini

Vieuxtemps is a son of Belgium, and as a general thing the most important violinists have come from the Netherlands. There the violin is the national instrument, cultivated by large and small, by men and women, as has always been shown in Dutch pictures. The most admirable violinat of this countryside is unquestionably Bériot, Malibran's husband. At times I cannot defend myself against the impression that the soul of his deceased wife dwells in his violin and sings. Only Ermit, the portic Bohemian, knows how to lure such melting, bleedingly tender tones from his instrument. A countryman of Bériot is Artôt, also an admirable violinist, but whose playing never reminds one of a soul, a spick and span, well-turned-out fellow, whose performance is an amouth and shining as waxed lines. Haumann, the son of the Brussels reprinter, carries on his father's business on the violin, what he plays are next reprints of the best violinusts, their texts ornamented, here and there, with unnecessary original notes and brilliant printers' errors. The brothers Franko-Mendez, who also gave concerts this year, in which they maintained their violinistic talents, were really born in the land of tow-paths and Dutch Dorss. The same holds good of Batta, the violoncellist. He is a born Hollander. but came here to Paris at an early age, where his boyish youthfulness pleased the ladies in particular. He was a dear lad, and cried on the cello like a child. Although he has grown to be a big boy in the meantime, he cannot give up his habit of whimpering, and recently, when he could not appear in public because of an indisposition, it was generally said that owing to his childish wailing on the violoncello be had finally played himself into a real children's disease, the measles, I believe. He now seems to have completely recovered, however, and the newspapers report that the celebrated Batta is preparing a musical matinée for next Thursday, which will console the public for its long deprivation of its favorite

The last concert which Mr. Maurice Schlesinger gave the subscribers of his Gazette muricole, and which, as I have already mentioned, was one of the nost brilliant of the season, had a quite special interest for German. And the entire German contingent was gathered together, eager to hear Mile Löwe, the celebrated inner, who sang Beethoven's lovely song "Adelaide," in the German tongue. The

Italians and M. Vieuxtemps, who had promised their concurrence, excused themselves while the concert was going on, to the great consternation of the giver of the concert, who, stepping before the audience with the dignity which is all his own, declared that M Vieuxtemps refused to play because he considered the place and public beneath his dignity The insolence of this violitist deserves the severest reproof. The place of the concert was the Salle Musere in the Rue Vivienne, where only at Carmival time is the cancan danced a bit, while for the remainder of the year the most respectable music by Mosart, Giacomo Meyerbeer and Beethoven is performed. The whim of the Italian singers, Signor Rubini and Signor Lablache, will at all events be forgiven, since nightingales may include themselves in the pretension of singing only before a public of golden pheasants and eagles. But Mynbeer, the Flemish stork, has no right to be so choice, and to despise a company among which were to be found the most respectable fowls, peacocks and gumen-hens in quantity, and, on occasion as well, the most distinguished German fighting cocks and mud-larks. What kind of success did Mile Löwe score at her début? I will state the truth in brief she sang admirably, pleased all the Germans, and made a fiasco with the French

As regards this last mishap, I should like to comfort the esteemed singer with the assurance that her very advantages stood in the way of a French success. There is German soulfulness in Mile Löwe's voice, a quiet thing which as yet has been revealed to but few Frenchmen, and which is making its way in France only gradually. Had Mile. Löwe come here a few decades later, she might, perhaps, have carned greater recognition. But thus far the mass of the people is still the same. The French possess wit and passion, and enjoy them best in a restless, stormy, chopped-up, exacerbating form. But this they found completely missing in the German singer, who, in addition, sang them Beethoven's "Adelaide". This calm exhalation of sentiment, these blue-eyed, languishing tones of woodland solitude, these vocalized linden-blossoms with moonlight obbligate, this dying away in superterrestrial yearning, this arch-German song, woke no echo is: the French breast, and was even mocked at because of its trans-Rhenau sensitiveness. At any rate, Mile Löwe was very ill-advised with regard to the choice of the numbers she sang. And then, strangely, a maleficent star rules the débuts at the Schlesinger concerts. Many a young artist can tell a sad tale of it. Saddest of all was the case of poor Ignaz Moscheles, who came over to Paris from London a year ago, in order to freshen up his fame a little, a fame which had grown somewhat faded owing to mercantile exploitation. He played at a Schlesinger concert and fell abjectly flat

Although Mile. Löwe earned no applicane here, all that was possible was done to secure an engagement for her at the Académia royals de is musique. Meyerheer's name was used on this occasion with greater urgency than may have pleased the esteemed master. Is it true that Meyerheer did not wish to present his new opera for performance in case Mile. Löwe was not engaged? Did Meyerheer really make the gratification of the public's wishes dependent upon so small a condition? Is he really so over-modest that he imagines the success

of his new work depends upon the more or less flexible throat of a prima donne?

The numerous worshippers and admirers of this master so deserving of admiration observe with regret that the much-honored man, with every new production of his genius, tods so unwearedly to ensure its success, and equanders his best efforts on its most trifling details. His delicate, weakly constitution must suffer under the strain. His nerves grow morbidly overexcited, and owing to his chronic abdominal complant he often suffers from the prevalent cholerane. The honey of the spirit which drips from his masterpieces and refreshes us costs the master the most terrible hoddy pains at times. When I last had the honor of seeing him, I was frightened by his wretched appearance. When I looked at him I thought of the diarrheal god of Tartarian folk-legend, which recounts in a manner horribly droll how this belly-aching exceldemon once purchased un thousand pots for his own use at the annual four of Kazan, so that the potter thus became a wealthy man. May beaven grunt our highly honored master better health, and may be himself never forget that his thread of life is a very flabby one, and Fate's acmoors all the more sharp! May be never forget that lofty interests are bound up with his self-preservation. What is to become of his fame, if he himself, the greatly bonored master—may heaven long defer the event '-suddenly were to be toru from the stage of his triumphs. by death? Will his family continue that fame of which all Germany is proud? As regards material resources the family would not be lacking, but it would indeed lack intellectual means. Only the great Giacomo himself, who is not alone general muncal director of all royal Primman musical institutions, but also the conductor of the Meyerbeenan fame, only he can direct the enormous orchestra of this fame. He nods his head, and all the trombutes of the great netrapapers sound out in

In the Augsburger Allgement Leitung the close of this letter reads as follows: "Wall-informed persons assure my that Meyerhors is quite innarrent of the deferred production of his new opers, and that the authority of his name was at times exploited to further extraneous interests be has placed by complete work at the disposal of the devertion of the Académic copies de la murique without having made any construit conditions as require the leading sugger

"Although, as we have already mentioned, the most intimate virtue of German sing, its ewest secretiveness, still centain holden from the Preach, it cannot be denied that German music is coming to be largely accepted by the Preach people, if it be not dimensial among them. This is the longing of Undare for a seal. Will the lovely made to the happine of the gain this noil? We do not rave to judge the matter, we only note one fact in this place, one which will, perhaps, affected noise explanation of the extraordinary popularity of the great master who created Richert le dable and "Los Huguerota, and whose third opers, Le Prophète is awaited with a feveral impatience, a history of the heart, quote inconvertable. Do not make when I allem that in mine also—not alone is literature, there is associting which mediates among the nations. Owing to the universality of its tongue music more than any other art is adopted to forming a world public for storif.

"A Preachman told me lately that he had been initiated into Gorthe's poetry by monan."

"A Proughman told me lately that he had been initated into Goothe's postry by mongs of the Meyerheer operat that the latter had opened for how the partials of the Goethean mane. There is a depth of meaning in this remark, and it wakes the thought in me that Gorman minist is general may have been entrusted with the mission, here in France, to advance an understanding of our Gorman literature in the guine of a probability over-ture."—France

"The French edition reads " of which the German people, and M Maurice Schleringer in particular, are grand."—Tennel

unison; he winks his eye, and all the violins of praise fiddle in competition; he merely moves his left nostril slightly, and all the feuilleton-flageolets flute forth their sweetest tonal flatteries. Then, too, there are as yet unbeard-of antedduvian brasses, trumpets of Jericho, and as yet undiscovered Æolian barps, string instruments of the future, whose employ betokens the most extraordinary gift for instrumentation in the same high degree that our Meyerbeer has, that is to say the art of using all sorts of people as instruments, the least as well as the greatest, and conjuring forth by means of their collective activity a harmony of agreement in public recognition which borders on the miraculous. It is something which none other has known how to do. While the best operas of Mozart and Rossini fell flat on their first performance, and years went by before they were properly appreciated, the masterworks of our noble Meyerbeer already obtain the most unanimous acclaim at their first performance, and the very next day all the papers furnish the mented articles of praise and approval. That happens because of the harmonious working together of the instruments, in melody Meyerbeer must yield the palm to the two masters just mentioned, but he excels them in instrumentation. Heaven knows that he often employs the most despicable of instruments, yet it is, perhaps, just by the use of such that he produces his great effects upon the great mass, which admires, idiolizes, honors and even respects him. Who can prove the contrary? From all sides the laurel wreaths fly to him, he wears a whole forest of laurels on his head, he hardly knows how to get rid of them, and pants beneath the verdant burden. He should get himself a little ass which, trotting behind him, might carry the heavy wreaths after his master. But Gouin is jealous and will not permit another to accompany him.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a witty remark ascribed to the musician Ferdinand Hiller. It seems that when some one asked him what he thought of Meyerbeer's operas, Hiller is said to have replied

with evasive annoyance "Oh, do not let us talk politica!"

#### ROBBITI AND MENDELSSORIE

Paris, Mid-April, 1842.

When I arrived in Cette one fine afternoon last summer, I saw a processional passing along the quay before which the Mediterranean Sea lies outspread, and I shall never forget the sight. In advance walked the fraternities, in their garments of red, white and black, the penitents with capuchina drawn over their heads from which the eyes peered forth spectrally from two holes, lighted wax candles or banners with crosses in their hands. Then came the various monastic orders. There was also a crowd of the laiety, men and women, pale, broken figures, who wavered piously along, with a touchingly wretched singsong. I had often encountered similar sights during my childhood on the Rhine, and I cannot deny that these tones awakened a certain melancholy, a species of homesickness, in me. But what I have never yet seen and what happened to be a custom horrowed from adjacent Spain, was a troup of children representing the Passion. A little shaver, contumed as we are wont to see the Saviour represented in pictures, wearing the crown of thoras on his head, his long golden hair rolling down sadly

on his shoulders, was panting, beat over by the weight of an enormous wooden cross, glaring drops of blood had been pointed on his forehead, and the marks of the wounds on his hands and feet. By his ade walked a little gerl clad all in black, who, the Mother of Sorrows, here several swords with gilded hilts on her breast, and was almost melting away an tears—a picture of the most profound grief. Other little boys, who walked behind, represented the apostles, among them Judas, with red hair and a money bag in his hand. A couple of the lads were also helmeted and armed as Roman legionaries, and awang their asbres. Various children were the habits of orders and the magnia of the church, there were little Capuchina, little Jesuits, little bishops with staff and mitre, the dearest little nums, positively none of them more than aix years old. And strange to say, a few of the children were also dressed as Cupids, with alken wings and golden quivers, and by the very inde of the little Saviour tottered two little creatures much smaller, not more than four years old at the most, in old Franconian shepherd-costume, with ribboned hats and poles, sweet enough to kiss, just like sugar-dolls. They probably represented the shepherds who had stood by the manger of the Christ Child. And can one imagine it, this spectacle excited the most serious devotional feeling in the spectator's soul, and the fact that little innocent children were enacting this greatest and most colorsal of martyrdoms, made it all the more touching. This was no aping of the real thing in the historical grand style, no erook-mouthed sanctimoniousness, no Berhn be of farth. It was the most naive expression of the most profound of thoughts, and it was its condescendingly childish form which prevented its content from acting destructively on our mind, or annihilating itself. This content itself is so tremendous in its power of grief and exaltation, that it overtowers and bursts the bounds of even the most heroically grandione and pathetically extended art of presentation. It is for this reason that the greatest artists, painters as well as musicians, have beautified the overwhelming terrors of the Passion with an many flowers as possible, and softened its sanguagery enruestness with playful tenderness, and this, too, is what Rossini did when he composed his "Stabat Mater"!

This work, Rosaini's "Stabat," was the outstanding currently of the season just past, a consideration of it is still quite timely, and the faults found with the great master by North-German critics are a very striking tribute to the originality and profundity of his genius. His treatment is too mundane, too sensual, too playful for its spiritual subject, it is too light, too agreeable, too entertaining. thus a few ponderous tiresome criticasters grown in complaint, who, even if they do not intentionally feign an exaggerated spirituality, at any rate torment themselves with decidedly limited and very erroneous conceptions of sucred music. As in the case of the painters, so with the municians, an entirely erroneous point of view reigns with regard to the treatment of Christian subjects. The former believe that the truly Christian must be pictured in subtly attenuated contours and as distressedly and colorlessly as possible, Overbeek's drawings are their ideal in this respect.

<sup>&</sup>quot;We find a similar comparison in the porthonous "Thoughts and Fancius," in reference to another of Romini's works "Ramini's 'Otelle' is a Venevius which discharges radiant flowers"—Franci.

In order to contradict this delumon with a fact, I will call attention to the sacred paintings of the Spanish school; here the rôle of colors and contours is the predominant one, and yet no one will deny that these Spanish paintings breathe the most unimpured Christianity, or that their painters were any less drunken with faith than the celebrated masters who went over to Catholicism in Rome, in order to be able to paint with more immediate fervor. External aridity and pallor are not the determining signs of Christianity in art, but a certain inner extravagence, which may be conferred neither by baptism nor study, in mume as well as in painting, and therefore I find Rossini a "Stabit" actually more Christian than Felix Mendelmohn Bartholdy s "Paulus," an oratorio which is praised by Rossini's opponents as a model of what is Christian.

Heaven forbid that I appear to utter a reproach against such a worthy master as the composer of "Paulus," and least of all would it occur to the writer of these lines to find fault with the Christianity of the afore-mentioned oratorio because Felix Mendelmoba-Bartholdy is by birth a Jew! Yet I cannot forbear to point out that at the age when Mendelssohn began to be a Christian in Berlin , the fact is that he was not haptised until he was thirteen) Rossini had already left the churchly, and flung himself into all the worldliness of operatic music. Now, when he has once more given over opers, and has dreamed himself back into the Roman Catholic reminiscences of his youth, to the time when he using in the minuter of Penazo as a choracter, or assisted at the mass as an acolyte—now, when the old organ-tones once more swell in his memones, and he sesses the pen to write a "Stabat," he truly need not construe the spirit of Christianity for himself scientifically, and still less need he slavishly copy Handel and Sebastian Back, he need only call up the enriest sounds of his childhood from his soul, and wonderful to relate, despite all the agricument, the profound sorrow which these sounds retche, despite all the power with which they sigh and bleed forth the most powerful of emotions, they still have retained something childlike and remind me of that presentation of the Passion by children which I had seen at Cette. Yes, I was involuntarily obliged to think of that pious little mummery when I attended the first performance of Rommi's "Stabat Mater" the tremendously exalted martyrdom was pictured therein, but with the naivest accepts of youth, the terrible plaints of the Mater Delarose were sounded, yet seemed to come from the innocent throat of a little girl, beside the pinions of the darkest grief ruitled the wings of all the Cupids of charm, the horrors of the death on the cross were mitigated as though by the dallying play of ahepherds, and the feeling of infinity wove about and surrounded the entire work like the blue sky which beamed down upon the processional at Cette, like the blue sea along whose shores it passed with song and music. This is Rossini's eternal graciousness, his inexhaustible gentleness, which no impresario or munc-dealer has been able to anger away or even dim. No matter what subtly treacherous experiences he has often had in life, we never find a trace of spleen in his musical productions. Like

<sup>&#</sup>x27;In his purthumous "Thoughts and Fancies." Hence revues to Spanish polating in criticionag a work by Ramini, the "Pastrevis.... "There is consching unister to me about his 'Pastrevis, to legis with, suggesting Salut Hieronymus in the Spanish Gallery writing pushes as a corpus. It gives one a chill, like the touching of a status."

— Trustel.

the Arethusan spring, whose waters preserved their original sweetness, though they traversed the bitter floods of the sea, so Rossini's heart has retained its melodic loveliness and sweetness, although it has tasted in

ample measure all the world's goblets of wormwood.

As I have said, the great master's "Stabat" has been the predominant musical event of this year. As regards the first performance, which served as a model, I need make no report; sufficient to say that the Italians sang. The hall of the Italian Opera seemed to be the antecourt of heaven; there the nightingales of boliness sobbed, and there flowed the most fashionable of tears. The France Musicale also presented the greater part of the "Stabat" in its concerts, and, it goes without saying, with tremendous applause. At these concerts we also heard the "Paulus" of Feirx Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and it was, in fact, owing to this proximity that he aroused our attention, and called forth the comparison with Rossini. As regards the great public this comparison. did not redound to the credit of our young countryman, in fact, it is as if one tried to compare the Templower Berg near Berlin with the Apennines of Italy Yet despite this the Templower Berg has its merits, and wins the respect of the great mass owing to the sole fact that it bears a cross on its summit. "Under this sign you shall conquer!" Not, of course, in France, the land of unbelief, where Mendelssohn has always been afailure. He was the season's lamb of sacrifice, while Rossini was its musical lion, whose sweet roaring still continues to sound. It is said here that Pelix Mendelssohn will come personally to Paris these days. This much is certain, that by means of high intervention and diplomatic efforts M. Léon Pillet has been induced to let M. Scribe put together a libretto. which M. Mendelssohn will set to music for the Grand Opera our young compatriot be successful in this venture? I cannot tell. His artistic talent is great, yet it has its very ominous limits and gaps. With regard to talent I find a great resemblance between M. Felix Mendelssohn and Mile Rachel Felix, the tragic artist. They have in common a great, austere, and very earnest seriousness, they lean decidedly, well-nigh obtrusively on classic models, they have the most sensitive, most clever powers of calculation, sharpness of intellect and, finally, an entire absence of naïceté. But is there such a thing as gental originality in art without netreté? Thus far there is no case on record.

## MUNICAL SEASON OF 1843 FIRST REPORT

Paris, March 20, 1843.

The boredom which French classic tragedy exhales was never better grasped than by the good bourgeouse of Louis XVth's day, who said to her children. "Do not envy the anstocracy, and forgive it its arrogance, for it is the punishment of heaven that it has to go to the Thédire Français every evening and be bored to death!" The old régims has ceased to exist, and the sceptre has passed into the hands of the bourgeousie, but these new rulers must also have many sins for which to atone, and the ill will of the gods strikes them even more merculessly

<sup>&</sup>quot;A certificate of baptism is a ticket of admission to European culture," says Heine, in his "Thoughts and Faucies."—Transf.

than their predecessors in the realm, not alone does Mile Rachel offer them the mouldy drags of the antique sleeping draught every evening. but they now must also swallow the garbage of their own romantic kitchen, veriified sauerkraut, Victor Hugo's "Les Bourgraves". 1 shall waste no words on the value of this indigestible and claimly piece of work, which enters on the scene with all sorts of pretensions, especially historic ones, although Hugo's knowledge respecting the epoch and scene of action of his play is gathered solely from the French translation of Schreiber's "Guidebook for Travellers on the Rhine" Has the man who a year ago, at a public session of the Academic, dared to say that German gemus had come to an end (In pensis allemands est rentrée dans l'ombre), has this greatest eagle of poesy really over soared his contemporaries so supremely on this occasion? In truth, not at all. His work betrays neither poetic fulness nor harmony, neither enthusiasm nor freedom of spirit, it shows not a spark of geniality, but only stilted unnaturalness and glaring declamation. It offers acutely angular wooden figures, overloaded with tasteless spangles, moved by visible wires, a simister play of puppets, a gross spasmodic aping of life, a pasgion which is an out and out lie. Nothing seems more fatal to me than this Hugoran passion, which demeans itself so glowingly, outwardly flames up in so splended a manner, and yet within is so wretchedly sober and frosty. This chill passion which is dished up to us in such finning figures of speech, always reminds me of the baked ice which the Chinese know how to prepare with such art, by holding little bits of frappi, wrapped in a thin dough, over the fire for a few moments, an antithetic dainty, which must be swallowed quickly, burning lips and tongue with its hot rind, while chilling the stomach.

But the ruling bourgeoise, for its sins, does not alone have to endure old classic tragedies and trilogies which are not classic, but the heavenly powers have bestowed upon it a still more horrible artistic delight, namely, the pianoforte, which it is now impossible to avoid anywhere, which one hears sounding in every house, day and night Yes, manoforte is the name of that instrument of torture wherewith present high society is most especially tormented and chastised for all its usurpations. If only the innocent did not have to suffer with the guilty! This eternal playing is no longer to be endured. (Alas, wallneighbors of mine, young daughters of Albion, are playing a brilliant piece for two left hands at this very moment'). These blatantly pagling tones, which do not die away naturally, these heartless whirring notes, this archprosuc pounding and picking, this forteysano kills off thought and feeling and we grow stupid, obtuse and imbecile growing supremary of piano playing and even the triumphal progresses of the actiots are characteristic of our time, and really denote the triumph of machinery over mind. Technical agility, the precision of an automaton, the identification with the stringed wood, the sounding instrumentalization of the human being, are now praised and celebrated as the loftiest of aims. Like awarms of gramhoppers the virtuosos come to Paris every winter, less to earn money than to make a name for themselves here, one which will all the more easily procure a pecuniary harvest for them in other lands. Paris serves them for a species of billhoard, where their fame may be read in mant letters. I my "their fame may

be read," since it is the Parisian press which announces it to the credulous world, and these virtuosos display the greatest virtuosity in the exploitation of journals and journalists. They even get the better of the hard of bearing, for all men are human, are susceptible to flattery, and like to play the part of a patron, and one hand washes the other; the dirtiest one, however, is seldom that of the journalist, and even the purchasable flatterer is at the same time a fool deceived, who receives half his pay in endearments. People speak of the venality of the press: they are much mutaken. On the contrary, the press is generally duped, and this is especially the case where the famous virtuosos are concerned. All of them are really famous, particularly in the laudations which they personally, or their brothers or their lady mothers, get into print. It is unbelievable how humbly they will beg in the newspaper offices for the least bitle alms of praise, how they will writhe and twist. While I was still high in favor with the manager of the Gazette sourceds (also, my youthful levity caused a revulsion'), I could see plainly, with my own eyes, how these famous ones lay obsequiously at his feet, and crawled and wagged their tails in order to secure a little praise in his journal. And of these highly-famed virtuosos of ours, who allow homage to be paid them in all the capitals of Europe like reigning princes, it might be said after the manner of Béranger, that the dust of Maurice Schlesinger's boots is still vimble on their crowns of laurel. How these persons speculate on our credulousness is past belief, unless one can observe their activities here on the spot. In the office of the afore-mentioned publication, I once encountered a ragged old man who anpounced himself as the father of a celebrated virtuoso, and begged the editors of the journal to publish a notice of his son, in which some noble traits of his life as an artist were brought to the public's attention. agems that the celebrity had given a concert somewhere in Southern France with tremendous applause, and dedicated the proceeds to an ancient Gothic cathedral which threatened to tumble down; on another occasion he had played for an inundated widow woman, or for a seventyyear-old school-master, who had lost his only cow, and so forth the course of an extended conversation with the father of this benefactor of mankind, the old man admitted quite natively that it was true his fine son did not do much for him, although he was well able to, and that nometimes he even let him starve a bit. I should like to advise the celebrity to give a concert some day for the benefit of his old father's tumble-down trousers also.

When one witnesses this wretched state of affairs, it is really impossible to nurse a grudge against the Swedish students, who expressed themselves somewhat too strongly against the scandal of this virtuoso-idolatry, and prepared the well-known ovation for Ole Bull upon his arrival at Upsala. The celebrity was already under the impression that his carriage-horses would be unhitched, was prepared for a torchlight procession and wreaths of flowers, when he received a totally unexpected thrashing of honor, a truly Norse surprise

The matadors of this year's season were Sivon and Dreyschock. The former is a violinist, and on this account alone I place him above the latter, the terrible piano-bester. In the case of the violinist, in any event, virtuosity is not purely and solely the result of mechanical

finger dexterity and mere technic, as with the pianist. The violin is an instrument which is almost human in its moods, and which stands in a relation of sympathy with the moods of the player, the slightest unease, the faintest emotional shock, a breath of feeling, here finds its immediate echo, and is caused, no doubt, by the fact that the violin, pressed so close to our breast, can hear the beating of our heart. This is the case, however, only with artists who really have a soul. The more matter of fact and heartless a violinist is the more monotonous will be his execution, and he can rely upon the obedience of his violin at every hour, in every place. Yet this lauded sureness is no more than the result of intellectual narrowness, and it is just the greatest masters whose playing has not infrequently depended on external and inner influences. I have never heard anyone play better than Paganini, and, at times, I have never heard anyone play worse, and I can say the same of Ernst. The latter, perhaps the greatest violinist of our day, resembles Paganini in his failings as in his genius. Ernst's absence here this winter was greatly regretted by all music-lovers who know how to esteem the heights in art. Signor Sivori was but a weak substitute, yet we listened to him with great pleasure. Since he was born in Genoa, and as a child, perhaps, encountered Paganini at times in the narrow streets of his native town, where two people cannot get out of each other's way, he has here been proclaimed a pupil of Paganini. No, Pagamini never had a pupil, could not have one, for the best that he

knew, which is the highest in art, may neither be taught nor learned! What is the highest in art? That which is also the highest in all other manifestations of life; self-conscious freedom of spirit. Not alone a musical composition which has been composed in the fulness of this self-consciousness, but even its mere presentation may be regarded as what is artistically highest, if we feel that it projects to us that miraculous breath of eternity directly betokening that the inter-preter stands on the same spiritual plane as the composer, that he, too, is a free soul. Yes, this individual consciousness of freedom in art manifests itself quite particularly in treatment, in form, and in no case through the material, and we may, on the contrary, affirm that the artists who select freedom itself and liberation as their subjects, are usually limited and fettered in spirit—as a matter of fact, are helots. This reflection is borne out at the present day, especially in German poetry, when we realise with horror that the most daringly unfettered singers of freedom, when the light is turned on them, reveal themselves in most cases as narrow-minded natures, Philistines whose night-cap peeps forth beneath their red liberty bonnet, ephemends of whom Goethe

would say:

Matte Fliegen! Wie sie rasen! Wie sie, sumsend überkeck, Ihren kleinen Fliegendreck Traufela auf Tyrannennasen.

(Feeble May-dies' Lo, how frantic! Impudently buzzing, entic. They their fly-dirt, little mess-pots, Drip on moses proud of despots!)

The poets who were truly great have always interpreted the great questions of interest of their time elsewhere than in rhymed newspaper articles, and have paid but slight attention when the slavish man, whose rudeness disgusted them, reproached them with being anotocrats.

#### Second Repour

Paris, March 96, 1843.

I have mentioned Messers Sivori and Dreyschock as the most remarkable figures of the present season. The latter earned the greater meed of applause, and I faithfully report that public opinion proclaims him to be one of the greatest piano virtuosos, and places him on a parwith the most famous among them. He makes a hellish racket. One does not seem to hear one planist Dreyschock, but three "schocks" of planists ! Since on the evening of his concert the wind was blowing south by west, perhaps you heard the tremendous sounds in Augsburg, at such a distance their effect must be agreeable. Here, however, in the Department of the Seine, one may easily burst an ear-drum when this piano-pounder Go hang yourself, Franz Lust, you are but an ordinary thumps away wind god in comparison with this god of thunder, who bundles the storms together into a switch and flogs the ocean with it. A Dane, too, by name of Villmers, has been heard here this winter, with success, and in sure, in the course of time, to strum his way to the highest degrees of his art. The older pianists step more and more into the background, and these poor, decrepit invalids of fame are obliged to suffer severely for their overrated youth — Only Kalkbrenner holds his own in a measure. He appeared again in public this winter, at the concert of one of his pupils, on his lips there still gleamed that embalmed smile which we recently noticed on those of an Egyptian Pharuoh, when his mummy was unwrapped in the museum here. After an absence of more than twenty five years. Kalkbrenner also revested the scene of his earliest successes, that is to say, London, and earned the greatest appleuse there The best is that he has returned outely to his Paris !

And now it will really no longer be necessary for us to lend eredence to the secret report that founded M. Kalkhrenner's long

<sup>&</sup>quot;A pun on the Gorman word "Schork," meaning throneurs .- Ed.

In the French edition the following rends: ".... and that his pressure in Paris relates all the unlister and calcumnatory reports circulated about hom. He has returned safely his parkets full of guitest and his hard raptive than ever. He committee that ever. He committee that the parkets full of guitest and his hard raptive than ever. He committee as he in mark good health, and how flattered she was by his visit to Windsor of to some other castle whose name. I do not remember. Yes, the great Kulthermore has returned safely to his Paris residence, to his admirers, to his the particle all the artists with whom he has ever exchanged a word in his life and to his collection of paintings, which, he declares, no prince could afferd to hay. It goes without anying that he has here once more found the little eight year-old buy whom he calls not, and whom he credits with even greater mineral talents that he himself possesses, ranking him higher than Monart. This lymphatic unhealthily paffed up little man, whose miditary at all events, already exceeds that of his father intens to his own prince world, he humself recounts his successes at event where the heartful progresses hisself world in little white hand. The arragnore of this little rend we have an event, is no repulsive as it is commit. I do not know bettler M. Kalthermore also rediscovered the worthy fishwife is Paris, who piece rengated the famous turbot to him, etc.—Transf.

avoidance of England on that country's unhealthy code of laws, which punishes the galant crime of bigamy with strangulation. We may therefore take for granted that this report was a calumny, for it is a fact that M. Kalkbrenner has returned to his admirers here, to the fine pianofortes, which he manufactures together with M. Pleyel, to his female pupils, who are all trained to be his mistremes in the French armse of the word, to his picture gallery, which, he declares, no prince could afford to buy, to his hopeful son, who already excels his father in modesty, and to the worthy fishwife, who resigned to him the famous turbut which the chief cook of the Prince of Benevent, Tallyrand-Perigord, erstwhile Bishop of Autun, had already ordered for his master The fishwife struggled for some time before reagaing the said turbot to the famous pinaist, who had gone to the fish-market incognito, but when he drew forth his card and laid it down on the fish. and the poor woman read the name "Kalkhrenner," she at once ordered that the turbot be taken to his home, and for a long time could not be induced to accept any payment, overpaid as she was by the great honor. shown her. Some poor German fish are angered by a fish story of this kind, because they themselves are unable to play up their self-conacrousness in such a brilliant fashion, and because, in addition they envy M. Kalkbrenner his elegant external appearance, his delicate polished manners, his smoothness and sweetness, his whole marchpane presence, which, however, receives a somewhat shabby addition for the observer owing to many involuntary Berlinians of the lowest class, so that Koreff could say of the man, quite as wittily as correctly. "He looks like a bonbon that has fallen into the mud."

A contemporary of M. Kalkbrenner is M. Pinn, and although he

A contemporary of M Kalkbrenner is M Pixis, and although he in of a lower order, we will mention him here as a curiosity. But is M. Pixis really still alive? He himself declares that he is and calls on M. Sina, the famous bathing-guest of Boulogue, who must not be confused with Mount Sinai, to witness the fact. We will take the word of this brave dominator of the waves, although many evil tongues even assert that M. Pixis never existed. No, the latter is a human being who is actually living, I say "human being," though a soblogist would give him a more tailful name. M. Pixis came to Paris at the time of the Invision, at the moment when the Apollo of the Helvidere was given back to the Romans, and obliged to leave Paris. The acquisition of M. Pixis was to console the French in a measure. He played piano, also compound very nicely, and his little musical numbers were especially valued by the bird-deulers who train canaries to sing to the harrel-organ. It was only necessary to grand out a composition by M. Pixis to these yellow creatures once. They understood it immediately, and twittered it, so that it was a real joy, and everyone applanded "Pixissime". Since the older Bourbons have withdrawn from the scene of action, one no longer cries "Pixissime" the new song-birds demand new melodies. By means of his external appearance, his physique, M. Pixis still

<sup>&</sup>quot;The riose of this section, afterward altered by Heine, reads originally as follows."

, and the Kalkieronov, Pitts, too, is also a poor assumely, in fact the assumely of an item. The sine long beak, in truth, offers the greatest resemblence to that followity long Finne nose, which was one of the currenties of the munical world, and the target for so many cheep jokes. I had to allude to it for once in this connection.

—France.

imposes to some extent, be has, for a fact, the largest note in the world of manic, and in order to make this specially as noticeable as possible, he often appears in company with a composer of romances, who has no note at all, and for that reason recently was awarded the order of the Legion of Honor, for it is certain that M. Fanseron could not have received the decoration for his music. It is said that he is also to be appointed director of the Grand Opéra, since he is the only person whom one need not fear Maestro Giacomo Meyerbeer's leading around by the none

M. Hert, like Kalkbrenner and Pixis, is one of the mummies. now shines only by reason of his handsome concert-hall, but is long since dead, and even married recently. Among the pianists residing in Paris who have had the greatest success, are Halle and Eduard Wolf; yet we will notice only the latter, because he has at the same time distinguished himself as a composer. Eduard Wolf is fecund and full of verve and originality. His studies for the psano are most praised, and he is quite the vogue now. Stephen Heller is more a composer than a virtuoso, although he is highly esteemed because of his piano-playing. His musical productions all carry the hall mark of an admurable talent, and he is already accounted one of the great masters. He is a true artist, without affectation or exaggeration, showing the sense for the romantic in classic form. Thalberg has been in Paris for the past two mouths, but will give no concerts himself, and will play in public only at a friend's concert this week. This artist differentiates. himself favorably from his pianistic colleagues, one might almost say, by his ususical good manners . As in his life, so in his art, Thalberg demonstrates his born fact, his interpretation is so gentlemanly, so opulent, so decent, so entirely without grimace, so absolutely exempt from forced geniality, so altogether lacking in that advertising hooliganism which poorly conceals inward lack of spirit, which we so often notice in the case of our minucal faols for luck Healthy women like him. Sickly women like him no less, although he does not appeal to their pity by epileptic attacks at the piano, although he does not speculate on their delicate, over-excited nervous systems, although he neither electricises nor galvaniaes them, negative qualities, yet fine ones. There is only one other whom I would prefer to him. That is Chopin, who, however, is far more the composer than the virtuoso. In Chopsn's case I forget mastery in piano playing altogether, and sink into the sweet abysees of his music, in the painful loveliness of his creations, as delicate as they are profound. Chopin is the great, genial tone poet, whom one should really name only in company with Mozart, Beethoven or Rossini

There has been no lack of novelties this winter in the so-called lyric theatren. The Boufes gave us "Don Pasquale," a new opin by Signor Donisetti, the munical Raupach. This Italian, too, does not fail of success, his talent is great, his prolificacy, however, is greater, and only surpassed by that of the rabbits. At the Opéra-Comique we saw "La part du diable," text by Scribe, music by Auber, poet and

<sup>&</sup>quot;In the Augsburger Allgements Zertung we read, testand of the proceeding sentence. "Despite my distants for the panen, I shall still undervor to hear at. This has a specific connection, however with the tolerance I reserve for Thallings. He enchants me—I might almost any by his musical good manners—his playing is altogether dipped in harmony "—Transf

componer fit well together in this case, they have a remarkable renemblance in their merits as in their defects. Both have much wit, much grace, much invention, even passion; and the one lacks only poetry while the other lacks only music. The work finds a public and

always fills the house.

In the Académia rayale de masique, at the Grand Opéra, they have given "Charles VI" these days, text by Cammir Delavigue, music by Halévy. Here too, I noticed an affinity between poet and composer. Both have known how to clevate their natural gifts by means of noble, conscientious effort, and have developed rather by external scholastic training than through inner originality. For this reason neither of them has ever altogether surrendered to what is unworthy, as sometimes happens in the case of the original genius. They always produce something antisfactory, something fine, something respectable, scademic, classic. Both are at the same time noble natures, worthy persons, and at a time when gold hides itself in miserly fashion, we will not condemn and find fault with the alver which is current. "Der fliegende Hollander," by Dietz, has since been sadly shipwrecked. I have not heard this opera, and only saw the libretto, and noticed with annoyance that the beautiful legend, which a well-known German writer (H. Heine) had planned out almost word by word for the stage, had been botched in the French text.

Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" is still expected, and that with an impatience which, stimulated in the most insufferable manner, might in the end turn into a fatal dishite. As it is, a strange reaction against Meyerbeer is taking shape here, for in Paris they cannot forgive him the favor so graciously shown him in Berlin. People are unjust enough to make him suffer for many political worses. Necessitous talents, who are dependent for their existence on the favor of the All-Highest, find their servicity far more easily excused than the great master, who was born into the world with a grandiose fortune, a fortune genial in itself. In fact he has laid himself open to very serious misunderstandings, perhaps we shall revert to them before long. Berlion's absence makes itself felt. We hope that on his return he will bring us much that is beautiful; Germany will surely inspire him, just as he, too, must have inspired spirits beyond the Rhine. He is unquestionably the greatest and most original musician whom France has produced in

recent times, he ranges above all his French compatriots.

As a conscientious informant I must mention that among my German countrymen who are now in Paris, must be numbered the admirable master Konradin Kreutser. Konradin Kreutser has gained considerable fame here through his "Nachtlager von Granada," which the German troupe, of starved memory, presented in this city. I have known the honored master since the earliest days of my youth, when his sough delighted me, to this very day they sound on in my memory like singing forests, with sobbing nightingsies and blossoming springisted air. Kreutser told me that he expected to set a libratio to music for the Opéra-Comque. May be succeed in not stumbling in this dangerous road, and avoid being deceived by the artful roads of the Paris world of comedy, as has happened to so many Germans before him, who even had the advantage of possessing less talent than M. Kreutzer.

and at any rate were able to move on the smooth ground of Paris with lighter step than he. What end experiences did not Richard Wagner have to make, until finally, obeying the dictates of common sense and of hunger, he wasely gave up the dangerous project of obtaining a foothold on the French stage, and flattered back to the German land of the potato. More advantageously equipped, both in the insternal and the industrial sense us old Dessauer, who, as he claims, is composing an opera at the beliest of the management of the Opéra Comique . M. Scribe has furnished him with the test, and a local bank has guaranteed in advance. that in the event of a failure on the part of old Demauer, he, the celebrated bbrettist, will have a notable sum paid him as an abatement or compensation. He is right, in fact, in looking ahead since old Designer, as he daily whimpers to us, is suffering from inclancholia. But who is this old Dessauer. It cannot be the old Dessauer who won so many laurels in the Seven Years' War, and whose march has become so celebrated, and whose statue stood in the Berlin Schlossgerien, and has since tumbled down' No, dear reader. The Demour of whom we speak has never won a laurel, nor did he write any relebrated marches, nor yet was there a statue erected to him, which fell down. He is not the Prusman old Dessauer, and this name is only a now de guerre or, perhaps, a mekname, given him because of his elderly, februely humped and crooked and scarred appearance. He is an old youth, but not well prenerved. He does not had from Dessau, but, on the contrary, comes from Prague, where he owns two large, clean houses in the Hebrew quarter, he is also said to own a house in Vienna, and, in general, to be very wellto-do. So he does not have to compose, as old Madame Mosson, the great Giacomo Meyerbeer's mother in law, would say. But because of his preference for art he neglected his business enterprises, made music and early composed an opera! which, owing to noble innatence, was produced, and had one and a half performances. As in Prague old Dessauer also tried to make his talents count in Vienna, but the clique which enthuses for Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert would not let him rise, he was misunderstood, which, owing to the gibberish he spoke, and a certain nasal pronunciation of German, suggesting rotten eggs, was very explicable. Or, perhaps, he was understood, and just on that account no one wished to have anything to do with him. At the same time he suffered from humorrhoids and a urmary complaint, and, as he expressed it, he contracted the melanchelar. In order to cheer up he went to Paris, and here won the favor of the celebrated Monta Schlenager, who published his song compositions, and gave him a gold watch as an bonorarium. When old Designer hunted up his patron after a while, and informed him that the watch did not go, the latter replied "Go? Did I may that it would go? Do your compositions go? I have the same experience with your compositions that you have with my watch, they do not go". Thus spake the ruler of municians, Moritz Schlesinger, as he pulled up the collar of his cravat and fusied with his neckwear, as was his custom when he grew curaged, for like all great men he is very pasmonate. This sinuter plucking and pulling at his neckwear often, so it is said, precedes the most serious outbreaks of rage, and poor old

C'which was called The Visit to Saint-Cyc,' and which, owing to ashle indeterm, etc. —this sentence reads in the original manuscript —Franci.

Domauer was so affected threeby that from that day on he has suffered more than ever from melancholic. His noble patron wronged him. It is not his fault that his sough do not go, he has done all that is possible to get them to go, has been on his feet from morning to night on their account, and pursues everyone who might be in a position to induce his songs to go by means of an advertisement in some paper. He is a burr on every journalist's cost, and continually laments to us shout his melancholic, and how some little crumb of praise would gladden his sick mind. Less prosperous journalists, who work on the minor papers, he tries to carole in another manner, for instance, he will tell them how, recently, he treated the editor of one paper to a breakfast in the Café de Paris which cost forty five france, ten sons, He actually carries the bill, the caste payante of the said meal, about with him in his trousers' pocket, in order to produce it in confirmation. Yes, the angry Schlesinger does old Dessauer an injustice when he thinks that the latter does not employ every means to get his compositions to go. Not alone the male, but the female goose quills as well does the pitiable old rhap try to set in movement to that end. He has even found an old good of the Fatherland who, moved by pity, has written a few eulogistic advertmements in the flattest of sentimental German-French for him. and, so to speak, has endeavored to soothe his melancholic by means of a printed balsam. We must praise this worthy person all the more highly, since she was moved only by purest humanity, by philanthropy, as old Dessauer would find it hard to brile any woman with his handsome face. As regards this face, opinions differ, some say it is a vomitive, others, a lazative. One thing is certain, that when I see it I am always caught in a fatal dilemma, and then cannot decide which of the two points of view I should choose ! Old Dessauer wanted to show the public here that his face was not, as has been claimed, the most deadly in the world. To this end he has had his younger brother come here expressly, from Prague, and this handsome youth, who looks like an Adonis de Grindes [an Adonis of Scuryy] now accompanies him everywhere in Paris.

Pardon me, dear reader, if I talk to you of such currion fires, their innistent buzzing at length drives the most patient to take up the fly-awatter. And then, too, I wished to show here the nort of tumble-huga our worthy munc-publishers crack up as German nightingales, as the successors, aye, even the rivals, of Schubert. Schubert's popularity is very great in Paris, and his name is exploited in the most shameless fashion. The most wretched rot in the shape of songs appears under the firtitious name of Lamille Schubert, and the French, who quite curtainly do not know that the Christian name of the real munician is Franz, are thus deceived. Poor Schubert'. And to think of the texts founded on his music'. It is notably the songs of Heinrich Heine which Schubert has composed, that are most popular here, but the texts have been so horribly translated, that the poet was heartily glad when he learned how little it weighed on the music-publishers' conscience to suppress the name of the real author, and to place the name of some

<sup>(</sup>The conclusion of this period is making in the French edition. The name "Densitive" is there changed to "de "saper — both regard to which Heise writes as follows." I must remark, however that I have written the name of the museum of whom I have this moment here speaking, incorrectly and that beyond a doubt his name is the name to that of old Densitive the celebrated componer of the Densitive graph, etc."—Transf.

obscure French word-smith on the title-page of the songs in question. Perhaps this was done shrewdly, in order not to suggest any author's rights. Here in France the publishers always allow the poet of the songs which had been set half of the honorarum. Had thus fashion been introduced in Germany, a poet whose Buck der Lieder has been exploited for the past twenty years by all the German music-publishers, would at least have been given a word of thanks by these people. But of the many hundred compositions set to his songs which have appeared in Germany, he has not received a single complimentary copy. May the hour strike some day, for Germany as well, when the intellectual property of the author is just as seriously recognized as the cotton property of the manufacture of night-caps! Poets, however, in our country, are looked upon as nightingales, to whom the air alone belongs; they are without rights, and "free as the bird" in the true sense of the phrase.

I will conclude this article with a kind deed. As I am informed, M. Schindler in Cologne, where he is a musical conductor, is greatly grieved because I spoke slightingly of his white cravat, and as regards himself, have declared that on his visiting-card, beneath his name, one might read the addition, L'Ami de Beetkoven. The latter fact he denies. With respect to the cravat, what was said was entirely correct, and I have never seen a monster more horribly white and stiff; yet as regards the card. I am constrained by my love for humankind to admit that I myself doubt whether these words were really engraved upon it. I did not invent the tale, but, perhaps, gave it too ready a credence, as is the case with all things in this world, where we pay more attention to plausibility than to the actual truth. The story itself shows that the man was held capable of such a piece of foolishness, and gives us the real measure of his personality, whereas an actual fact in itself alone could be no more than a chance, without any characteristic meaning. I have not seen the card in question; on the other hand I did see, lately, with my own eyes, the visiting-card of a poor Italian singer, who had had the words "M. Rubim's nephew," printed beneath his name!

#### MUNICAL SEARON OF 1844

Paris, April 25, 1844.

A tout seigneur tout honneur. To-day we begin with Berlios, whose first concert has opened the musical season, and may be regarded as its overture. The compositions, more or less new, which were presented to the public received the appliance due them, and even the most indolent souls were carried away by the power of genius which reveals itself in all this great master's creations. His heat of pinion is one which betrays that he is no common song-bird. He is a colossal nightingale, a nightingale of eagle size, such as are said to have existed in the primal world. Indeed, Berlioz's music has something primeval, if not antediluvian, for me, and suggests vanished races of beasts, fabulous kingdoms and mas, heaped-up impossibilities, Babylon, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, Niniveb, and the miracles of Mizraim, as we see them in the paintings of the Englishman Martin. In fact, if we seek an analogy in the art of painting, we find the greatest affinity between Berlioz and this mad Briton, the same feeling for the monstrous, the gigantic, the materially immeasurable. In the case of the one, crying light and shade effects, in that of the other, shrilling instrumentation; the one has but little melody, the other but little color; both have but little beauty and no sentiment. Their works are neither antique nor romantic, they suggest neither Greece nor the Catholic Middle Ages, but bark much farther back, to the period of Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian architecture, and the massed passions which expressed themselves, therein.

What a normal modern human being, on the other hand, is our Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, our celebrated compatriot, whom we mention first of all to-day because of his symphony, which was given in the concert-hall of the Conservatoire. We own this pleasure to the active zeal of his friends and patrons in this city. Although this symphony of Mendelssohn was accorded a very frosty reception at the Conservatoire, it deserves the recognition of all true connoisseurs. It as truly beautiful and one of Mendelssohn's best works. F. Yet how is it that since the performance of "Paulus," which was offered the public here, no laurel wreath will grow on French soil for thus meritorious and highly deserving artist? How is it that all his efforts here are vain, and that the last desperate attempt of the Odéon Theatre, the performance of the choruses from "Antigone," also resulted wretchedly? Mendelssohn always affords us an opportunity of meditating on the loftiest esthetic problems. In fact, he always recalls to our mind that great question. What is the difference between art and falsehood? In the case of this master we admire, first of all, his great talent for form, for stylization, his gift of appropriating the extraordinary, his delightfully beautiful workmanship, his keen ear of a hisard, his delicate feelers, and his serious. I might also say impassioned, andifference. If we try to find an analogous figure in a suster art, we discover one on this occasion among the poets, and his name is Ludwig Tieck This master also had the gift of always reproducing something admirable, he it whether he wrote or read; he even knew how to play the naive, and yet he never created anything which compelled the multitude and lived on in its heart.2

In addition to the Mendelssohn Symphony we interest with great interest to a symphony by the late Mozart at the Conservatoirs, and a composition by Händel quite as full of talent. They were received with great applicate. Both Mozart and Händel have finally succeeded in attracting the attention of the French, something which took a good deal of time, since no propaganda of diplomats, pietists and bankers was active in their benalf

In the Angeburger Allgemeine Zestung Heine goes more into detail. "The second movement, Scherou in F. Major, and the third Adagle, in A. Major, in particular, are full of character and at times really beautiful. The instrumentation is admirable, and the whole symphony is one of Mendelssohn's best works." France

The conclusion of this paragraph, in the Angeleoper Allgemeine Zerlung, reads. "Both have in common the most burning wish to accomplish something in the dramatic field, and Mendelsoohn, too, may perhaps grow old and accomed, without having succeeded in getting anything truly great on the stage. No doubt but that he will try to do so, yet he is bound to fail, since there truth and passion are first of all in demand. The more talented Mendelsoohn might have more success in creating something lasting but not in that field where truth and passion are called for, that of the stage, and Ludwig Tieck, despite his hot desire, was never able to rise to a dramatic achievement "—Transf.

Our admirable compating Ferdinand Hiller is too highly regarded by genuine lovers of art to prevent us—for all the greatness of the names we have this moment mentioned—from specifying him as one of the composers whose works were duly appreciated at the Conservatoire Hiller is a musician who thinks rather than feels, and in addition he is reproached with being too learned. Intellect and science may at times exert a somewhat chilling effect in the compositions of this doctrinarian; but, at all events, they are always attractive, charming and lovely. There is not a trace of wry-mouthed excentricity in them. Hiller is actistically a relative of his countryman, Wolfgang Goethe. Hiller, too, was born in Frankfurt, where I saw his ancestral home when last I passed through the city, it is called "at the Green Frog," and an image of a frog is to be seen above the door. Hiller's compositions never suggest such an unmusical beast, however, but only nightingules,

larks, and such feathered creatures of the springtide

There has been no lack of concert-giving pianuts this year, either The Ides of March in particular were critical days in this connection. Everyone was thumping away and wanting to be heard, if only for appearances' sake, in order to be able to act like a great celebrityon the other side of the Paris barriers. The odds and ends of feuilleton praise which the artists have begged or sneaked together, these disciples of art, in Germany especially, know how to exploit to advantage, and in the advertisements there we are told how that famous genius, the great Rudolf W., has arrived, the rival of faszt and Thalberg, the heroof the keyboard who attracted such attention in Paris, and was even praised by Jules Janiu, the critic. Hosanuah! Of course, anyone who has seen some poor ephemerid of this kind, and knows in addition the slight attention paid for more important personages, finds the creduilty of the public most entertaining, and the clumsy shamelessness of the virtuosos most disgusting. The evil is deeper-rooted, however, in the condition of our daily press, and this, again, is the result of conditions still more fatal. I must back back again and again to the fact that there are but three planists. Chopin, the gracious tone-poet, who, unfortunately, has been very ill this winter and not much seen; then Thalberg, the gentleman of music, who, in the end, does not need to play piano at all, in order to be greeted everywhere as a pleasant night, and who really seems to regard his talent as no more than an appanage; and finally, our Last, who, in spite of all his perversities and wounding angles, still remains our cherished Liset, and at this moment is once more exciting the Paris world of beauty. Yes, he is here, the great agitator, our Franz Luszt, the wandering knight of all sorts of orders (with the exception of that of the French Legion of Honor, which Louis Philippe will give to no virtuoso). He, the Hohenzollern Hechingen court-counsellor, the doctor of philosophy, and thaumaturge doctor of music, the ever newly-risen Ratestcher of Hameln, the new Faust, who is always followed by a poodle in the shape of Belloni, the ennobled and nevertheless noble Lisat, he is here! He is here, the modern Amphion, who sets in movement the stones of the Cologne Minister with the sounds of his strings, so that they join themselves together, as once the walls of Thebes! He is here, the modern Houser, whom Germany, Hungary and France, the three greatest of countries, claim as their child, while only seven small provincial cities laid claim to the singer of the Diad. He is here, the Attila, the scourge of God of all Erard pianos, which tremble at the mere rumor of his approach, and who once more start, bleed and whimper beneath his hand, so that the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought to take pity on them! He is here, the mad, handsome, ugly, mysterious, fatal and at the same time very childlike child of his time, the gigantic dwarf, the raging Roland with the Hungarian award of honor, the Franz Liszt who today is robustly healthy, and to-morrow once more ill, whose magic power conquers us, whose genius delights us, the genial fool whose madness turns our own samily, and whom we are at all events doing the most loyal service in making public the great furore which he is exciting here! We establish without circumfocution the fact of his tremendous success, no matter how we may privately explain the fact and whether or no we accord or deny the celebrated virtuoso our personal applause. It can surely be a matter of indifference to him, since ours is but a single voice, and our authority with regard to tonal art

of no special weight.

When formerly I heard of the fainting spells which broke out in Germany and specially in Berlin, when Liux showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders pitymgly and thought quiet sabbatarian Germany does not wish to lose the opportunity of getting the little necessary exercise permitted it. It wants to shake its drowsy limbs a bit, and my Abderites on the Spree like to tickle themselves into an enthusiasm allowed them, one following the example of the other in declaiming "Armor, ruler of men and gods!" In their case, thought I, it is a matter of the spectacle for the spectacle's sake, regardless of what it may be called George Herwegh, Saphir, Franz Lisst, or When Herwegh is forbidden, they cling to Franz Panny Elleier List, who is unobjectionable and does not compromise Thus I regarded, thus I explained this Lieztomania, and looked on it as a sign of the politically unfree conditions existing beyond the Rhine. Yet I was mistaken, after all, and I did not notice it until last week, at the Italian Opera House, where Lisat gave his first concert, and gave it before an assemblage which one might truly term the flower of local society. At any rate, they were wide-awake Parmians, people familiar with the greatest figures of the present, who, more or less, had shared in the life of the great drama of their own time, among them many invalids of all the arts, the most wearied of men in fact, and women who were also very weary, having danced the polks throughout the winter, a multitude of bored and busy minds. This was truly no Germanically sentimental, sentimentalizing Berlinate audience, before which Lisst played, quite alone, or rather, accompanied solely by his genius. And yet, how convulsively his mere appearance affected them! How homterous was the applause which rang to meet him! Bouqueta, too, were flung at his feet. It was an uplifting sight, to behold the triumphator letting the bunches of flowers rain down on him with entire selfpossession, and finally, with a gracious smile, thrusting a red camelia, which he drew from one of the bouquets, into his buttonhole. And he did this in the presence of some young soldiers who had just come out of Africa, where they had seen not flowers, but leaden builets rain

on them, and whose breasts were decorated with the red camelias of their own heroic blood, without anyone, here or there, paying any special Strange, thought I, these Parisians, who have seen attention to it. Napoleon, who had to wis one buttle after another in order to hold their attention. Now they are acclaiming our Frans Liest. And what an acclaim it was! A veritable insanity, one unheard of in the annals of furore' What is the reason of this phenomenon' The solution of this question belongs to the domain of pathology rather than that of esthetics. A physician, whose specialty is female diseases, and whom I asked to explain the magic our Liest exerted upon his public, amiled. in the strangest manner, and at the same time said all sorts of things about magnetism, galvanism, electricity, of the contagion of a close hall filled with countless was lights and several hundred perfumed and perspiring human beings, of historical epilepsy, of the phenomenon of tickling, of musical cantherides, and other scalirous things, which, I believe, have reference to the mysteries of the bond den. Perhaps the solution of the question is not buried in such adventurous depths, but floats on a very pressic surface. It seems to me at times that all this sorcery may be explained by the fact that no one on earth knows so well how to organize his successes, or rather their mist on solur, as our Franz Liszt — In this art be is a genus, a Philadelphia, a Bosco, a Houdin, yes, a Meyerbeer! The most dutinguished persons serve him gratia as his colleagues, and his hired enthusiasts are models of truning. Popping champagne corks, and a reputation for produgal generously, trumpeted forth by the most reliable newspapers, lure recruits to him in every city. Nevertheless, it may be the case that our Franz Liszt is really by nature an easy spender, and free from muerimess where money is concerned—a shabby vice which sticks to many virtuosus, especially the Italians, and with which we even find the aweetly fluting Rubins afflicted, regarding whose avance a very amoung anecdote is related. The celebrated sanger, so it seems, had undertaken a concert tour with Franz Liszt at point expense, the profits of the concerts, which were to be given in various cities, to be divided. The great plantit, who carries the general intendant of his celebrity, the aforementioned Belloni, about with him everywhere, referred all business arrangements to him on this occasion. But when Signor Belloni, once he had concluded his business management, handed in his bill, Rubini noticed with harror that among the expenses in common a notable sum was set down for laurel wreaths, bouquets of flowers, laudatory poems and various other ovational costs. The naive singer had imagined that these signs of approval had been flung at him because of his beautiful voice. He at once flew into a great rage, and absolutely would not pay for the bouquets, among which there may have been the most costly camelias. If I were a munician this quarrel would offer me the heat possible subject for a comic opera.

Yes, indeed, we must not examine too closely the homage which the

Yes, indeed, we must not examine too closely the homage which the famous virtuosos garner. After all, their day of vain celebrity is a

the Augsburger Allgements Zerburg the read of this section reads. "The electrical action of a demonste nature on a closely-crowded multistude the infections power of ecutary and, perhaps, the magnetism of music stock, this specimal discuss of the traces, which vibrates in nearly all of no—those phenomena have never yet precented themselves to me its so clear and intendeting a monter on in Liettle concert. —Frankl.

very short one, and the hour soon strikes when the titan of tonal art may, perhaps, crumple into a town musician of very dwarfish stature, who, in the coffee-house which he frequents, tells the regular guests, on his word of honor, how bouquets of the most beautiful camelius were formerly flung at his feet, and how, once, two Hungarian countesses, in order to secure possession of his handkerchief, had cast themselves on the ground and fought until the blood ran. The day-long reputation of a virtuoso evaporates and dies away, empty, without a trace, like a camel's wind in the desert

The transition from the bon to the rabbit is somewhat abrupt. Yet I cannot forbrar mentioning the tamer piano players who distinguished themselves this season in this place. We cannot all of us be great prophets, and there must also be lesser prophets, twelve to the dosen. As the greatest among the lesser ones we might mention. Theodore Döhler. His playing is nice, pretty, well-behaved, sensitive, and be has a manner all his own of striking the keys with no more than the bent finger-tips of his horisontally outstretched hand. After Döhler. Hallé deserves special mention among the lesser prophets he is a Habakkuk whose ment is as modest as it is genuine. Nor can I fail to speak of Schad, who, perhaps, occupies the same place among the pianists which Jonah did among the prophets. May a whale never awallow him! A quite admirable concert was given by Antoine de Kontski, a young Pole of estimable talent, who also has already gained celebrity. Among the remarkable appearances of the season are the débuts of young Mathias, a talent of high rank. The older Pharaohs are overshadowed day by day, and sink into spiritless darkness.

As a conscientious observer, who must not only inform the world regarding new operas and concerts, but also must report respecting all other catastrophes of the musical world. I must speak of the numerous marriages which have broken out or which threaten to break therein. I am speaking of genuine, life-long, respectable marriages, not the wild dilettantism of marriage which forgoes the mains, with his tra-colored scarf, and the blessings of the church. ("hacun is now neeking his chacune. The artists dance about on wooers' feet, and trill hymeocals. The violin becomes the brother-in law of the flute nor will the horn music be missing. One of the three most celebrated pianists, not long ago, married the daughter of the biass who, in every respect, is the greatest at the Italian Opera, the lady is handsome, attractive and intelligent. A few days ago we learned that another admirable pianist from Warsaw was entering upon holy matrimony, that he was venturing out on that open sea for which as yet no compass has been found. Nevertheless, daring sailor, push off from land, and

'In the Augsburger Allgements Zeitung the beginning of this section reads. "As a conscientions observer I must here mention the concrete with which the two massical journals, the Gastle moments of Morita Schlemager and the France mustuals of the Zero-diev brothers, delighted their subscribers. There we heard sugges who were pretty and who yet many well. Madame Sahatier, Mademoselle Liu Dupert, and Madame Castellan. Some these concrets were given grets, the demands of the public were all the more exacting, but they were richly intuited. With pleasure I am able to communicate the important news that the seven years was between these two musical newspapers already mentioned and their chiters has—God be prained!—come to an end. The noble contestants have pained their hands in a treaty of prace, and are now good friends. This friendship will endure, since it is founded on mutual estemp.

may no storm break your rudder! It is even said now that Panofka, the greatest of violinists, whom Breslau has sent to Pans, has married here, that this artist, experienced in the fiddle, has grown tired of his quiet bachelor state, and would easily the terrible, unknown beyond. We are living in an heroic age. Another virtuoso, also celebrated, has become engaged these days. Like Theseus, he has found an Ariadne who will guide him through the labyrinth of this life; she will not be

wanting the yarn, since she is a seamstress

The violinists are in America, and we have received the most entertaining accounts of the triumphal progresses of Ole Bull, the Lafayette of the puff, the advertising hero of two worlds. The manager of his successes had him arrested in Philadelphia, in order to compel him to pay the bill of costs of his ovations. The famous one paid and now it can no longer be said that the blond Norseman, the genial fiddler, owes his fame to any one che. Here in Paris, in the meantime, we are intening to Sivori. Portia would say. "Since the good Lord declares he is a man, I will take him for such?" Perhaps some other time I may be able to overcome my distaste, and report on this fiddling emetic. Alexander Batta also gave a fine concert this year, he still weeps his little childish tears on the big violoncello. I might also take this op-

portunity to praise M. Semmelmann, he needs it

Ernst was here, but, expressous, he did not wish to give a concert. He indulges himself in playing only at the homes of friends, and astufring true art lovers. This artist is loved and esteemed here like few others. He deserves to be. He is Paganini's true successor, he inherited the magic fiddle with which the Genorie was able to move stones and even clouds. Paganins, who with a gentle stroke of his how now led us to the summest heights, now bade us glance into the most horrible abysies, possessed, it is true, a more demoniac power, but his lights and shades were often too starting, his contrasts too cutting, and his grandiose natural sounds must in many cases be regarded as an artificial playing of wrong notes. Ernst is more harmonious, and the softer tints predominate in his playing. Yet he has a preference for the fautastic, as well as for the baroque, if not the acurrilous, and many of his compositions always remind me of the fairy comedies of Gozzi, and the most adventurous of masques, the "Venetian Carnival" The musical composition known by this name, and which Sivon has shamelessly pirated, is a most charming capriceso by Ernst. This lover of the fantastic, when he wishes, can also be purely poetic, and not long ago I heard a Nocturne of his which was, one might say, dissolved in beauty. One feels as though transported into an Italian moonlit night, with silent alleys of cypresses, shimmering white statues and dreamily splashing fountains. As is known, Ernst has handed in his resignation at Hanover, and is now no longer royal Hanoverian concert-master. Nor was that a suitable post for him. He would be far better fitted to conduct the chamber-music at the court

The project of a family alliance between the two great bouses was no more than the life invention of the smaller papers. Marriage, nothing less than marriage for life, is the question of the dox in the world of art just now. Thallery, not long ago, married the daughter of Lablache, an admirable charming and intelligent lody. A few days ago we learned that our excellent Eduard Wolf was moreying, that he was venturing out on the open see for which he yet no company has been found."—Forcel.

of some fairy queen, say that of the Fairy Morgane; there he would find the audience which would best understand him, and among it many noble lords as art-loving as fabulous, such as King Arthur, Dietrich of Bern, Ogier the Dane, and others. And what fine ladies would applaud him. The blonde Hanoverians are no doubt pretty, but still they are mere sheep compared with a Fairy Meliore, a Dame Abunde, with Queen Guinevere, the Lovely Melusina, and other celebrated women who reside at the court of Queen Morgane in Avalon. At this court (and at none other) we hope some day to meet this admirable artist, for we, too, have been promised a profitable appointment there.

#### SECOND REPORT

Paris, May 1, 1844.

The Academic royale de la musique, the so-called Grand Opéra, is situated, as we all know, in the Rue Lepelletier, about in the middle, just opposite the Paolo Broggi restaurant. Broggi is the name of an Italian who once upon a time was Rossini's cook. When the latter came to Paris last year, he also visited his former servant's traitoria, and after he had caten there, remained standing before the door for a long time, regarding the great opera house in deep meditation. A tear came to his eye, and when someone asked him why he appeared to be moved to such melancholy, the great master replied that Paolo had prepared his favorite dish for him, rando with Parmesan cheese, exactly as he had in former days, but he had been able to eat only about half the portion, and that even this now weighed upon him. He, who had formerly possessed the stomach of an ostrich, could nowadays

hardly eat as much as a turtledove in love.

We will leave it an open question, as to how successful the old jester was in mystifying his indiscreet interlocutor, and content ourselves for the nonce with advising every munc-lover to eat a portion of reviols at Broggs's, and afterwards also to stop for a moment before the door of the restaurant, to regard the home of grand opera. It is not distinguished by luxurious brilliancy; on the contrary, its exterior is that of a very respectable stable, and its roof is flat. On this roof stand eight great statues representing Muses. The ninth is missing, and alast she is the Muse of music. The most curious explanations regarding the absence of this most worthy Muse are in circulation. Prosaic persons declare that a wind-storm cast her from the roof. Poetic minds, on the contrary, affirm that poor Polybymnia flung herself down, in an attack of despair brought on by the wretched singing of Monsieur Duprez and Madame Stolz. That is quite possible, Duprez's broken, glassy voice has grown so discordant that no human being, let alone a Muse, could endure hearing it. If it continues, the other daughters of Mnemosyne will also fling themselves from the roof, and it will soon be dangerous to cross the Rue Lepelletter in the evening. As for the poor music which now has been raging here at the Grand Opéra for some time, I shall not say a word. Donizetti for the moment is the best of them, the Achilles. Hence it will be easy to form an idea of the lesser heroes. As I am informed, this Achilles has also withdrawn to his tent; he sulks-God knows why -and sent word to the management that he would not furnish the twenty-five operas promised,

since he had determined to rest. What boastfulness! If a windmill said something of the sort, we should laugh no less. Either there is a wind and it turns, or there is no wind and the mill stands still. However. Donizetti has a most active count. Signor Accura, here, who is certainly furnishing wind for Donisetti, more than enough, for Domaetti, as we have said, is the best among composers

The latest artistic delight which the Grand Opera has offered us is Halévy's "Lassarone". This work has had a sad fate, it fell flat with the kettle-drums and trumpets. As to its worth, I refrain from all

comment. I merely establish its terrible end

On every occasion when an opera falls flat at the Academic de musique or the Opéro-Bouffe, or nome other notable flusce occurs, the presence of a spare, subster figure with a palled face and coal-black hair, a sort of ancestral lady whose appearance always betokens some musical minfortune, may be observed. The Italians, as soon as they apy it, hastily thrust out their index and middle finger and say. That in the settatore. The fravolous Frenchmen, however, who have not even a superstition, merely shrug their shoulders, and call the figure in question Monsieur Spontini. It is, in fact, our former general director of the Berlin Grand Opera, the composer of "La Vestale" and of "Ferdinand Cortex," two magnificent works which will long continue to bloom in the memory of mankind, which will long be admired. though their composer himself has long since forfeited all admiration, and is no more than a faded ghost stalking about as an envious spectre, and vexing himself with the vitality of the living. He cannot console himself for the fact that he is long since dead, and that the sceptre of his rule has passed into the hands of Meyerbeer. The latter, so declares the deceased, had driven him from the Berlin he had always loved so fondly, and those whose pity for bygone greatness leads them to listen to him, may learn every little last detail of how he has already gathered together untold documentary evidence to reveal the Meyer-beenan intrigue. I have been told that German good-nature has already lent its pen to the task of editing these testimonials of folly

The poor man a fixed idea is and remains Meyerbeer, and the most entertaining tales have been told to prove how this ammonty is always rendered innocuous by too great an admixture of vanity. some writer complains about Meyerbeer, saying the latter has still not set to music the poems which he had sent him years ago, Spontini hastily seizes the injured poet's hand and cries. "Far soirs affairs! I know a way by which you may be revenged on Meyerbeer. It is an

In the Angelusper Allgementer Zentong this paragraph appears with the following conclusion. "This work has met with a terrible fate. Haldvy found his Waterloo in it without ever having been a Napoleon. A greater minfortune for him in this connection has been the defection of Maurice believinger. The latter had already been him Pyladon, and though Oresten Raldvy might write the most successful opera, and his Pytodox and though Orester Raleyy might write the most successful opera, and it might fall that in the most object manner his friend still continued to die for him and print the open. In an age of self-orelong, such a spectacle of amecable self-ancrifice is always very pleasant, very refreshing. But now Pyladox declares that his friend's leasanty has increased to such a degree that he can publish nothing more of his list he become innane himself.

In the Prench edition the close of the paragraph roads. "It is the work of a great artist, and I do not know the why it fell flat. Perhaps blaidyy is of too careless a nature, and does not sufficiently capile Monneur Alexander the contracting agent of stage successes, and the great friend of Meyerbore."—Franci.

infallible way, and consists in your writing a long article about me, and the higher you prame my merits, the greater will be Meyerbeer's annoyance." On another occasion a French minister is indigninh with the composer of "Les Huguenots" because, in spite of the urbanity with which he has been treated in Paris, he nevertheless accepts a servile court change in Berlin, and our Spontini leaps gladly up to the minister and cries "J'as rotre affeire! You can punish the ingrate in the most severe manner. You can thrust him through with a dagger by making me a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor!" Not long ago Spontini finds poor Léon Pillet, the unfortunate director of the Grand Opéra, in a state of the most furious excitement against Meyerbeer, who had had him informed, through M. Gouin, that he would not yet give "Le Prophète." because of the wretched singing cast. How the Italians' eyes sparkled! "Fes roire affeire?" he cried. "You shall have a piece of God-given advice. If you wish to anger this arch-niggard to death, place a statue of me in the foyer of the Opera, and this block of marble will crush Meyerbeer's heart like a mountain'". Spontim's state of mind is really beginning to cause his relatives, especially the family of the rich piano manufacturer Erard, with whom, through his wife, he is connected by marriage, much alarm. Not long since someone found him in the upper galleries of the Louvre, where the Egyptian antiquities are set up. For nearly an hour Sir Gasparo Spoutini stood like a statue, with folded arms, before a large mummy, whose splendid gold mask showed it was that of a king-aone less, it is said, than the Amenophis during whose reign the children of Israel left the land of Egypt. And finally, Spontine broke his allence and spoke as follows to the illustrious mummy. "Unhappy Pharaoh! You are the cause of my misfortune. Had you not allowed the children of Israel to depart out of the land of Egypt, or had you only had them all drowned in the Nile. I should not have been crowded out of Berlin by Meyerbeer and Mendelmohn and should still be conducting the Grand Opéra and the court concerts there! Unhappy Pharaoh! Vacillating king of crocodiles, it was due to your half-measures that I am now an utterly ruined man-and that Moses and Halfvy and Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer have conquered!" Such remarks does the unfortunate man indulge in, and we cannot deny him our pity

As regards Meyerbeer, his "Le Prophète" will, as we already have pointed out, be withheld for a long time. He himself will not, as the papers recently reported, take up his residence in Berlin permanently. He will, as heretofore, spend one half the year here in Paris and the other in Berlin, in rotation, and has formally pledged himself to do so. His position rather recalls that of Proserpine, save that the poor master finds his bell and helish tortures in both places. We are still expecting him here this summer, in this lovely nether world, where a few gross of musical devils, male and female, are waiting to fill his ears with their howling. From morning until night be is obliged to hiten to imagers who wish to make their début here, and his hours of lessure are occupied with the autograph albums of travelling Englishwomen. I hear that "Il Crociato" is to be given next year by the Italians, and the revision which Meyerbeer has been persuaded to

make may call forth some new deviltnes for him. At any rate he will not feel as though he were in heaven, when he now sees "Les Hugue-nots"—which always has to serve to fill the treasury after every failure—produced here. To tell the truth, only "Les Huguenots" and "Robert le diable" really live on in the public's mind, and these two master-

works will long continue to rule.

There was no lack of débutantes this winter at the Grand Opéra. A German compatriot made his début as Marcel in "Les Huguenots." In Germany he was no more, perhaps, than a ruffian with a rumbling beer voice, and on the strength of it thought he might produce himself in Paris as an artist. The fellow yelled like a wild am. A lady, too, whom I suspect of being German, presented herself on the boards in the Rue Lepelletier. She is supposed to be extraordinarily virtuous, and sings quite out of tune. It is claimed that not alone her singing, but everything about her, her hair, two-thirds of her teeth, her lips, her posterior, are all false, that her breath alone is genuine, it will compel the frivolous Frenchmen to hold respectfully aloof from her Our prima donna, Madame Stolz, will no longer be able to maintain herself, and though as a woman she controls all the wiles of her sex, in the end she will be overcome by the great Giacomo Machiavelli, who would like to see Viardot-Garcia engaged in her stead, in order to sing the leading rôle of his "Le Prophète". Madame Stolz sees her fate approaching, she senses that even the similar affection which the director of the Opéra cultivates for her will be unable to aid her, when the great master of tone exerts his magic arts, and she has determined to leave Paris voluntarily, never to return to it again, and to end her days in a foreign land. Ingrata patria, she said recently, no assa quidem meahalobis! To tell the truth, she has been nothing but skin and hones for some time

Aux Italieus and at the Opéra-Bouffe they had just as brilliant flaccos last winter as at the Grand Opéra. There was much complaint anent the ungers there, also, with the difference that the Italians, at times, would not sing, while the poor French heroes of song could not sing. Only that costly pair of nightingales, Signor Mario and Signora Griss, were always punctually in their place in the Salle Ventadour, and evoked the liveliest of springs with their trills, while without were mow and wind, pianoforte concerts, debates of the Chamber of Deputies and the polka madness. Yes, they are charming nightingales, and the Italian Opera is the ever-blooming forest of song, where I often take refuge when befogged by wintry melancholy, or when the frosts of life grow unbearable. There, in the cosy corner of a partially acreened box, one is at least agreeably warmed again, and one does not freese to death of the cold. The magic of melody there turns into poetry what was but clumsy actuality a moment before, pain as lost in flowery arabesques, before long the heart laughs once more. What a delight when Mario sings, and in Griss's eyes the tones of the beloved nightingale are reflected, as though in a visible echo! What a joy when Grisi sings, and the tender glance and enraptured smile of Mario melodically echo her voice. They are a charming pair, and the Perman poet, who called the nightingale the rose among birds and the rose the nightingule among flowers, would in this case find himself really perplexed,

since both Mario and Gree are not only distinguished by their song,

but by their beauty as well.

Despite this charming pair, however, we do not like to miss Pauline Varidot at the Baufes, or, as we prefer to name her, the Garcia. She is no nightingule with nothing beyond the talent of her species, and sobs and trills the springtime genre in admirable fashion, nor yet in she a rose, for she is homely, however, it is a homeliness which is noble, one might almost say handsome, and which at times roused the great hon painter Lacroix to ecstasy. In fact, Garcia suggests less the civilated beauty and tame grace of our European homeland, than the terrible splendor of an exotic wilderness, and oftentimes her passionate delivery when the opens her large mouth with its dataling white teeth too widely, and smiles in a manner so cruelly sweet and with so graceful a dental gleam, one feels as though the most monstrous flora and fauna of Hindostan or Africa are bound to appear, one thinks, Now mant palms, girded by creepers with thousands of blossoms, will surely shoot up, and one would not be surprosed if suddenly a leopard, or a giraffe, or a herd of elephant culves, were to run across the stage. We hear with great pleasure that this singer is once more on her way to Paris.

While the Académie de muesque was lying prostrate in the most abject fashion, and the Itahans were also dragging along very lamentably, a third lyric stage, the Opéro-Comique, has ricen to its merriest heights. Here one success outdoes the other, and there is always a juigle is the cash-box. Yes, there even more money than laurel wreaths has been taken in, which was certainly no minfortune for the management. The texts of the new operss given were invariably written by Scribe, the man who once uttered the great saying. "Gold is a chimera," and now, nevertheless, is continually pursuing this chimers. He is a man of money, of sounding realism, who never loses himself in the romanticism of a fruitless cloud-world, and clings to the earthly tvality of the common-sense marriage, bourgeous industrialism and coyalties. Scribe's new opera, "La Sirène," for which Auber has written the music, has scored a tremendous success. Author and composer are exactly sorted to each other, they have a most subtle feeling for what is interesting they know how to entertain us agreeably, and they even delight and dazzle us with the brilliant facets of their wit-They pomen a certain filigree talent in the combination of the most endearing trifles, and in their case one forgets that there is such a thing as porsy. They are as it were, loretter of art, who smile away all the ghost stones of the past out of our memories, and with their coquettion dalliance whick away from us the buzzing thoughts of the future, those invisible gnats, as with fame of peacock feathers. Adam, too, is one of this innocuously wooing species, who has also harvested very frivplous laurele at the Opére-Consque with his "Caghostro". Adam is an amobby pleasing figure, and possesses a talent susceptible of greater development. Thomas, whose operetta "Mina" has been very succreaful, also deserves commendatory mention

All these triumphs however were cast in the shade by the vogue of "Le Déserteur," an old opera by Monaguy which the Opera Comique has resurrected from the files of oblivion. Here we have genuine French music, the happiest grace, an innocent overtuess, a freshness like the fragrance of woodland flowers, the truthfulness of nature and even poesy. Yes, the latter is not missing; yet it is a poesy without a shudder of the eternal, without the magic of mystery, without melancholy, without irony, or morbidessa, I might also say it is the elegant rustic poesy of good health. Monsigny's opera at once reminds me of his contemporary, the painter Greuze; in it I seemed to behold a materialization of the bucolic scenes which the latter has painted, and seemed at the same time to hear the musical composition which belongs to them. While lustening to this opera it was quite clear to me why the plastic and declamatory arts of one and the same period always breather the selfsame spirit, and their masterpieces always disclose the closest affinity.

I cannot bring this account to a close without remarking that the musical season has not yet come to an end, and this year, contrary to all custom, is still sounding forth in May. The most important balls and concerts are being given at this moment, and the polka is still competing with the piano. Ears and feet are weary, but cannot rest as yet. The Spring, which made so early an entrance this time, has fallen flat; one hardly notices the green leaves and the sunshine. The physicians, especially those specializing in insanity, will soon have a great deal to do. In this multi-colored delirium, this rage for enjoyment, this singing, bounding whirlpool, death and madness lurk. The hammers of the pianos have a terrible effect upon our nerves, and the great

turning-evil, the polks, gives us the final blow.

What is the polka? I should need at least six columns to answer this question. However, as soon as more important themes allow me the necessary leisure, I shall return to it.

#### LATER NOTICE

A melancholy caprice leads me to add to the foregoing communications the following pages, which belong to the summer of 1847, and form my last musical report. Since then all music has ceased to exist for me, and I did not suspect, when I was making a crayon sketch of Donisetti's suffering figure, that a similar and far more painful visitation was approaching me. The abort art notice reads as follows:

Since Gustav Adolf, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation

Since Gustav Adolf, of glorious memory, no Swedish reputation has made such a noise in the world as that of Jenny Lind. The reports which reach us from England on this head touch on the incredible. The papers sound forth only trumpet blasts, fanfares of triumph; we hear nothing but Pindarian odes of praise. A friend told me of one English city where they rang all the bells when the Swedish nightingale made her entry, and the bishop of the place celebrated the event by a remarkable sermon. In his Anglican episcopal vestments, which somewhat resemble the mortuary costume of a Chef de pompes functions, of an undertaker, he mounted the pulpit in the principal church, and greeted the newly-arrived as a Messiah in female dress, as a Lady Redeemer, descended from heaven to free our souls from ain by her song, whereas the other singers are just so many devils trilling us into the jaws of Satan. The Italian Grisi and Persiani must now turn as yellow as canary-birds with envy; while our Jenny, the Swedish nightingale, flutters from triumph to triumph. I say "our Jenny," for at

buttom the Swedish nightingule does not represent little Swedish exclusively, but all the Germanic tribal communities, those of the Cimhrs as well as those of the Teutons. She too, is a German, every bit as much as her naturally grown and vegetably torpid sisters on the Elbe and the Neckar She belongs to Germany, just as, according to Pranz Horn's statement, Shakespeare also belongs to us, and somilarly Spinoza, to judge by his inmost self, can only be a Germanand it is with pride that we claim Jenny as our own. Rejoice, Untermark, you, too, have a share in her fame! Leap, Massmann, leap with your patriotically happiest bounds' for our Jenny speaks no Romanic jargon, but Gothic, Scandinavian, the most Germanic German, and you may greet ber as a compatriot, only you must wash before you offer her your German hand. Yes, Jenny Lind is a German, the name Lind in itself suggests lindens, the green cousins of the German onlin; her hair is not black like that of the Guelph prima doubas, northern mentiment and moonlight float in her blue eyes, and in her voice sounds forth the purest virginity. That's it, "Maidenhood is in her voire!" That is what all the old spinsters of London say, every product lady and every pious gentleman repeats it, with a rolling of eyes, Richardson's stall living mourous queue joins in the chorus, and all Great Britain colebrates in Jenny Lind a singing maidenhood, a virginity vocalised. We will admit that this is the secret of the incomprehensible, mystemously great enthusiasm which Jenny has aroused in England, and, among ourselves he it said, knows very well how to exploit. She sings, so the rumor goes, only in order to be able to give up worldly song as soon as possible, and, provided with the necessary dower to marry a young Protestant clergyman, Pastor Svenske, who in the meantime is waiting for her in the idyllic rectory back of Upsala, around the corner to the lift. Since then it has been said that Pastor Svenske is no more than a myth and the exalted maiden's real fiancée is a stale old comedian of the Stockholm stage-but that surely must be a falsehood. This Primadonna immaculata's sense of chartity is revealed in its greatest. perfection by her harror of Paris, the modern Sodom, which she expresses at all times, to the great edification of the lady patronesses of morality on the other side of the Channel. Jenny has vowed in the most decided fashion never to expose her unging maidenhood to the French public on the deprayed boards of the Rue Lepelletier, and has severely declared all the offers which M. Léon Pillet has made her through the mediums of his ruffians of art. "This savage virtue makes me wonder" old Paulet would have said. In there any truth in the popular legend that the nightingule of to-day enjoyed, in former years musical instruction at the sinful Conservatoire like other song-birds, who since then have become very loose birds indeed? Or does Jenny fear that frivolous Parsean criticism which, in a singer's case, criticizes not her morals, but only her voice, and regards a lack of training as the greatest of sins? Be that us it is may, our Jenny is not coming here. and will not sing the Frenchmen out of their morais of depravity are delivered over to eternal damnation.

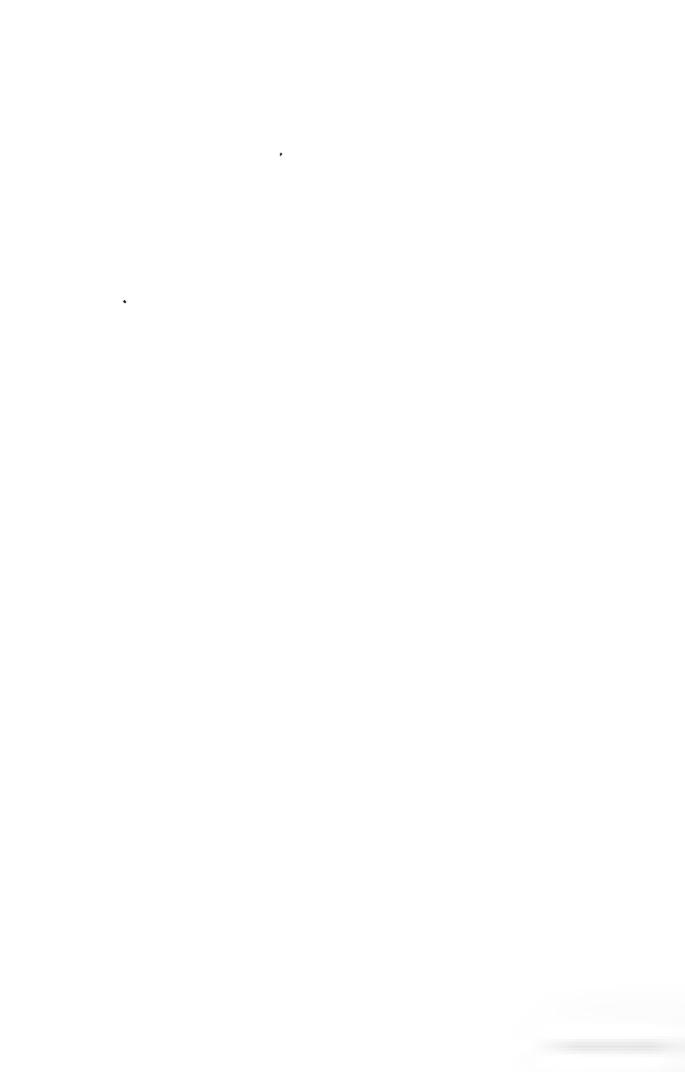
Here in the munical world of Paris all is an it was. In the Aredémie regale de musique grey, clammy-cold winter stall reigns, while without we may have sunabine and the odor of violets. In the vestibule

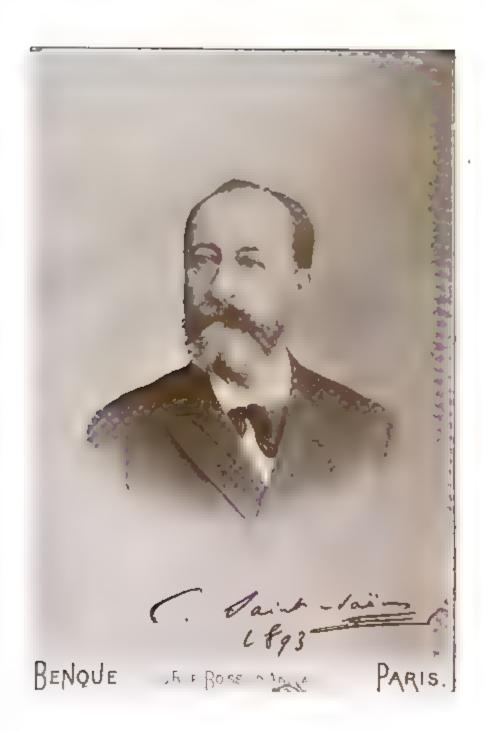
the statue of the divine Rossini still stands in melancholy grieving, it keeps silence. It is to M. Léon Pillet's credit that he has set up a statue to this real genius while he is still alive. There is nothing more entertaining than to watch the grimace which envy and jealousy cut when looking at it. When Signor Spontini passes by there he invariably stumbles against this stone. Here our great master Meyerbeer was far wiser, and when he went to the Opera of an evening, always carefully managed to avoid this marble offence-he even tried to avoid seeing it. In the same fushion the Jews in Rome, even on their most urgent business calls, always made a great détour, in order not to pass the fatal triumphal arch of Titus, which was erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem. The accounts of Donizetti's constitution grow more depressing, day by day. While his melodies cheer the world with their merry playfulness, while they are sung and hummed everywhere, he himself, a terrible image of imbeculty, sits in a sanatorium near Paris. With regard to his appearance alone he has, until lately, retained some childish consciousness, and had to be carefully attired every day in complete evening dress, his coat adorned with all his decorations; and would thus sit without moving, from early morning until late at night. But even this has ceased, and now he no longer recognizes anyone. Such is the fate of man!

These Feuilletons of Heme might fitly be concluded with a paragraph picture from the seventh section of his posthumous Thoughts and Fancies. It is a picture musical in character, yet marked by the poesy which ennobles so much—though by no means all—of his prose writings on music and musicians:

The old harp lies in the high grass. The harpist has died The talented monkeys come down from the trees and strum on it the owl perches as a crabbed critic—the nightingale sings her song to the rose; as soon as darkness falls, her love overcomes her, she flings herself upon the rose-bush, and torn by the thorns, bleeds to death. The moon rises—the night wind murmurs through the harp-strings—the monkeys think it is the dead harpist, and take to flight.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martons)







# THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

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## CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS

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### By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

HE ultimate glimpse I had of Saint-Saëns was on November 5, 1921, at one of the five o'clock musicales given by the "Master" Widor, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, in the pavillon Decaen, at the Institute of France. There Widor had installed his organ, and it was upon this organ that Camille Saint-Saëns played—if not in public, at any rate before a numerous assemblage of academicians, artists and music-lovers, accompanying several instrumental numbers of his own composition; with the exception of the Beethoven C major Quartet, the little concert was entirely devoted to his works.

The Master, who had just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, left one month later for Algiers, with the intention of there taking up his winter quarters, as had been his custom in preceding years, at the Hôtel de l'Oasis. There was not a sign, either in his playing, as vivid and precise as ever, or in his personal bearing, that might have led one to anticipate that death, which so long had spared him, was soon to carry off, almost furtively, the composer

of the Danse macabre on an Algerian night.

Charles-Camille Saint-Saëns was born October 9, 1835, not far from the dome of the Institute—which as a Parisian child he soon came to regard as a landmark—in a little street in the quarter of the École de médecine, one which, despite a century of modernization, still preserves an air of the Paris of former days, the rue du Jardinet. By a strange coincidence, his teacher and friend, Charles Gounod, was a child of the same quarter, coming into the world some seventeen years before Saint-Saëns, a few hundred feet away, in the square of Saint-André-des-Arcs.

An absurd fable, of unknown origin, and one which has been spread about especially during the past few years, pretends that the name Saint-Saëns (a name borne by a village in the Department of the Seine-Inférieure) was a pseudonym adopted by the composer in order to conceal a Hebrew patronymic, Kohn Nothing could depart further from the truth: Saint-Saëns' father, Joseph-Victor Saint-Saëns, was a native of Dieppe, an assistant chief of bureau in the Ministry of the Interior, and his mother, Clémence Collin, came from Champagne. One of his uncles, who died in 1835, the Abbé Camille Saint-Saëns, was officiating priest at Pollet, near Dieppe. A poet on occasion, Victor Saint-Saëns died on the thirtieth of December, some three months after the birth of his son, who was first brought up in Corbeil, and later, when about two years old, taken to Paris His aunt, whom he called grandmother, and his mother soon set him to work at the piano. "When no more than thirty months of age," he himself has written, "I was introduced to a miniature plano. Instead of striking the keys at random, as is the habit of children at that age. I struck them one after another, not removing my fingers until the sound had died away. . ." At the end of a month the Le Carpentier Method, much in vogue at that period, no longer held any mysteries for him, and in a short time little Camille had become a veritable infant prodigy, like a Mozart or a Beethoven. Entrusted at the age of seven to famous teachers of that day, Stamaty. a good pupil of Kalkbrenner, and then to Maelden, he was thirteen when he entered the Conservatoire where Benoist was his instructor in piano and Halévy in composition Yet he had already been heard, before the Revolution of February, 1848, at the court of the Citizen-King; and before the Parisian public, in the Salle-Pleyel, on May 6, 1846. Fifty years later, in the same hall, he was to repeat the identical programme of his first public concert. In 1849 he appeared in the concerts of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.

Saint-Saëns was one among the great French musicians whose road to fame did not lead through the Villa Medicia: twice, during an interval of twelve years, he competed unsuccessfully for the Roman Prize; but Lucien Cohen and Victor Sieg were preferred to him. In the meantime he had become titular organist of the church of Saint-Merry, a position he relinquished in 1858; the organ at the Madeleine was then entrusted to him, and this post he did not resign until 1877.

Professor at the Niedermeyer School of Religious Music from 1861 to 1864—among his pupils were Gabriel Fauré, Messager,

and the organist Gigout—he now possessed a serious reputation as a virtuoso and improvisator; yet as a composer he was apprecisted only in certain rather limited artistic circles eventually glory, were a long time coming to him, and the fact is easily explained. When we recall the French musical mentality toward the middle of the nineteenth century, it is scarcely surprising that a musician who by education and predilection cultivated and played classic music, who knew the works of Bach, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven as did none among his contemporaries; and who, above all, was a partisan of Berlioz, of Liszt and of Gounod (then much discussed), and later of Wagner, the unknown; it is scarcely surprising that such a musician must have appeared strangely eccentric to the public of that day, for whom chamber music and symphonic music were, so to say, a dead letter. His reputation as an organist and a pianist was established; yet it is common knowledge that nothing is more difficult for a virtuoso than to win recognition as a composer from the great general public, especially if he does not cultivate the dramatic stage (and such was the case with Saint-Saëns, until 1872). Fortunately, where he was concerned, a kindly fate endowed him with a longevity beyond the ordinary and, after some forty years had gone by, made it possible for him to enjoy a glory which had not been usurped, but rather slowly conquered, thus enabling him, so to speak, to survive himself.

His output spreads over a period of some eighty years, and the complete catalogue of his works, once it has been set up, will in all probability comprise more than three hundred and fifty numbers. The oldest composition he wrote, in fact, bears the date of March 21, 1839 (it was written when the composer was no more than three years and six months old), his first romance, Le Soir, dates from May, 1841, and he published Six Preludes as late as 1920.

Esteemed and honored from his youth on by masters such as Berlioz, Gounod and Liszt—the latter encouraged him to write his symphonic poems—it was not until after he had reached the age of thirty-five that Saint-Saëns essayed the musical drama. Yet even before, this original genius had presented, either in concert or in church, various outstanding works.

'Thams. Note: A Familie d'album for piano, dedicated to the Baronne Edmond de Rothschild, and three sonates for flute and piano, clarinet and piano, and bastoon and piano respectively, appeared in 1921, the year of his death.

Gaining the second prize for organ in 1851, and the first prize the year following, he composed his First Symphony at this time (it was performed by the Société Sainte-Cécile, conducted by Seghers, on December 18, 1853). His Second Symphony (not published until 1877) was written in 1859. He also wrote songs (Rêterie, l'Attente, Lecer de la lune, Plainte, la Cloche), a Mass (1856), a First Concerto for piano, and a "Christmas Oratorio" His First Trio dates from 1860, his Second Concerto for piano, in G minor, from 1854. "What originality, what vitality, what force, movement, color abide in this work, which deservedly has become the composition of its kind most played in these days," Professor Isidor Philipp wrote of it. "Fifty years have passed since it was written, and it is as full of youth and vitality as in the first day it was set down."

A little later, for the Exposition of 1867, Saint-Saëns composed a cantata, Les Noces de Promethée, which bore off the competitive prize instituted for this occasion. There were four hundred competitors, and Berlioz, who was a member of the jury of award, wrote, after the verdict had been rendered: "I hastened to him the good news. Saint-Saëns is a master pianist, of fulminating power, and one of the greatest musicians of our epoch." Berlioz also said of him: "He is a great pianist, a great musician, who knows his Gluck almost as well as I do." when he had Saint-Saëns rehearse Madame Charton-Demeur in the rôle of Armide, for a revival of Gluck's masterpiece at the Opéra, in 1866.

Wagner, for his part, with whom Saint-Saëns was acquainted at the time when Tannhäuser was being rehearsed in Paris (1860-61), said of him: "With an extraordinary velocity and a stupefying facility he unites a memory no less admirable. He played all my scores by heart, including the Tristan, without forgetting a single detail, and with such exactness that one might have sworn he had the music before his eyes." And the great Hans von

Bulow paid him the same compliment.

The first idea of an opera, or, rather, an oratorio, Samson (a subject on which Voltaire had versified a libretto which Rameau never set completely to music), harked back to the year 1868, and fragments of it, known to a few artists and friends, were sung by Augusta Holmès and the painter Henri Regnault before 1870; then by Mme. Viardot, on a little private stage at Bougival. It was not until March 26, 1875, however, the year of Carmon's quasi-failure, that Colonne presented the first act to the auditors at his Concerts du Châtelet and we might quote what a critic (Henri Cohen) wrote of this performance a few days later in the Chronique musical:

Before offering my personal opinion with regard to Samson, I must state that the opinion of the public was not favorable. Never has a more complete absence of melody made itself felt as in this drama. And when to this lack of melodic motives there is added a harmony at times extremely daring and an instrumentation which nowhere rises above the level of the ordinary, you will have some idea of what Samson is like.

The everlasting reproaches addressed to the innovator! One can understand that after having read verdicts as arbitrary as this, no dramatic manager, let alone the director of the Opéra—who, owing to the curiosity aroused by the new opera-house on the Boulevard des Capucines (the Opéra was formerly situated on the rue Le Peletier) was nevertheless certain of satisfactory box-office receipts, no matter what works he presented—felt tempted to stage this biblical drama.

It was not until two years later that Franz Liszt, greathearted and generous, rescued Samson from oblivion once and for all by having it performed at the Weimar Opera (December 2, 1877). After that, coming by way of the Brussels' La Monnaie, the Théâtre des Arts of Rouen, and the stage of the Château d'Eau in Paris (1890), Samson was finally adopted by the Paris Opéra on

November 23, 1892, with what success is generally known.

Up to that time neither La Princesse jaune (1872), nor Le Timbra d'argent (1877), composed before the preceding; nor Etienna Marcel, that episode of Parisian history which had been given in Lyons in 1879; nor Henri VIII, often but vainly recast and revived, even in later years (Paris Opéra, 1885); nor Proserpina (1887); nor Ascanio (Opéra, 1890, where it was revived in November, 1921); had been able to break the ice between Saint-Saëns and the operatic public. In the end, however, beginning with Samson et Dalila, this public made up its mind to recognize its composer as a dramatic musician. Nevertheless, despite the relative success of Phryné and, in a lesser degree, of the charming ballet Jasotte, the composer of Déjanire, of Hélène, Les Barbares, and l'Ancètre, never gained the popularity enjoyed by his fortunate rival Massenet as a composer for the operatic stage, and as a result honored the other with an ill-concealed enmity.

His own special public—one far more to be envied—was that of the concert-goers, and it is for this reason that all musicians, whether friends or enemies of the man or the artist, whether Frenchmen or foreigners, have acclaimed Saint-Saëns as a great

master, one of the greatest of the nineteenth century.

Hence he was known, like Berlioz, as a "symphonist," after having been no more than a pianist and organist, and this, in the eyes of the amateurs, amounted to a redhibitory vice. Yet there was still another reason, or there were other reasons, for these dramatic set-backs or semi-set-backs. Quite voluntarily and in all good faith, no doubt, Saint-Saëns, not alone as regards the stage. but elsewhere as well, did not sense the need of trying out new formulas: the historic subject, or the anecdotal subject, à la Scribe answered his purposes. Exceedingly well read and no wise ignorant of what was being done in his day, the day of militant and triumphant Wagnerism, he himself collaborated with his librettists. Hence, if he sinned, it was not through ignorance: he took the stand that a drama which had been lived, at any rate one within the historic probabilities, bears within itself a power of emotion quite as intense as a medieval or a Scandinavian theogony. Nevertheless, contrary to the practice of Meyerbeer and his emulators. Saint-Saëns was not given to those hors d'œurves which have no connection with the dramatic action. The "Synode" in Henri VIII, the ballet and religious ceremony in Samson et Dalila, the mythological festival in Ascanio, for example, are episodes perfectly connected with the dramatic action of which they form an integral part, and not mere divertissements de style. Therefore it has been possible to approach Saint-Saëns to the great masters of former times, Mozart and Gluck, and to affirm, without undue exaggeration, that he did not allow himself to be influenced by the Titan and the tyrant of Baircuth.

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The foundation—on the morrow of the War of 1870-71—of the Société Nationale de Musique, almost exclusively dedicated to chamber music—in the beginning as it is to-day, for the organization of orchestral concerts was relatively quite as expensive in 1871 as in 1921—the foundation of the Société Nationale by the singer Romain Bussine and Saint-Saëns, who were joined by the composers Alexis de Castillon, Édouard Lalo and Ernest Guiraud, afforded younger French composers an opportunity of gaining a hearing for their works. The Société Nationale, whose motto Ars gallica indicated its trends and tendencies, offered them a species of laboratory for practical experiment. Nearly all of them, during the past half-century, have braved the public, some, alas!

to appear no more, others to begin a more or less brilliant career. Though Saint-Saëns had long ago resigned the presidency of the Société Nationale his memory was always kept green, and it, was at the Nationale that he gave the first auditions of the majority of his compositions for chamber music, among others the famous Septuor with piano and trumpet (1881); while at the Concerts Pasdeloup—Pasdeloup had played a Saint-Saëns' Scherzo for orchestra at one of his first concerts in the Cirque d'hiver—at the Colonne and the Lamoureux, as well as those of the Conservatoire, he presented the symphonic poems which established his reputation as a composer

These were the Roust d'Omphale (Pasdeloup, April 14, 1872); Phaéton (1873), la Jeunesse de Hercule (1877), and that Danse macabre (1875) which Colonne played, so the story runs, against the protests of his orchestra, but which was encored at the first bearing. Then came the symphonies, of which the most celebrated at the present time, as well as the most monumental, the Symphony in C minor, with organ and piano, originally played in London in 1885, was given in Paris by the Société des Concerts no more than two years afterward. Among other important symphonic compositions by Saint-Saëns more or less often played in concert, mention should be made of La Marche Héroique (in memory of his friend, Henri Regnault, the painter, killed at Buzenval in 1870) first heard in 1871; the Hymns à Victor Hugo (1884); the "Christmas Oratorio," Le Déluge (1876), from which one violin solo in particular is played; La Lyre et la Harpe. cantate (1879), etc.

It is in absolute music, whether chamber music or symphonic, so Louis Vuillemin wrote not long ago that there should be found the best witness to a mastery beyond all discussion.

The Saint-Saëns' symphonies, notably the one in C minor with organ, are stylistic models. True to classic form, they extend it without doing much of renovation until the finals makes its appearance. His symphonic poems, on the other hand, better affirm the musician's personality. They instantly establish a genus the 'poem for orchestra' has a legendary cast. As to the concertos for piano and orchestra, it seems to me that even more than anything which we have already mentioned, they characterize the composer's 'manner'. Radiantly wrought, ingenious in their instrumental disposition, often rich in the picturesque, they dominate the ensemble of the composer's works and, I believe, constitute their most original feature.

It might well chance that this may be the case, that it may sum up the judgment of posterity, to which the Master's works

La Lanterne, December 1, 1921

now address themselves. As another of the "younger group," M. Roland-Manuel, has said:

Absolute music is much better suited to this somewhat rigid architect than is dramatic music. Terror and compassion are not his domain, rather a somewhat cold and decorative majesty. . . It is the absence of this thrill, this something which Goethe terms das Schaudern (the shudder), which often prevents the immense talent of a Saint-Saëns from touching actual genius. Yet we must refuse to see in Phation, in the Danse macabre, in the Trio in A, or in the Symphony with organ, no more than the academic play of a polished, conventional and chilly art. Not Saint-Saëns is truly worthy of his mundane glory. The young composers, naturally inclined to disdain a member of the Institute who has not spared them his sarcasms, might at least listen to the fine lesson in conciseness and clarity afforded at every moment by the style of a musician who is anything but a pedant, but rather the most subtly ingenious of purists, the best advised of orchestrators, the most sagacious of tonal architects and, to best express it, the man of the world (as Claude Debussy testifies) who had the greatest knowledge of music.

Often, it is true, Saint-Saëns has been reproached by some with being too faithful to classic form, with sacrificing too much to its requirements, with being "too cold," or not sufficiently a "theatrical man"; while others, on the contrary, have praised him for the same reasons. He did not fail to explain himself a number of times on the subject. For him music, art, did not exist without form, the form evolved out of centuries of experience, in every branch of human activity. He did not refuse to recognize that form is, beyond all doubt, subject to variation according to its epoch; but that which he preferred was the classic form handed down to us from Greco-Roman antiquity, for it corresponded to his temperament, his education, his esthetic sense, that is to say, his feelings and sensibilities.

Saint-Saëns, too, contrary to the case of many French musicians of his own generation—and following ones as well—had benefitted by an advanced classical culture, a literary and scientific culture which his inquiring spirit, avid of knowledge, did not cease to maintain. This did not prevent him—quite the contrary—from sampling, on occasion, the art which was flowering all about him. It is only just to add, however, that he made a very moderate use of this privilege.

In a charming little book of Soutenirs which appeared recently, M. Camille Bellaigue quotes the following letter addressed to him by Saint-Saëns, in 1892:

Yes, I am a classicist, nourished on Mozart and Haydn from my tenderest infancy. I wished that it might be impossible for me to speak

L'Eclair, December 1, 1921

any but a clear and well-balanced language. I do not blame those who do otherwise. Like Victor Hugo, speaking of certain poetic innovations, I find certain procedures good---for others.

The whole criticism, the auto-criticism of Saint-Saëns' work, is contained in these few lines. A classicist from infancy—a classicist, nevertheless, full of feeling for the great romanticists—his ponderate spirit, rather cold and reflective, steely and caustic, as quick in attack as in repartee, never lost itself in the vague mists of philosophy or metaphysics. His choice of subject in his symphonic poems and in his dramas sufficiently indicates the fact.

For the concert-hall as for the stage, the classic forms, or to be more exact, the traditional forms, the academic forms, augmented by the symphonic poem-which he has defined as "an ensemble of movements dependent one upon another, flowing forth from the original idea. . which they enchain. . . forming a single composition" -sufficed him. At any rate, he conforms to their economy of means, their exterior arrangement, their "cut", for, from the point of view of tonality, as a rule respected by the classic composers, Saint-Saëns permits himself great liberties, profits by an independence altogether modern. Aside from this—and this was a great deal in his day -he makes definite choice of simplicity for his guide, not blindly but consciously. His mind is made up to respect the established forms. because he does not think it expedient to do otherwise, because in them he sees a means which sufficies for the expression of his thought This thought is invariably clear, limpid, exempt from any too powerful outbreaks of feeling, without pretentions to forcing music outside the limits assigned to it by the ancients. He expressed himself with ponderation, often not without a certain "four-squareness," yet with a distinction, an elegance which might be called haughty, and which does not exclude the use of means of expression of the most modern turn, or of original "finds"always employed, however, with restraint. No musician was ever less the plebeian, that is certain, none less disdainful of cheap triumphs. And this is why, no doubt, for all that one can say his music is "very French"--which really amounts to saying nothing at all-Saint-Saëns' "success," if success it were, was so long deferred. He was too purely, too exclusively a musician to obtain in a country like France the popularity awarded a Gounod or a Massenet.

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Having essayed first, like the great masters of former times, all the musical forms, from the song (or the romance, as it was called in his childhood) to the symphony and the opera—it might be remarked, however, that although a pianist, he never composed a sonata for his instrument he may be compared to them as regards his fecundity, the creative facility of which he showed himself possessed throughout his long career. To quote Pierre Lalo:

Like the composer of the Noces, and like the composer of 'The Creation,' he knew all without having learned it; from his youth on he enjoyed the possession of all his skill, all his sureness, all the resources of his technique. His first suite for orchestra, which he wrote at the age of sixteen, is set down with the same adroitness and the same infallible elegance which he had not lost seventy years later. Like his great protagonists, the faculty of production was inexhaustible in him. Like them, too, his musical gift was a universal one: there is no style nor form which he did not easay. . . . Like Haydn and Mozart, finally, he was almost altogether a musician; music was the focus and the all in all of his life . . . He was not deeply stirred by any of the great mental or emotional movements of our time, no more than Haydn or Mozart in their day were stirred by the revolution which Goethe and his disciples wrought in German literature. Music, the profession and the art of music, occupied him altogether.

And the following line from the Preface of Saint-Saëns' Harmonie et Mélodie, which alludes to his changing opinions with regard to Wagner, might serve as the epigraph of all his own works. "In reality it is not I myself who have changed, it is the situation."

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This man, so profoundly, so completely the musician, was nevertheless not exclusively a musician—and this in itself is by no means the last original phase in his character. He, too, had his violin d'Ingrès<sup>2</sup> (he even had several) and he never failed to improve the opportunity of playing it, when the fancy took him. He was a poet, a librettist, a dramatic writer, philosopher, archeologist, astronomer, critic, journalist, humorist, tourist—and heaven knows what else!

A scholarly musician, it had been quite natural for him to write about his art, and he wrote about it largely. He had been, in former times, a contributor to the Estafette, the l'Étènement, the

Le Temps, December 18, 1921
\*Violon d'Ingrès—a hobby

Voltaire, the Nouvelle Revue and, occasionally, to other papers and periodicals, and his articles for some ten years or so appeared quite frequently in the Echo de Paris He collected a portion of this journalistic output in his Harmonie et Mélodie, Portraits et Souvenirs, Charles Gounod et le "Don Juan" de Mozart, in the École buissonnière (1913), in the Germanophilis (1916), and in a pamphlet on the theories of Vincent d'Indy, in connection with the latter's Traité de Composition.

Here and there he has expressed thoughts and ideas which, at first glance, often seem contradictory or paradoxical; yet which, nevertheless, do not depart from the logic of his own impulsive

spirit. His eclecticism, says Jean Chantavoine, is

polemic eclecticism, a martial electicism, an aggressive electicism. He elects to praise a work and an artist at the moment when the work and the artist in question are unknown, unappreciated or disdained, Lizzt or Wagner at the moment of Meyerbeer's triumph - Meyerbeer at the moment of Wagner's ascendancy. It is not vanity on his part, but generosity

His enemies have not failed to attribute his anti-Wagnerian violences the most recent of these were expressed in the Germanophilis, a pamphlet which appeared while the War was at its height—to his jealousy as a composer. It is possible, in fact, that there may have been a touch of egoistic feeling in the old musician's anti-Wagnerism; yet first and foremost it represents a patriotic exasperation, born of the events and which, carried to

the pitch of purest chauvinism, leads him to rave.

Be this as it may, Saint-Saëns' printed works will long be read with profit; they have a place assigned them in every musical library, no less than have his engraved works, side by side with those of his friend Berlioz, whose stimulant and pleasure-giving quality they share; and they are no less characteristic of an epoch than are the Berlioz feuilletons, for their author might well claim, to use his own words, that he "had a certain right to the pretention of knowing something of the hidden springs and motive forces of an art in which he had had his being, from infancy on, like a fish in water."

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An amateur scientist, Saint-Saëns interested himself in philosophy, in natural history, in astronomy, in physics. His philosophy does not indicate that he possessed well-established convictions or a very coherent system: flexible and diversified, like the composer's own character, it is no more than an honest man's pastime. Nevertheless, Saint-Saëns could not resist the desire to impart it to his contemporaries, and he tried to formulate it in his *Problèmes et Mystères* (1894), and in the Preface he wrote for a work by Dr. Regnault, Hypnotism et Religion (1897).

An uninterrupted chain, so he declares, exists between what we term matter and what we call spirit. To this confession of faith, which we might regard as the avowal of a materialist, our philosopher, however, opposes his belief in God, since "atheism is in very poor taste, owing to the rabble which denies God in order to free itself from all rules, and to have no other law than the satisfaction of its lowest appetites." Thus he professes deism. He confirms this confession elsewhere when he writes: "The proofs of God's existence are irrefutable. Opposed to them is no more than the fact that they lie without the domain of science and belong to that of metaphysics"

Now science has forced God backward: "At present He is in the depths of the infinite, intangible and inaccessible." Saint-Saëns, as a philosopher, therefore seeks to reconcile—after so many others have essayed the task—science and God. He actually—for a moment—believes it possible, for the tempest will end in "calm and harmony," though he forgets to tell us how

this will be done.

In his Preface to Hypnotisms et Religion, where he thus struggles to find a conciliatory solution, he qualifies the Gospel, in passing, as "anarchistic," since its teachings tend toward "a suppression of labor, the weakening of character, and the division of property on pain of death." At once, however, he reassures those who might be alarmed by so unorthodox an audacity by

telling them that the Gospel is only a "symbol"

Finally, he remains uncertain, while endeavoring to evade incertitude and—like the good Norman he has once more become—takes sides neither for science nor for religion, since "faith engenders intolerance and fanaticism, and finally mysticism, that renouncement of all which is not revealed religion." Nevertheless, as he is set upon having a eredo of some sort, he wishes to replace faith arbitrarily by an "artistic faith"; on one condition, however, that this "artistic faith" be not of a certain school (the school in question is the Wagnerian one) which brings in its train "intolerance, fanaticism and mysticism." The artistic faith, hence, must be an eclectic one, not appealing to "any supernatural revelation, and not venturing to assert the affirmation of absolute verities. It is no more than a set conviction due in part to the

author's own studies, in part a result of his instinctive fashion of understanding the art which constitutes his personality, and which, therefore, he is compelled to respect. It has the right to persuade and conquer souls, but not that of violating them."

As may be seen by the few citations adduced, Saint-Saëns' philosophic violon d'Ingrès was pretty much out of tune. It calls for mention, however, since it reveals a little-known side of this investigating spirit which, even in speculations of this sort, was not deserted by the artistic idea.

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The physical and the natural sciences supplied another passion, another pastime, for Saint-Saëns "A scholar" and a musician, he wrote at least once on the subject of acoustics and advanced some interesting observations. He published an article in the Nouvelle Revue in 1881, in which he expressed his surprise at the apparent lack of harmony between the vibrations of bells and the admitted laws of acoustics. Struck by the analogy existing between the phenomena of the various sources of light revealed by the spectroscope, and the phenomenon of the resonance of bells, he concluded that the apparent or seeming sound of a bell might be nothing else than a harmonic and not a fundamental, a harmonic tone attached to an actual fundamental one, the latter remaining inaudible because of its excessive gravity. gravid observation, taken up again by the scientific acoustician Gabriel Sizes, has allowed the latter, after exhaustive researches, to formulate a law of vibration which may be applied to all known sonorous bodies.

Nevertheless, after philosophy it is not acoustics, but rather astronomy, which is the fairest flower in Saint-Saëns' scientific crown. A member of the Astronomical Society of France, he did not hesitate a moment to make a journey to Spain to observe the eclipse of the sun at Burgos, in 1905, as later that of 1911 in St.-Germain-en-Laye; he left several pamphlets and memoirs, one of which, entitled La Vie dans l'univers, in the shape of a letter addressed to Camille Flammarion, was published in 1902 in a bulletin of the Society. In 1906, Saint-Saëns published a study on the relationship between plants and animals in the Nouvelle Rezue, in which he endeavored to prove an ingenious theory which was dear to him, the one, namely, that "the prototype of the vital evolution was the vegetal evolution," a theory calculated to appeal to his spirit of order and method. At the bottom of the

ladder of animated life he saw the plant, in the middle the animal, and on the topmost degree man, "an animal of more elevated order than the rest." He endeavored to discover a scientific basis for this construction, ordered along the lines of a classic symphony.

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Saint-Saëns' poetry does not scale these heights. As a versifier the musician contents himself with being an honest librettist—or a humorist. The author of two dramatic-musical parodies, Gabriella di Vergy, a satire on Italian music, he also wrote La Crampe des écrisains, le Roi d'Apéps, and a collection of Rimes familières, to say nothing of many little bits of verse scattered through his correspondence.

An indefatigable letter-writer, replying with good grace to the innumerable letters which reached him every day from all parts, writing to the newspapers when an article or some happening or other had aroused his interest, to give his opinious on questions altogether foreign to music, this correspondence, once it is published, will show how eager was the interest of his spirit, never

dormant, in matters far removed from his art.1

Saint-Saëns, in the capacity of an amateur archeologist, had been a member of the Academy of Fine Arts since 1881. On one occasion he read a paper before this body on "The Lyres and Citharas of Antiquity", on another he communicated to his colleagues at the Institute a "Note on the Decoration of the Antique Theatre." And, in the course of numerous voyages, notably in French Africa and in Egypt, he took a genuine connaisseur's interest in the discoveries made by our scholars.

It was, no doubt, in order to recognize these various merits, no less than to honor the musician himself, that the University of Cambridge, in 1893, solemnly awarded Saint-Saëns the degree of *Doctor honoris causa*, at the same time conferring it

'Saint-Sains' hand-writing has been analyzed by a graphologus who has specialized in the study of the graphology of musicians. M. Vausanges, and is no less characteristic of the man than of the artist. It indicates an intelligence of the first order, one very lucid, very open, animated and embellished by an imagination at once noble and meticulous; a clean-cut, vivid and impulsive apprit, remarkably active (the writing clear, rapid and, in part, juxtaposed), one which enjoys going to the bottom of things, and which assimilates with ease, at once creative and practical (the writing more connected than juxtaposed, and with abnormal connections between words, punctuation marks and letters). This hand-writing also duckness indications of a refined culture not habitually found save in the writing of literary men of great talent (numerous simplifications, typographical forms, etc.). The writer's taste is very fine, very delicate; his character good, his soul upright, his will power is gentle, regular, doubled by tenacity. The man, incidentally, is exempt from pride, yet conscious of his real value.

on Tschaikovsky, Boito, Max Bruch and a number of other notabilities. "At the head of the group of doctors," the author of Sousenirs et Portraits tells us, "marched the King of Babonagar, wearing a turban sparkling with fabulous gems, and with a collar of diamonds around his neck. . . . May I dare to avow that, an enemy of the drab and commonplace tones of our modern dress, I was enchanted by the adventure?"

The University of Oxford, in 1907, imitated the example of her younger sister, and Saint-Saëns on this occasion could number among his new colleagues the Duke of Connaught, Sir Edward Grey, Campbell-Bannermann, Glazounoff, Rudyard Kipling and Rodin.

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Very distant, owing, perhaps, more to timidity and through dread of the importunate than to haughtiness, legend has made the composer of Samson et Dalda a singular, fantastic eccentric, and as regards the "great public," which cares but little for music, Saint-Saens was for a long time better known because of his long voyages than for his musical masterpieces. In reality his absences from France, which were renewed with every year for more than half a century, were necessary, as much because of his health, as by reason of his love for wandering. There was another reason, too, which induced him to flee from Paris—the world!

In 1878, amid circumstances peculiarly sad, he lost a little son, a boy of three, who accidentally fell from the balcony of the apartment in which his father lived, in the rue Monsieur-leprince, into the street and was killed. The father, mad with grief, attributed this death to the negligence of his wife, whom (it is said) he refused to see again. That same evening he wrote her a single laconic word: "Farewell," which, on its face, was a definitive leave-taking. In reality, he lived with her several years longer before their separation.

Ten years later, toward the end of 1888. Saint-Saëns lost his aged mother, who had been the great love of his entire life. This time he left Paris as though with the intention of never returning. Giving up his old home in the rue Monsieur-le-prince, he offered all his beautiful furniture, all his artistic souvenirs, to his father's natal town of Dieppe, which has since created the Saint-Saëns Museum, whose treasures were continually added to by the gifts of its founder.

He visited Spain, and without the knowledge of any of his friends, even his librettist Louis Gallet, embarked for the Canary

Islands, while his Ascanio was being rehearsed at the Opéra; and the first performance was given during his absence. This runaway journey of the composer has remained celebrated in the annals of Parisian musical life. From that time on the legend gained ground that Saint-Saëns was never to be found in France. Having visited Egypt, to which he returned with predilection. Ceylon, Indo-China-not without returning several times to the Canary Islands, until 1900-Saint-Saëns at that time decided once more to try to take up his abode in Paris. He established himself in the rue de Courcelles, and there he remained until the end of his days. Thenceforth this man, who had for so long a time avoided the world, especially the musical world, reappeared in the concerthalls, in the theatres, and no longer travelled as a mere tourist, but as a musician, an orchestral conductor and a virtuoso. He revisited London, where he was always feted, went to Berlin, where the honors paid him are a matter of common knowledge, travelled in Italy, Spain, Monaco, and even in France itself.

After having celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first concert in the Salle Pleyel (1846–1896), he did not disdain from time to time to appear on the concert stage, rousing the enthusiasm of his audience as soon as he made his appearance. In 1913 he gave his "last" concert in the Salle Gaveau, he would no longer be heard in public, at least so all thought... Then came the War, and he was once more in evidence, lending the support of his glorious name and his great authority to many a charitable or patriotic manifestation, both in France and abroad. He gave concerts as far away as the Argentine, and did not fear to cross the ocean when past the age of eighty. He brought back with him more than 100,000 francs for a highly interesting War charity, the Fraternello des Artistes.

Under a somewhat dry exterior (says Ch.-M.Widor) he concealed an ardent soul and great warm-heartedness. How many widows, daughters and sisters of his old orchestral comrades did he not succor and pension! When a moment of ill temper—and such occurred quite frequently—provoked a word on his part which he himself felt was too strong, he would immediately endeavor to undo whatever harm he might have done. He had a 'temper,' as he was wont to say himself, but this does not signify that he was evil-tempered.

In his writings (Widor continues) he was never guilty of attacks on his colleagues. If he had a little quarrel with Debussy, he was not the one who was to blame; and he was careful, incidentally, to refrain from divulging it to the public. . . As to the pride with which he has been represented, it is certain that, gifted with the critical instinct, he could not ignore his own value, if only as a matter of comparison, and

that he was entitled to pride himself upon it. Nevertheless, is there not

a singular modesty shown in his own judgment of his own works:

'Certain ones among my works will disappear. In our art they may be said to mark a time of pausation, like the repose which comes after a day of toil. Others will come who will profit by this labor, and will do better than I have done.'

His works, numerous and diverse, reflect the mobility, the eclesticism of his nature, "not so say the versatility which drove him to devote himself completely to certain great masters, and then turn away from them without any valid reason; although a number of times, and always in vain, he has endeavored to explain away these violent contradictions, notably with regard to Wagner, Schumann and Brahms," says Adolphe Jullien in the Journal des Débats (December 18, 1921), not without a touch of sharpness.

This output, which we have done no more than trace in broadest outline—for in these pages we have been particularly interested in speaking of the man rather than of the universally known and appreciated musician—this "enormous and formidable" output of work, as Alfred Bruneau expressed himself at the tomb of

Saint-Saëns:

harks back directly to the great classicists whose last descendant he was. Like them, he handled every kind of music with equal superiority. Was he not, he too, the Mozart of his epoch, the infant prodigy and the prodigious man? And he traversed all the roads of his art with equal sureness, whether exploring the immense and marvelous forest of sonority, whether langering, stopping now and again, to cull a thousand delightful flowers of song. Tradition captivated him, allured him more than innovation. In defence of tradition, when he felt it menaced, he fought with vivacity, with courage, with extraordinary violence Belligerent by temperament, as soon as a subject of discussion tempted him he seised the polemic pen and used it vigorously, furiously, daringly, handling it like some redoubtable and vengeful sword. If he would not consent, in his compositions, to change the customs established by his predecessors, if he refused to overturn the harmonic and melodic system which had been in use before his time, his creative rôle is nevertheless one of exceptional magnificence, his ardent leonine claw leaves an imprint comparable to none other on each of the scores which he wrote. Samson at Dalila, to Déluge, the Symphony in C minor, these three splendid peaks. and innumerable lyric and instrumental pages, have conquered a place in the admiration of the universe which they will retain as long as beauty endures, so long as orchestras and choruses assemble to move and charm us."

Le Gaulous, December 23, 1921.

<sup>\*</sup>Oration delivered at Saint-Satus' funeral, December 64, 1981.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

A thematic catalogue of Saint-Saëns' compositions was published a few years ago, by the house which has put forth the majority of his works. A catalogue of his musical compositions as well as of his literary works may also be found in the Musicians français d'aujourd'hui, by O. Séré, recently reprinted. Biographies of the Master have been written by G. Servières, in La Musique français moderne, by Bonnerot, Augé de Lassus, Montargis, Baumann and, in German, there is one by Dr. Neitzel. In addition, the studies and articles published by Ad Jullien, Willy, Camille Bellaigue, E. Marnold, R. Rolland, Ad. Boschot, J. D. Parker (The Musical Quarterly, 1919) may be consulted.

(Translated by Frederick II. Martens)

# A CONTRIBUTION TO THE PEDAGOGY OF COMPOSITION

## By ROSARIO SCALERO

OHANNES BRAHMS, arrived at the zenith of his renown. once told Cossel one of the few friends who could boast of knowing the master's intimate thought-that after the appearance of Schumann's famous letter in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," which directed the attention of the musical world to his artistic personality, he had undergone one of the gravest crises ever encountered by an artist at the inception of his career.

Notwithstanding the affection that bound Brahms to his old teacher, Eduard Marxsen, he confessed to Cossel that his instruction in counterpoint had proved inadequate and insufficient for the attainment of the lofty purposes which he cherished. "Even from the bulky volumes of theory by Marx Iso added Brahmsl, which, in my eagerness to learn, I had devoured in hopes of benefitting myself, I extracted scant profit. I clearly saw what an advantage Mendelssohn had over me by virtue of the admirable school to which he belonged, and could see no other way out of my difficulty than recommencing my musical education ab imis fundamentis." As we know, Mendelssohn was a pupil of Zelter. an excellent composer, a great friend of Goethe's, a man of superior culture, and, as a musician, an offshoot of an illustrious school whose unbroken tradition may be traced back through Kuhnau. the reformer of instrumental music in Germany, to Vincenzo Albricci, educated in the school of Palestrina, of whom he was a contemporary.

The great violinist Joachim, the friend of both Schumann and Brahms, and himself a pupil of Mendelssohn in composition. helped Brahms in his new course of education with the intuition of an artist prescient of the high destiny awaiting his friend. All are familiar with the spendid reality in which Brahms's striving

found material manifestation.

We have mentioned this episode in the artistic career of Johannes Brahms because it is an eminently significant and apt illustration of the point aimed at in this brief essay. The crisis which Brahms passed through during youth in order to supply the deficiencies in his musical education, and the perils then confronting his artistic individuality, are crises, deficiencies and perils which fall to the lot of every youth, at the present time, who is obtaining his musical education in our institutes of art. The pedagogy of composition must be considered, from a general point of view, as a problem as yet unsolved in convincing fashion.

In fact, the theory, the science, the system employed by Eduard Marxsen in teaching Brahms (with the best of good will, beyond all question, conscious as he was of the unusual talent of his pupil and of the grave responsibility resting upon himself) do not differ, along their principal lines, from those which are to-day the basis of the pedagogy of musical composition and which took

shape after the death of Beethoven.

Beethoven, as we now view him in the complex of his works and his individuality, the initiator of an art of an eminently subjective character-for the vicissitudes, tragic or sentimental, of his own life became, as later and in still more evident wise, with Chopin and Wagner, coefficients of specific value in his art and dying without leaving disciples to continue his work directly. represents in the cycle of his Three Styles an indivisible unity, its own beginning and ending, whose like we encounter in the grand universal art of a Dante, a Michelangelo, a Goethe. He did not form, as part of a chain, a link whose place might have been taken by the first comer, supposing that his successor possessed an heroic heart fit for such emprise. In other words, the continuator of Beethoven would have to build on another foundation. In this greatest of masters terminated the tradition of the glorious schools in which entire generations of artists devoted every faculty to the continually more perfect expression of the same restricted complex of problems. When it happened that the progress made by one was slight, this served as a guide for another, and the acquisitions of the master became the property of the disciple, who added to them his own.

Beethoven, building up forms that had no prototypes in the physical world, creating an idiom that carries the liberation of his spiritual nature so far as to recast it in accord with formulas and esthetic norms whose equivalent one would vainly seek in all things that are not music—this art which, as a metaphysician has asserted, expresses definitely a truth superior to any material reality, the "universalia ante rem," the primitive things, drawing sustenance from the most obscure, profound, mysterious recesses of the human psyche—Beethoven went slowly on his way, living his life day by day, well knowing that the conquest of to-day would be but the experience of to-morrow. Such rules as the practice of the art had established in any given epoch as fundamentals, could be accepted only as points of departure, for the

genius of an artist might, at any future time, render their postulates debatable

The theory of music is, in fact, nothing but a ceaseless conflict between theory and art. The theorists of the middle ages. thinking to interpret the spirit of the ancients, and supported by the theory of Boetius, defined the art as a science—a false point of view from the outset, and one from which the musicians of the period had great trouble to free themselves. To be sure. the fourteenth century records the grandest achievement of the musical middle ages, namely, Counterpoint, the original source of modern art, in which they gave proof of the patience of scientists. and exhibited an unequalled tenscity of will and inventive genius. But their theory, as set forth by Johannes de Garlandia, Philippe de Vitry, and Johannes de Muris, constrained the artists to express themselves in a purely formal manner, limiting them to the application of a technique wanting in expressiveness, requiring them to operate in a sort of Pythagorean and abstract idealism, depriving them of all possibility of representing, by means of tones, images of the exterior world and emotions truly expressed. Similarly, some time before this, the frigid scholasticism and formalism of the Troubadours had threatened the very life of poetry! But on the threshold of the sixteenth century, in so far as music was still the prisoner of theory, instinct rebelled against scholastic intellectuality, inaugurating that liberation from the fetters of conventionalism, that triumph of truth which, after a relentless contest continuing through more than two centuries, are even now not fully attained.

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Following the death of Beethoven, with the rapid and universal diffusion of music which brought in its train the founding of conservatories and musical institutes, there arose the necessity for the creation and systematization of a musical pedagogy, by means of the theoretical literature then existing, with the precise intention of replacing those methods which had founded their tendencies and principles on the art of those great men whose names were epochal in the history of music—Okegem, Josquin des Prés, Willaert, Orlando di Lasso, Giovanni Gabrieli, Palestrina, Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, Cazzati, Alessandro Scarlatti, Corelli, Kuhnau, Schütz, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Programs were formulated and courses of study laid down which are still generally accepted to-day. It was agreed that the student who

devoted himself to composition should learn harmony, counterpoint, and the musical forms—with egregious fallacies at the very start. To the practice of counterpoint, which, under the guidance of the earlier masters, led the student step by step to a clear insight into the constituent elements of music, was now opposed the study of harmony.

Hence it is evident that, under such a system, the homophonic style was substituted for the polyphonic. For the fundamental conception that ought to govern the musical idiom, that is, horizontal writing, there was substituted vertical writing, which, no longer conceived in the spirit of the Plemings by whom it was practised at first, to be perfected later in the schools of Gabrieli and Palestrina (who, recognizing the existence of a homophonic style, admitted it as a logical consequence of a movement of the parts), no longer possessed pedagogically speaking—any value but a purely analytical one, in no wise constructive in case of deviations from the cut-and-dried rules of practical procedure

The precedence given to the study of harmony accustomed the pupil to a false conception of the fundamental elements of music, i.e., of the musical design, whose lines in reality are developed according to esthetic principles which the eye gradually learns to recognize and differentiate;—of musical invention, which is developed and stimulated by contrapuntal practice;—of the elements of a free form that is not imprisoned in a geometrical construction—later discovered to be a mere simplification of the form;—of the gradual solution of harmonic problems considered as parts which move according to esthetic laws, not confined in the strait-jacket of ironelad rules and principles which the instructor is obliged to disavow sooner or later.

In brief, all that grand experimentation under the guidance of a creative artist for the acquisition of a "technique"—of what the artists of the Renaissance called, in their incisive and significant phraseology, the "craft" (mestiere)—was preceded by a musical conception anti-artistic par excellence, which accustomed the pupil to mere analysis. In reality, this placing of the study of harmony before the practice of counterpoint—a method of procedure which taught the pupil to recognize the sound of given chords provided ready-made by the theory of harmony, which he wrote down without having learned their origin—had its beginnings in purely practical motives.

After the invention of the basso continuo, which reduces to set formulas the results of harmony, it became necessary to employ the so-called massirs at combato, who neatly and nicely demonstrated

upon their instrument those harmonies which the baseo continuo called for and which instructors and conservatories were so intensely interested in supplying to the churches, theatres, and concerts. It was at this juncture, when the decadence of the polyphonic style had set in, that the homophonic style was miraculously resuscitated to accompany the melody and gradually fascinated and won over the artists. In place of the objective expression with which the art-work had hitherto been conceived. the tendency veered to subjective expression; the constituent elements of the homophonic style (i.e., the harmonic elements) tended to overpower the melodic; in other words, harmony assumed capital importance and sought in every way to establish its fundamental laws from a scientific viewpoint. And in fact, from Zarlino, who based harmony on the conception of the superposition of intervals of a third, to Tartini, who discovered the combinational tones, to Monsigny, who attempted the formulation of an harmonic syntax, to Rameau, who definitively established the value of the dominant in tonality, and finally to Hauptmann and Riemann, who set forth in a positive manner the tonal functions of the several degrees of the modern scale—all pressed on toward a victory for harmonic theory. But this theory, like any other, can be only a mere verification of facts, and we know that no present-day treatise on harmony can teach practically what is taught by an analysis of a chorale by Bach, a master who, working as he did, only followed the dictates of his artistic instinct as an admirable artist. Besides, with the vertical conception of the sonorous combinations, the individualization of the chords as positive realities, proper for use as eathetic means in any given case, led the artist to an abuse of one or another formula. Indeed, we can readily demonstrate how, after the nineteenth century, each musical period had its characteristic chord. Toward the end of the nineteenth century it was the diminished seventh-chord that was usually employed to express terror; then it was the turn of the chord of the augmented fifth with its poignant effect; thereafter the "Tristanakkord" with its depressing tone; and finally the harmonic deformations of the hexachordal scale perpetrated by Debussy and the French and Russian schools. And so counterpoint, when ushered in later, could not succeed in extricating the student from the net of established formulas, of a priori characterization. Hence, his style had a tendency toward imitation. the effect of being "borrowed," while, on the contrary, he should have struck out for originality of style informed with the spirit of discovery-should, in short, have aimed at art of a broad scope,

not that sensationalism and musical impressionism which is the

characteristic tendency of a certain modern school.

Having finished the study of harmony and become at that time, or even at this very day, what the French term with euphemiatic elegance "un harmoniste consommé," the student began with counterpoint. After having dwelt long in the enchanted realm of Modulation, of enharmonic combinations, behold him reverted to a simplicity of resources which, to his mind, means nothing more nor less than poverty, to a restriction having every characteristic of that sordid foe of art-Pedantry! The text-books used for his instruction were, according to the teacher's preference, the treatise on counterpoint by Fuchs, that of Padre Martini or of Cherubini, Bellermann, or some modern handbook, any of which latter, in their general lines, differ but little from the earlier ones. And what sort of counterpoint does one learn from these books? Is it the counterpoint of Orlando di Lasso, of Palestring, of Bach, of Beethoven in his latest quartets, of the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"? Neither the one nor the other -but a species of counterpoint whose connections with the past are of the frailest, and with the present, null; a code of arbitrary rules wherein the most important characteristics of the method do not represent the technics of any period whatever in musical art. In point of fact, the student wrote and was instructed according to the methods of a discipline which was false, inasmuch as it is illogical and useless to employ it as a medium for correct writing, whether from a relative or an absolute point of view.

It is true that great artists have formed themselves in spite of such a system. Let us bear in mind how Beethoven himself continually struggled against this system which, at his time, was beginning to extend its influence; and the crisis undergone by Brahms should likewise be recalled to all those who for years have labored to acquire a technic beyond their powers until they had thrown off the heavy burden of scholastic discipline—which ought to have been an artistic discipline—with the instinct of the artist who will not resign himself to extinguishment, and turned to explore the works of great musicians to discover how they had

pursued their course and gained the victory.

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What reform, then, in pedagogic methods might be proposed at the present time? A return to early times (ritornare all'antico) as Giuseppe Verdi sagaciously observed; a return with all the

conquests wherewith science and experience have enriched us. Instead of commencing our studies with harmony, we should go back to the earlier practice of counterpoint.

The important, the essential matter is, to give the student clear and accurate guidance through his studies in counterpoint. We must not attribute to the ancient and modern treatises on counterpoint a disciplinary value excepting with regard to the series of exercises which they propose, and which, running through the various "schools" proposing them, serve admirably to train "the hand" of the artist. But the point of departure for the technic of counterpoint, like that of the simple exercise, should be strictly defined; in actual fact, it cannot be better represented, in its fundamental lines, than by the counterpoint of Palestrina as we find it in his works, which present the most vital and palpitant phase of the art there finding expression through the simplest and most fundamental means.

The student, now conducted by his analysis and imitation of the most important forms of counterpoint through the grand period of polyphonic art, will learn from living examples how the counterpoint of Orlando di Lasso differentiates itself from that of Palestrina or Giovanni Gabrieli: he will learn what conquests Monteverdi added thereto with his venturesome harmonies that are still astounding to us moderns; what a plunge into chromaticiam the Principe di Venosa had already taken, and what distinguishes him from Alessandro Scarlatti; and to what potency of expression Sebastian Bach attained. Moreover, the student will learn, following the example of Caldara, of Bach, of Haydn, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Cherubini, of Brahms, what are not only the artistic, but also the disciplinary values of certain contrapuntal forms, such as the canon, when one wishes to mould the musical material to fit some artistic exigency; or to what mastership one may attain through much writing of fugues, as they were conceived by Bach in his architectonic treatment of musical form—such being the spirit of the fugue, a form constructed with a maximum economy of means. Only then will be be in a position to comprehend what the achievements of modern harmony signify (it is hardly necessary to note that the rudiments of harmony are nowadays included in the preliminary theory of music. such as the functions of degrees I, IV and V, together with their relations to the other degrees'), and to pass in review the achievements of instrumental music in the eighteenth century down to the masterworks of modern music. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven will teach the student what is meant by "musical form."

With reference to instrumentation, we recall another Brahms anecdote. Gustav Jenner having presented himself one day to ask advice concerning his musical education, the great master inquired what practical matters he had in hand just then. "I am studying instrumentation," was the reply. In the brusque and trenchant style peculiar to him Brahms responded: "I never knew that one had to study instrumentation so long as one had possession of his five senses!" And in reality, however needful an instructor may be for teaching the technics of the instruments constituting the modern orchestra, the art of orchestration cannot be taught except through the eye first of all, and then through the ear.

"Return to early times" for the teaching material, too. Whoever teaches the art, or intends to become a teacher, should be by nature and above all an artist. But he should strive with all his might to raise the pupil to a mastery of himself and his resources, and whatever restraint he enforces on the pupil should be only as a means for attaining the goal of liberty. For, as the author of the "Critique of Pure Reason" observes, one of the most serious problems of education is to see how one can cultivate liberty in the presence of authority and by means of the latter. And the pupil should be taught to love his art beyond all else, for to love

is to understand, and to understand is to possess.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

### WAGNER AND SHAKESPEARE

### By EDGAR ISTEL

Shakespears remained unequalled until German genius produced in Beetheeen a being which could be analogically explained only by comparison with him.

Richard Wagner

N a letter to his friend Mrs. Eliza Wille, dated September 9, 1864, Wagner wrote: "I remember a deases of the september 9, when I dreamt that Shakespeare was alive, and that I met him and spoke to him, actually, in the flesh; the impression this dream left on me was indelible, and eventually grew into a longing to see Beethoven, too (who also had died long before)." This longing of Wagner's for Beethoven (who died when Wagner was about 14 years old) crystallized into the fantastic novelette "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," written in 1840, when Wagner was twenty-seven years old. In this novelette the youthful musical dramatist attributes to his musical ideal, artistic aims not very greatly differing from those which Wagner himself strove to attain in his future artistic work. How intimately, however, these aims were attached to the names of Shakespeare and Beethoven, is evident from the answer Wagner let his imaginary Beethoven give the art disciple: "If anyone did write a truly musical drama, he would be looked upon as a fool, and he would indeed be a fool for not keeping it to himself, but setting it before the world."

"And what would one have to do," It asked excitedly, "to create such a musical drama?"

"Do as Shakespeare did, when he wrote his plays," was the

almost sharp reply.

Thus, even in early youth, the name of the greatest dramatic genius of all ages was coupled, in Wagner's mind, with that of the magnificent symphonist. The influence this had on Wagner's mental development was so great, that it will be interesting to follow its various stages through his life-history.

Apparently at the auggestion of his uncle, Adolf Wagner,\* young Wagner had very early been interested in the great Briton.

'This "I" of course means Wagner himself.

Adolf Wagner had published a German translation of Augustine Scottowe's Shakespears Brography, 1825, and Mrs. Jameson's Characteristic of the Women in Shakespears's Plays, 1834.

It is a characteristic feature, that he immediately wished to read his works in the original. He himself relates how he studied English, "only to read Shakespeare and thoroughly master him." He made an attempt at a metrical translation of Romeo's monologue; unfortunately, the manuscript has been lost. "I soon dropped English again, but Shakespeare ever remained my model." The offspring of this youthful enthusiasm for Shakespeare was indeed of a very grotesque nature; the "subject of the crime" then perpetrated (as Wagner himself calls it, in his autobiography "My Life"), was a long tragedy, "Leubald," the manuscript of which has recently been rediscovered. According to this latter, the statements which Wagner made from memory touching this piece, in his autobiographical papers, are frequently erroneous. Wagner's recollection, however, that this drama was completely based on Shakespeare, is correct. Hamlet, Macbeth and Lear were, as Wagner says, its spiritual godfathers. story is practically a mere variation of Hamlet, with this difference, that my hero is driven by the apparition of the spirit of his father. murdered under similar circumstances, and by his call for revenge, to such violent deeds, that he finally goes mad after a series of murders. In temperament a mixture of Hamlet and Percy Hotspur, Leubald has vowed to his father's spirit to "wipe the whole clan of the Roderichs from the face of the earth," etc ! But not only Hamlet, Macbeth and King Lear, but other of Shakespeare's plays (Wagner himself mentions Richard III), in particular Romeo and Juliet and Coriolanus, had influenced young Wagner. Besides the outline of the story, the description given by the spirit of his death, and a great "To be or not to be" monologue by Leubald, point at Hamlet; the Lorenzo-like character of a hermit, at Romeo and Juliet; a scene of witches, at Macbeth; the description of battles, at Coriolanus; in short, as Wagner himself testifies, he left no means unemployed to fit out his drama with the richest effects.

A chief ingredient, however, for my poetical work I borrowed from the pathos and humor of Shakespeare's forceful speech. The daring of my bombastic and high-flown language naturally startled and surprised my uncle. . To me there remained . . . . a curious inner solace for the want of appreciation I met with; I knew, what no one else could know, that my work could be properly judged only after it had been set to music, which I decided to write, and which I intend to produce very soon.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;In the possession of the heirs of Mrs. Burrel, London. (Cf. Burrel's R. Wagner. London, 1905, and Kapp's edition of Wagner's writings by Hesse, Vol. 6, where detailed extracts are given.)

<sup>\*</sup>Cf. the full details of contents in "My Lare." p. 35 st see

In this connection certain points are of peculiar importance: here the drama à la Shakespeare is already blended with a reminiscence of Beethoven, the name Adelaide ("whose fond refrain appeared to me the symbol of all love-cries"), and his fondness for alliteration ("Woher um mich dies wonnigliche Wehen" is the most remarkable example), this latter obviously born of musical reasons. In describing the awakening of his sense for music, Wagner then tells of his first acquaintance with the masterpieces of musical art (above all Beethoven, Weber and Mozart). Beethoven's "Egmont," this play set to music, which may well have served him as a model for his "Leubald" (as regards the musical part), had chiefly influenced him. The death of Beethoven, which made a deep impression on him, produced an "image of most exalted, superhuman originality, with which nothing else could bear comparison. This image blended in me with that of Shakespeare: I met, saw and spoke to both in costatic dreams; when I awoke, I was bathed in tears"-in a word, a renewed confirmation of the vision already mentioned. Eventually, Beethoven's Egmont music so enraptured him that, as he relates.

I could not think of launching my finished drama without a similar music. I was quite confident of being able to write this music by myself, but nevertheless deemed it advisable first to inform myself on some principal rules of thorough-bass . . . This study, however, did not bear as early fruit as I had expected; the difficulties encountered allured and fascinated me; I determined to become a musician.

Thus the 15-year-old boy became a musician in emulation of Beethoven only from a desire to write the music to a play formed on a Shakespearean model, and this development is so characteristic for Wagner, that the writer of "Parsifal" could say of himself:

I prudently intend to adventure into music only so far as I may hope to realize poetical intentions by its aid.

We thus have the following facts. Shakespeare taught Wagner, the dramatist, and Beethoven's music was absorbed by him only in so far as he felt it adequate for the musical expression of Shakespearean situations. Immature as these dramatico-musical endeavors may appear, we may discern therein the germ from which sprang the towering growth of Wagner's later art. At first, however, Wagner shared the same fate as Schiller, who, in later years, could say of the youthful author of the "Robbers" that one could see from the extravagances rather than the beauties of the piece, how the author doted on his Shakespeare.

Wagner entered into still closer relations to Shakespeare than by this monstrous attempt of his youth with his opera "Das Liebesverbot" (or, as it was called at its production, by order of the censor, "The Novice of Palermo"), written in 1834 and completed with music early in 1836. This opera, which, under Wagner's own direction, was produced only once in Magdeburg (on March 29, 1836), has never been printed, and can be studied only in the manuscript score, which is carefully guarded under lock and key in the National Museum at Munich. I am indebted to the kindness of the late Director, Dr. Stegmann, for opportunity to report on this work.

Undoubtedly, in later years the mature master felt deeply that this "curious work of his youth," which Wagner himself calls a "wildly-revolutionary, voluptuously frivolous reconstruction of Shakespeare's first drama *Measure for Measure*," is also at the same time a sin against Shakespeare. The 24-year-old opera writer had sacked, plundered Shakespeare more than he had studied him, but, in doing so, had shown so eminent a staging sense, that we cannot regard his daring enterprise without a certain amount of sympathy 1

When Wagner made "Das Liebesverbot" out of "Measure for Measure," he had almost entirely lost his former respect for Shakespeare and Beethoven.

I took the idea for "Das Liebesverbot" from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," only with the difference that I discarded the serious vein, and remodeled it after neo-European taste, free, open voluptuousness won, by its own force, the victory over Puritan hypocrisy. The music had a formative influence on matter and arrangement, and this music was the reflection of the influence of modern French and (as regards the melody) of Italian opers on my sensuously excited sensibility. If the composition were to be compared with that of "Die Feen," one would hardly understand how, within so brief a period, so surprising a change of tendencies could occur; the reconciliation of these two was to be the task of my artistic development.

From this last sentence it is evident, how very important this transitional work was for Wagner's further artistic course—a link which it would be as impossible to omit from his development

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Cf my extensive study on this work, with numerous extracts from the music, published in "Die Musik," VIII, 192. Space silows me to discuss only the dramaturgical side of the matter.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>A unique copy of the libretto, revised by Wagner, is to be found in the Library of Congress in Washington. B. Hursel wrote on this in "Sammelbande der I M. G.," XIII. 2

<sup>\*</sup>Wagner's first opera, never produced during his lifetime, written in the style of the German romanticists Weber and Marschner, words after Gossi's "La donna scrpente."

as (say) the "Robbers" from that of Schiller, or "Werther" from Goethe's life.

In wise recognition of one demand of the operatic stage which is, unfortunately, not always sufficiently considered,—namely, to employ as few characters as possible and mould the play in the simplest form possible—Wagner reduced the number of persons (22) in the play of the English writer to exactly one-half (11), whereby he gained greatly for the musical setting. Luzio and Claudio, Isabella and Matiana, correspond to the like-named personages of Shakespeare, Antonio and Angelo to the two unnamed noblemen of Shakespeare; Angelo, the name of the governor, has been changed to the German Friedrich; the English constable "Elbow" is transformed into an Italian "Brighello." (This name indicates in Italian melodrama, to which Gozzi's fairy-tale "La donna serpente"-used by Wagner as a model partly belongs, the rôle of a sly servant, whose costume was white with green ribbons.) The procuress, Mrs. Overdone, has become a less obtrusive wine-shop owner Danieli, whose man-servant no longer bears the proud name of Pompey, but that of "Pontius Pilate," which, under the circumstances, sounds equally funny. A wholly new creation is the maid-servant Dorella, who-in herself a subordinate personage only-becomes, in consequence of her relations to the constable Brighello, a very important factor in the play. Besides the change of locality from Vienna to Palermo, the most important alteration in the piece is the omission of the sovereign. Duke Vincentio, who, in Shakespeare a chief, if not the chief, personage, was discarded by Wagner; the "King" mentioned in the opera does not appear as an acting person. Here Wagner expunged a peculiar beauty of the Shakespeare play, but, at the same time, he showed an instinct for opera work which already suggests the "lion's claw" which is more distinctly discernible in "Rienzi." His object Wagner states in his "Mittheilungen an meine Freunde":

It was Isabella who inspired me, emerging as a novice from the numbery to pray the hard-hearted governor for mercy towards her brother, who was condemned by a Draconic law to death for the crime of a love-alliance with a girl that, though forbidden, was blessed by nature. Isabella's chaste soul finds such powerful arguments before the callous judge for excusing the crime in question, and her love enables her to present these arguments with such overpowering passion, that the severe censor of morals himself is seized with a passion for this admirable woman. This swiftly kindled flame is revealed by his promise to pardon the brother in return for the sister's love. Indignant at such a suggestion, Isabella takes refuge in a scheme to expose the hypocrite and save

her brother The governor, to whom she feigus a willingness to yield to his desire, nevertheless deems it proper not to keep his promise of pardon, so as not to sacrifice his judicial conscience to an unlawful love. Shakespeare settles the resultant conflicts by making the prince (who has until then been a hidden observer) return into public life, his decision. is of a serious character, based on the "measure for measure" of the judge. I, on the contrary, untie the knot without the prince, by the aid of a revolution. I shifted the scene of the play to the capital of Sicily, that I might avail myself of the inflammable southern blood, I let the governor, a puritanical German, forbid the impending carnival, a desperate young man, who has fallen in love with Isabella, incites the mob to put on their masks and get their knives ready. "Who in our revel takes no part, for him the steel to cleave his heart!" The governor, induced by Isabella to come, himself masked, to the render-vous, is recognised and mocked, the brother is rescued at the last moment before his execution, Isabella resigns as a novice and gives her hand to the wild carnival friend in a fully masked procession all march off to meet the returning prince, assuming that he will not be so irrational as the governor

A few passages from the "Mittheilungen" are added in explanation:

The ideas at that time infesting Young Europe, together with the permal of 'Ardinghello,' aggravated by the strange mood of opposition to German opera into which I had fallen, furnished the fundamental tone for my conception, which, being aimed especially against Puritanical hypocrisy, led to a defiant glorification of 'free love'. I sought to realise the serious Shakespearean subject from this aspect alone, I saw only the gloomy, austere Governor, himself inflamed by a terribly pasmonate love for the beautiful novice, who, while beseeching him to pardon a brother condemned to death for a love-fault, kindles the most baleful passion in the stern Puritan through infection by the winning warmth of her human emotion. It is no way fell in with my plan to consider that these powerful motives were so amply developed in Shakespeare's play only to be thrown with all the greater weight into the scales of justice; my sole aim was to lay bare the unfulness of hypocrisy and the unnaturalness of ruthless moral censoriousness. So I quite discarded the 'measure for measure,' and left the punishment of the hypocrite to avenging love sinne. I removed the scene of the play from a mythical Vienna to the capital of fervent Sicily, where a German Governor, scandalised by the -to him incomprehensible freedom of morals in the populace, attempts to carry out a Puritanical reform, whereby he meets with sore defeat. Probably La Muette de Portici contributed something to this end, memories of I Vespri Sicilians may have done their part, when I consider that even the gentle Sicilian Bellini figures among the factors in this compontion, I really have to smile over the strange qual pro quo into which the most singular misunderstandings lead.

Despite all weakness in the lines, it is marvellous in how skillful a manner Wagner simplified Shakespeare's complicated plot with respect to the stage presentation, as well; the five acts of the English comedy are reduced to two, and these are limited to a minimum of changes of scene. Act I plays, to begin with, in a suburb, then in the convent courtyard, and finally in the courtroom. Act II—the symmetry is noteworthy—likewise displays three scenes; the prison garden, a room in Friedrich's palace, and the "End of the Corso."

In the score is found the customary old lay-out in numbers. As No. 1, we have the Overture, an extremely stirring and fiery piece. The orchestral factors which Wagner already utilizes here, are quite abundant—two flutes, a piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons (later a third bassoon is used occasionally, or, in its stead, a double-bassoon), four horns, two trumpets, two kettledrums, castanets, tambourine, triangle, bass drum and cymbals, three trombones, an ophicleide, and strings. Besides these there appear on the stage, in the course of the opera, a bell, and (at the close) a formidable "banda militare" of two piccolos, one clarinet in E, two clarinets in D, two clarinets in C, two valve-trumpets in D, four trumpets in D, four horns in D, four bassoons, three trombones (alto, tenor, bass), an ophicleide, triangle, side-drum, bass drum, and cymbals. Wagner relates that, as "characteristic for the treatment of his tone-coloring, the conductor of a military band, who, be it said, was greatly pleased with the job, thought it necessary to give me some well-meant advice for the handling of the Turkish drum in future works."

After a four-measure trill by castanets, tambourine and triangle, the overture begins directly with the lively theme taken from the introduction to the Carnival Song:



All at once there emerges, as if from another world, a new, unbending motive—that of the *Liebescerbot* (prohibition of love):

(All strings, clarinets, bassoon, trombones and ophicleide, in unison.)



It was assuredly a stroke of genius to contrast this sinister theme in its inflexible severity with the wanton gayety of the southern Carnival Song reëntering immediately after. In these two themes the dramatic concept of the work is, so to speak, exhausted; in the one, sensuous delight, in the other, sombre zeal-otism. The essence of the drama, antagonism, was instinctively grasped by the young master in a truly surprising manner. This antagonism penetrates not only the exposition, but the entire overture, whose singular development-section is devoted to the conflict between the two principles, and is peculiarly fascinating in its contrapuntal evolution of the love-prohibition theme, which in most cases appears in abbreviated form.

As the third principal theme of the overture, which now goes over from Allegro vivace to Allegro con fuoco, we find the following

leading-motive:



The signification of this theme is first revealed in the great scene between Friedrich and Isabella in Act I. It is the theme of Friedrich's love-frenzy, which enters frequently in the further course of the opera; here, however, it indicates the conflict between sensuality and puritanism, as decided in favor of the former.

But the miscreant is now fearsomely confronted by his own "love-prohibition," and his frenzy of passion dies down to a whine. The Carnival Song again enters alluringly, but has a hard struggle to maintain its ground against the prohibition theme (development).

Such combinations show, at all events, that the frivolous levity which Wagner himself always held to be characteristic of this score, was materially toned down by his thorough training.—Now follows the repetition of the principal section, succeeded by a Presto (a fanfare by the brass) announcing the King's arrival. At the close the Carnival Song once more appears, and victoriously holds the field. This overture gives a good idea of the musical style of the work

For Wagner, however, still another change of style is impending; he writes: "I now almost wholly renounced my *Liebesverbot*; I felt that I could no longer respect myself as its composer. All the more independently did I follow my true artistic belief

while continuing the composition of Rienzi."

This Rienzi (based upon Bulwer-Lytton's novel. "Cola Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and begun by Wagner in the summer of 1837), while musically still wholly under the influence of the French grand opera of Spontini, Auber, Meyerbeer and Halévy, nevertheless shows, dramatically, the power, the glowing inspiration of genius, that could have been revived in Wagner only by a renewed study of Shakespeare. The very first scene of the opera is suggestive of Shakespeare. The rivalry between the clans of Colonna and Orsini must have reminded Wagner of the hostile Veronese families in "Romeo and Juliet," and so he needed only to take over the masterly exposition of the Shakespearean drama in order to obtain an effective opening for his opera. Assuredly, however, Wagner was already no slavish imitator, but a worthy disciple of his great dramatic teacher. Indeed, the subject-matter itself is a direct challenge to similar treatment: in both cases, headstrong noblemen, and also a prominent personage who exhorts them to keep the peace and at first allays the partisan conflict.

> Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts!

So says Escalus in Shakespeare, and Wagner's Rienzi quite similarly exclaims:

This is your handiwork! Thereby I know you! As tender youths ye immolate our brethren, And ye would rob our sisters of their honour! What crimes are left for ye to perpetrate?

In more than one other passage of Wagner's Rienzi one may note a trace of Shakespeare's historical drama. And it is precisely when we compare the two operas of the revolution, Auber's La Muette de Portici and Rienzi, that Wagner's tremendous dramatic superiority, nurtured on Shakespeare, is borne in upon us There is no particular sense in seeking after disconnected reminiscences. This has already been attempted with more or less success in the case of Wagner's later works, in tracing parallelisms with Shakespeare. Whoever cares to delve into such minutiæ, should peruse a laborious little essay on "Shakespeare und Wagner, Zusammenhänge, Vergleichungen, Parallelen" by Meinck (Liegnitz) in the 39th annual issue of the "Bayreuther Blätter" (p. 120 et seq.). I regret my inability, by reason of artistic scruples, to join in this sort of research-work; the decisive factor is not the words, which

are often a mere fugitive echo, but the spirit, and therefore, speaking in general terms, we may say that nowhere else did Wagner lean so heavily on Shakespeare as in the Liebesterbot and Rienzi. Thereafter he only "studied," no longer "plundered" him; he enjoyed the great Briton's feast of reason and flow of soul without pilfering from him; let us rejoice thereat, without hypercritical intrusion. I really fail to see where The Flying Dutchman, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Die Meistersinger or Parsifal, in their details, reminds one of Shakespeare. Only in two of the later works, Tristan und Isolde and The Ring of the Nibelung, can parallels with Shakespeare be traced unconstrainedly. To be sure, one should not proceed as Meinck has done, in contrasting such passages as

King Lear (IV, ?), awaking from slumber:
Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?... Am I in France?

with

TRISTAN (Act III), awaking as from the stupor of death: Where was !? Where am !? Am I in Cornwall? KURWENAL. No, no! in Kareol!

Despite the almost literal agreement, this can hardly be taken for an instance of Shakespeare's influence. Shakespeare himself, in a not at all unusual situation, merely puts the most natural words into the mouths of his characters, such as any poet before or

after him would have used with scarcely a change.

It is also my opinion that similarities in the stories treated by the two dramatists cannot well be conceived as "influence." Neither is any relation between them shown by the circumstance that the tragic material of Götterdämmerung is partly to be found in that same tale by Boccaccio which was used by Shakespeare as a comedy entitled "All's Well that Ends Well." And other chance similarities in legendary and mythical features are really of the slightest importance.

Of course, the parallel in the presentation of the Witches in "Macbeth," and of the three Normen, in Götterdämmerung, and likewise the three Rhine Daughters, obtrudes itself almost inevitably on every adept; hence there is hardly room for doubt that Wagner first won through Shakespeare his power for delineating such primitive types. But how prove anything of the kind by detailed instances? "Where feeling fails, you'll never find by questing." ("Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werdet's nie erjagen.") The main question is, did Shakespeare help Wagner to grasp the

meaning of the fable, to create characters of ultimate type set wholly apart from the "blended types" of reality-imaginary beings of forceful consistency, like those presented by Shakespeare in "Macbeth"? As regards The Ring of the Nibelung we can answer this question, to a certain extent, confidently in the affirmative. True, I cannot point out a single character in Wagner's lifework that can be compared in the remotest degree to the primitive might of Macheth or the Lady. Indeed, the profoundest secret of Shakespeare—the way in which, despite all reduction to type, he keeps his characters on the firm ground of inner reality, making them purely typical, but not, like Wagner and Schiller, idealizing them at the same time—this secret even a Wagner was impotent to fathom. In order to understand what I mean, first of all contrast the classic pairs of lovers in Shakespeare and Wagner-Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde. Both must wrest the union of their loves from a hostile world; both must suffer death for their love. But how natural, how touchingly human, how wholly artless, is the love of Shakespeare's pair; per contra, what a (one is tempted to say) hysterical, unnatural tension prevails throughout three acts in the relation between Tristan and Isolde. Wagner doubtless learned much for the treatment of his lovetragedy from the great Briton But what he could not learn, because in later years it was withheld from his morbidly surexcited temperament, was wise moderation even in moments of overmastering emotion. Characteristic of Wagner is a selfdelineation found in his letter to Röckel of Jan. 25, 1854, (that is, from the Tristan period): "I see only, that the normal state of my temperament-in the light of its actual development-is one of evaltation, whereas ordinary tranquillity is its abnormal condition. In truth, I feel quite right only when I am 'beside myself', then I am entirely self-possessed.—If Goethe was otherwise, I do not envy him for it, neither would I care to exchange with anybody."

On the other hand, Wagner and Shakespeare have something in common which closely unites them—their attachment to the actualities of the stage. Shakespeare was first of all an actor and stage manager, and the fact that his most powerful dramas were evolved in response to the practical requirements of the stage was not at all disadvantageous for these works themselves sub specie eternitatis—nay, it rather imparted to them a breath of robust life which in itself, after the lapse of centuries, still suffices to elevate them over all the book-dramas written meanwhile. Wagner himself was at first a child of the living stage, and if thereafter, owing to his unhappy political activities, he was forced to live

for many years quite out of touch with the theatre, this artistic paralysis caused him the keenest suffering; indeed, it was unquestionably most unfortunate for his later overgrown works. Thus he writes Liszt from Zurich, Dec. 5, 1849: "All the productivity of our poets and composers shows only the Will, not the Power; power, living art, is realized in scenic presentation alone. Believe me, I should be far happier if I were an actor of dramas instead of a dramatic poet and composer." In a similar, but still more positive, strain he writes to Franziska Wagner on July 4, 1850: "No one knows better than I, that the actor is the real artist; what would I not give, could I myself enact the parts of my heroes."

So keen a thinker as Friedrich Nietzsche, who was also for years one of Wagner's intimates, called him the greatest of German scenic artists. Wagner (he says) was predestined by nature for an histrionic career; being hindered from fulfilling this destiny, he cultivated—driven thereto, as it were, by unsatisfied longing—his genius for the drama.—I shall not attempt to decide whether this bold hypothesis is correct or the reverse. However, another remark of Nietzsche's (in "Der Fall Wagner," Chap. II) strikes me as more felicitous: "What does Wagner signify in the history of music? The exaltation of the actor in music—an event of capital importance, which furnishes food for reflection, and possibly for apprehension as well."—And again (ibidem): "In Wagner's case, his illusion takes its rise not from tones, but from gestures. For these latter he seeks the fitting tone-speech."

Now, if we raise the question whether Wagner gained anything through study of Shakespeare for his power of musical expression, we find it already answered by Nietzsche's last-quoted assertion. Granting that Wagner's histrionic imagination was fired by Shakespeare (a fact admitting of no doubt, in view of his youthful development), it would appear that, after Beethoven, Shakespeare exercised the most powerful influence on Wagner's musico-dramatical growth. This, to be sure, is quite impossible of proof in detail. We have only a single finished musical work of Wagner's, Das Liebescerbot, which is directly derived from Shakespeare, and in this instance, as Wagner himself pointed out, the Franco-Italian opera-style made itself felt from the very outset in shaping the dramatic text So Shakespeare was not the loadstar even for the poem, not to speak of the music. None the less, the musical comedy-scenes in Das Lieberrerbot, conceived in the romantic style, seem to me much more intimately related to Shakespeare's genuine comedies (among which the decidedly serious "Measure for Measure" can scarcely be reckoned) than

the somewhat baroque humor of Dis Meistersinger. Whether the heroic character of the Risnsi music was influenced more by the subject or by the study of Shakespeare, is hard to decide. Probably the French operatic prototypes were the chief modifying agency. And if even the scenic influence of Shakespeare is highly problematical in the later works, we surely need take no thought what impression he may have made on Wagner's music.

During Wagner's entire career, however, the study of Shakespeare was of the greatest importance for the totality of his artistic view of life, as we may gather from numerous passages in his

writings and letters.

Wagner's enthusiastic devotion to Shakespeare is shown in Ferdinand Prager's anecdote (in "Wagner wie ich ihn kannte"), according to which Wagner, standing before the Shakespeare monument in Westminster Abbey, sank into a silent ecstasy so long protracted that his wife, growing uneasy, aroused him from his disquieting trance by gently plucking his sleeve; whereupon he burst out in impassioned praises of the poet. In conversation Wagner was fond of expatiating on Shakespeare, especially after reading the dramas aloud, as was his wont while dwelling in Bayreuth. In this connection, Hans von Wolzogen (in "Erinnerungen an Wagner") recorded a significant observation. Wagner, after reading aloud the entire series of the royal dramas, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," remarked on Hamlet. "That is the crown of the Renaissance; here the inexorable gaze from the stage sinks deep into that whole wretched, morally decadent world which all the arts of the Renaissance could only gloss over with an artificial sheen of beauty-a world in which heroes could no longer exist. but which was merely the predestined prey of the brutal soldier. Fortinbras." Is it not possible that Wagner mistook the character of Fortinbras and the true inwardness of this personage?

How zealously and intimately Wagner studied Shakespeare is also evidenced by a passage in a letter to Mathilde Wesendonk (Letter 97): "Over Shakespeare . . . . I again had to laugh long, and this brought me round to my favorite theme, our intercourse with the great, which is, after all, our best way of getting even with the world. That marvelous waggish smile of Shakespeare's! That divine cynicism! In very truth, man can no higher strive out of his wretchedness; no Genius can do more—only a Saint."

Concerning Wagner's Shakespeare readings we possess the further testimony of Malvida von Meysenbug ("Lebensabend einer Idealistin") and of Kietz, the sculptor ("Erinnerungen"). The latter writes: "After supper he fetched 'Hamlet' and read the

first half; I shall never forget that evening. It was the first time that I had heard him read a poem by Shakespeare; he read quite without pathos, but most effectively and in good taste. In certain places he interrupted the reading in order to make comments." And, in like vein, Miss von Meysenbug: "His Shakespeare readings were delightful beyond description; one felt as if one fully comprehended the great dramatist for the first time, and I once told him jestingly that he had mistaken his profession—that he ought to have become an actor, in order to enact Shakespeare and make people realize to the full the imposing grandeur of his genius."

Indeed, Wagner held Shakespeare to be the "greatest poet of all times"; that he, alongside of the Attic tragedians, had, "as a second creator, revealed to us the boundless treasures of human nature."

Wagner speaks of Shakespeare at greatest length in his Beethoven sketch, where he mentions the poet as the only man who, in his totality, can be considered an analogue to Beethoven:

This tremendous dramatist was really not to be understood by analogy with any poet whatsoever, and for this reason any esthetic judgment passed on him lacks a solid foundation. His dramas stand out as such an immediate likeness of the world, that the creative artist's agency in the presentation of the idea wholly escapes observation and, a fortion, cannot be demonstrated, wherefore this presentation, admired as the product of superhuman genius, has been studied by our great poets, much as if it were a natural phenomenon, in order to discover the laws of its creation

Shakespeare was, according to Wagner, "a Beethoven who, awake, still dreams on"—a strange simile, explicable only from Wagner's childhood experiences (as detailed at the outset of this essay).

Between Shakespeare and Beethoven, Wagner perceives a "primitive affinity" whose correct characterization can be found only when sought for, not as between the musician and the poet, but as between the former and the poetic actor. That is, the secret lies in the immediacy of the presentation—for the musician, through living tones, for the actor, through mien and gesture:

As the drama does not describe human personages, but lets them present themselves directly, music in its motives similarly brings before us the character of world-phenomena in their most intimate seity. The movement, configuration and variation of these motives are, to pursue the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup> Über Schauspieler und Sanger," Writings, Vol. IX, p. 169 (I always quote from the Third Edition).

<sup>&</sup>quot;'Kunst und Revolution," Vol. III, p. 22 et seq.

analogy, not simply related to the drama, but the drama presenting the idea can, in reality, be fully and clearly comprehended only through the movements, shapes and changes of these motives of the music . . Hence, if we gather together the complex of Shakespeare's cosmos of human shapes, with the uncommon significance of the contrasted characters therein contained, into a total impression upon our inmost sense, and compare it with the similar complex of Beethoven's cosmos of motives, with their imperatively penetrating and positive quality, one must become aware that the one microcosm is the full equivalent of the other, each being contained in the other, although they apparently move in wholly different sphéres.

In proof of the above, Wagner incorrectly cites Beethoven's Coriolanus Overture, which he thinks was written to Shakespeare's tragedy, whereas, in reality, it was composed for a feeble drama by the Vienna writer Heinrich son Collin To be sure, it is possible that Wagner was acquainted with this fact, but assumed, nevertheless, that Beethoven had allowed himself to be influenced by Shakespeare's drama, which, in view of his predilection for the British poet, he had very likely read at one time or another.

Finally, Wagner very boldly proclaims his own work in the realm of art to be a kind of synthesis of the Shakespeare dramas with the symphonic art of Beethoven—as the "most complete art-form" and "most complete drama," which "must be something far beyond the scope of poetry properly so-called." "This would be, at the same time, the sole art-form thoroughly responsive to the German spirit—a new art-form created by that spirit, at once purely human and its very own, which hitherto has been wanting in the modern world as contrasted with the ancient."

Can it be that Wagner, with this pet idea of his, placed too high an estimate on his "Art-work of the Future"? I raise this question at the close, without caring to answer it. For we do not yet know positively whether Ben Johnson's prophecy concerning Shakespeare is equally applicable to Wagner: He was not of an age, but for all time.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

### SHAKESPEARE-MUSICIAN

By R. D. WELCH

HE abundance of musical reference in Shakespeare is misleading. Its very bulk—some five hundred passages, according to Naylor (Edward M. Naylor, "Shakespeare and Music")—imposes upon the credulity both of those who have no historical perspective on the English music of Shakespeare's time, and those who are predisposed to find that the great poet was a great musician as well. The amount of material for musical study, the elaborate elucidation much of it requires before its sense is plain to the modern reader, the insight of the poet into the musician's temperament and technic, his knowledge of instruments and of singing and of all the special terminology that goes with music making—all this may mislead students into believing Shakespeare at heart a musician and a very learned one.

I recall hearing, as a boy, a lecture on "Shakespeare; a Great Moral Teacher." The speaker drew for his audience of High School students a picture of Shakespeare that, if I correctly remember it, was something of a cross between a Hebrew prophet and a Presbyterian elder. Quotation came to him trippingly on the tongue; such plays as were chosen for illustration were shown as focusing upon moral sentiments. All this missed none of its effect with the impressionable; Shakespeare, in our libraries and in our hearts, should have place next the Bible; "To thine own self be true" was but the counterpart of "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you." And then I began to read Shakespeare for myself. (I have been grateful to that lecturer on many accounts.) But the destiny that shapes our ends determined that I was not to have a one-sided view of Shakespeare. The first play I read was Antony and Cleopatra ("So different from the home life of our own dear queen"!).

Nothing could be farther from the truth than to consider Shakespeare one of the great musicians of his time, or even to impute to him a preoccupation with music in any sense more special than his interest in law or medicine or horticulture. All was grist that came to his mill, music served him to turn a pun, to provide an apt figure, to grace a pretty scene, or to fill an interlude. And in every instance of Shakespeare's use of musical allusion it is squarely rooted in the popular musical practices of his time. He takes here, as with other subjects, what the current, popular practice and superstition of his age provided him. That he took more liberally, that he used more accurately than his fellows is only saying that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, here as elsewhere (or Bacon, if you prefer). But of musical professionalism there is not a trace.

The spirit that was moving upon the mind of the learned musician of his day seems not to have shadowed Shakespeare with its wing. The distinctions between the popular and the learned musician of Shakespeare's England are not difficult to trace. The one, then as now, was bent on pleasing his fellows with what was easy of understanding and what was wanted, who could play a "merry dump" if need were, "sounding" generally for very little silver The learned musician, on the other hand, was schooled in a technic and imbued with a purpose that made his art intelligible only to those trained to follow him. The highest form of learned music was the madrigal, an unaccompanied vocal piece for several voices, each singing an elaborate, independent part. This form was a child of The Renaissance. English and Italian composers turned it to either sacred or secular uses. In 1603 twenty-six of the most important English composers published "The Triumphs of Oriana," a collection of madrigals. Originally planned for publication in 1601, its appearance was deferred until 1608, probably because the Queen to whom the work was dedicated was displeased at the name "Oriana" by which she is called in the work. The important point for us here is that the musical form in which the most famous composers of the period wrote for the glory of their queen and the immortalization of themselves was the madrigal. The English madrigal is one of the most distinguished achievements of pure vocal music, and certain of the English madrigalists, notably Weelkes, Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, John Bull, Wilbye, though their works are rarely heard now outside England, are among the greatest composers England has produced, all contemporaries of Shakespeare.

Yet Shakespeare seems to have been either unaware of or uninterested in the work of these men. In all the thirty-two plays in which musical reference is made in the text, the word "madrigal" occurs but once, and in that instance it may and probably does refer, not to the madrigal, technically speaking, but to the madrigal as a love ditty or a pastoral song. It is Sir Hugh Evans who uses the word ("Merry Wives," III) in his nervous paraphrase of what was undoubtedly a well-known song:

To shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing medrigals.

It seems unlikely that the reference here is to the unconscious part-singing of the melodious birds; more probably it confirms the out-of-doors atmosphere of the poem.

Nor did the instrumental music of Shakespeare's contemporary masters of music seem to interest him more. The chief instrumental form of the serious musician, the "fancy" as it was called, made, in a way, after the model of the madrigal, is, like the madrigal, mentioned but once in Shakespeare's text.

With Dr. Naylor's suggestion, therefore, in the introduction to his "Shakespeare and Music," that Shakespeare's use of music shows "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," we must take a certain grain of issue. Shakespeare was not concerned with music "begot of thought." His "abstracts and brief chronicles" fail to record the pressure toward a conscious art of music.

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Of the popular music of his time, however, the instruments, the kinds of songs sung familiarly at fireside, in tavern, or by serenading swain, of the temperament and the vanity of the musically minded, Shakespeare had a detailed and exact knowledge. No other literary artist has used musical allusion so much as he; none has fallen into so few of the pitfalls that music seems to dig for the unwary poet. One whole volume has been compiled—and, no doubt, others might be—of the treachery of music with the poet. Browning is Shakespeare's only fellow poet whose frequent reference to musical technicalities will bear scrutiny. Imagination, in the poet's mind, it would seem, declines to be yoked to a sense of fact when it deals with music.

The musical antiquarian, tracing Shakesperean references to their sources in contemporary practice, is able to find hardly half a dozen slips in accuracy, and the fault may lie in some cases with the inadequacy of research, not with Shakespeare. The most apparent misuse of musical technicalities is that in the 128th sonnet, in which the poet sighs to change place with the virginal upon which his lady plays.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, and thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy these jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which would that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Here, in the fifth and sixth lines, and the last two, there is a plain mistake in the use of terms The jack is not a key, as the context of the poem would imply. The jack was at the opposite end of the lever from the exposed portion, or key. It corresponds, though differing totally from it in mechanical structure, to the hammers of the modern pianoforte. Not only would the lady have been forced into a most uncomfortable position, but it would have been shockingly bad for the instrument to have allowed the jacks to "kiss the tender inward" of her hand. Clearly, Shakespeare meant "key" when he wrote "jack," and his contemporaries, using the virginal for metaphor and simile, refer to "key" and "jack" more accurately than he. But this is innocuous, and, incidentally, adds a bit of evidence to my thesis that Shakespeare was not informed about, nor apparently interested in, any other than the wholly popular music of his time. The virginal, though in common use among gentlewomen, was in no sense a popular instrument, in no such general use as is the modern pianoforte, its descendant. Shakespeare makes but one other reference to it. Leontes ("Winter's Tale," I, 2), seeing his queen touch the hand of Polixenes, jealously mutters: "Still virginaling upon his palm?"

#### Ш

This accurate first-hand knowledge of the contemporary popular music and the easy, familiar playing with musical technicalities, especially in the comedies, suggest that both Shakespeare and his audiences knew their music intimately. No modern playwright would risk this building of metaphor and characterization, or turning a whole scene, upon musical allusion, even were he, himself, sufficiently conversant with music to do so. His modern audience would not follow; his fine turns would be lost. The Elizabethan had not, as have generations subsequent to the eighteenth century, given over his music making to a special class. Without established institutions for the promulgation of musical culture, with no conservatories, no opera houses, no supervision of public school music, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced a musical majority. Every man's education embraced a certain musical proficiency in singing and playing, learned casually and informally, as every man now knows (or conceals his ignorance if he does not know) the technicalities of base ball.

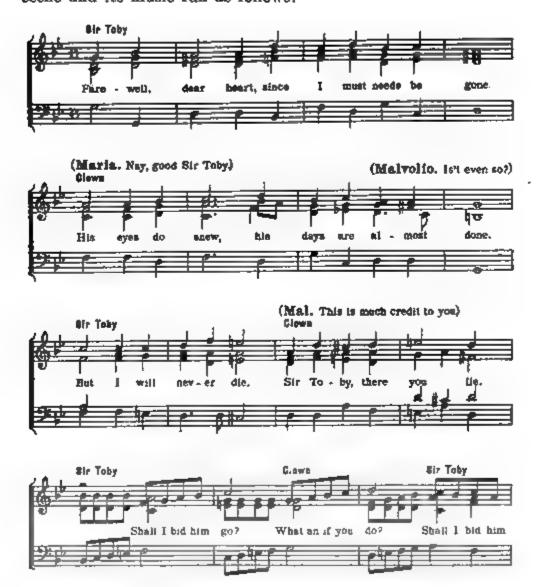
High or low, rich or poor, in palace or in pot-house, the Elizabethan, had he any voice at all, delighted in singing "catches." The "catch" is a kind of round ("canon," musicians call it); "Scotland's Burning" and "Three Blind Mice" are the last popular flickers of a once jolly, heart-warming flame. One voice started a tune. Another, at the proper moment began it again, the first one continuing. A third joined, when his turn came, a fourth, a fifth, all singing the same tune, no two of them in the same measure at once. Someone was always beginning, someone always ending, a third shouting the highest notes, a fourth growling the lowest, round and round, faster, gayer . . . "Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3)

A catch is the way to let off the bibulous merriment of Sir Toby and his tipsy friends; the catch, a vulgar, ale-house amusement. Malvolio's rebuke reproves the company for forgetting the proprieties "My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozier's catches without mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3). The withering sting in that reproof is in the reference to "cozier's catches," for a cozier was not only a common sort of artizan, a tailor or a cobbler, but a poor one, one who botched his work.

This one scene ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3) has in it enough of musical reference to warrant a volume of explanation. The lovely lyric "Oh, Mistress Mine," the snatches of popular songs such as "Pcg a Ramsey," "Farewell, Dear Love," the play on "catch," have sent the commentators and the antiquarians on long researches, the results of which may be read in a number of books

(though in this branch of scholarship as in others one must be on guard against the emphatic repetition, from generation to generation, of flagrant errors). Without, however, laboring each reference, it is clear that here is evidence of a familiar, intimate knowledge of music on the part both of the poet and audience, else the scene could not have been so written nor could it have been enjoyed.

Take one part of it, just after Malvolio has told the roisterers that his lady would, in case they mend not their manners, be glad to bid them farewell. What follows for ten lines is taken from Robert Jones' "First Booke of Ayres" (printed 1601). The scene and its music run as follows:





"The absolute fidelity to nature of this entire scene is remarkable; it is the half-drunken man, exactly as one may find him to-day, whose readiest vent of high spirits is in song; nothing can stop him, nothing can check his torrent of fragmentary harmony." (Elson, page 215)

Another pastime for those who sat in company over their work or their ale was adding improvised melodies while a wellknown tune was being sung. Undergraduates are moved in much the same way when they add "close harmony" to an otherwise innocent ditty. Only, the Elizabethan made separate, distinct melodies to accompany his given song. This practice was known as "adding a descant to a ground," the descant being the improvised song, the "ground" the given tune. To do this adequately presupposed practice and instruction, and no gentleman could hold up his head among his fellows and not come off fairly well at a descant. Sometimes the descant was written out and parts handed around at a gathering. These written descants were called "prick-songs," the song being printed or "pricked" (as the term went). Each man or woman was assumed able to read off his or her part fluently. Not even in the company of professed musicians to-day would such a game be proposed; its chances of success would be too lugubrious. "He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion," explains Mercutio, telling Benvolio of Tybalt's skill with the sword ("Romeo and Juliet," II, IV). Tybalt is a ready, accurate fighter, as Benvolio, being a gentleman, was singer of prick-song. It is a description of Tybalt's skill delivered in terms that Benvolio understands, and in terms that the audience understands. Likewise. Lucetta's impudence is not lost on her hearers when she tells Julia ("Two Gentlemen of Verona," I, 2):

> Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant,

meaning that Julia is pushing her anger, under which she conceals her impatience, a bit too far. 'Tis a pretty enough tune,

"melodious, would you sing it," Lucetta observes, but Julia's added melody of irritation is a descant too harsh.

This scene, like that from "Twelfth-Night" which we have looked at, is compact of musical allusion, references whose meaning we must laboriously search out, but which must, if the humor reached its mark, have been familiarly known to Shakespeare's auditors. Shakespeare makes so frequent and so pointed use of the technical language of singing that conjecture easily runs to the conclusion that he was a trained singer. The music lesson scene from the "Taming of the Shrew" (Act III, 1), so abounding in the technicalities of singing and of lute playing as to be practically meaningless unless the sense of the terms be cleared up, this scene, with the others we have quoted from "Twelfth-Night," and the 3rd scene of the IVth Act of "The Winter's Tale," is enough to introduce a modern reader to a quite intimate picture of Elizabethan popular music.

It is with instruments as we have seen it to be with songs and singing. The lute, unwieldy and difficult to keep in tune; the viol, either singly or in "consort" with others; the pipes (chiefly the recorder)—these were popular instruments on which every man in his leisure might try his hand. Barber shops and taverns were supplied with lute, cittern or viol or other instrument for the amusement of the waiting customer, as now barber and dentist and physician enliven the tedium of the waiting client by dingy, coverless magazines of 1895. Morose, in Ben Johnson's "Silent Woman," complains of the wife he has taken at Cutbeard, the barber's, recommendation. "That cursed barber, I have married his cittern that is common to all men."

In former times 't hath been upbraided thus That barber's music was most barbarous.

And an eighteenth-century poem runs:

Out of this popular knowledge of instruments Shakespeare has made many lines, some of them very beautiful. Take, for instance, the whole scathing rebuke which Hamlet delivers to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern ("Hamlet," III, 2). Its point lies in the comparison of himself with recorders. "'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played upon than a pipe?" Immediately, in the next line, he changes the figure from pipe to lute when he concludes: "Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me." He puns on the word "fret," technically a little mark on the neck of a lute or viol to show the player where his fingers should be placed.

In Hortensio's account of the stormy music lesson ("Shrew," II, 1) there is punning on the word "fret" and other humor turned on musical words:

"What," asks Baptista, "will my daughter prove a good musician?" "I think," replies the abused Hortensio, "she'll sooner prove a soldier; Iron may hold with her, but never lutes." "Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?" "Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me-I did but tell her she mistook her frets. And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering. When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, 'Frets, call you these?' quoth she. 'I'll fume with them'. And, with that word, she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way; And there I stood amazed for awhile. As on a pillory, looking through the lute: While she did call me rascal fiddler, And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms, As she had studied to misuse me so."

Full of evil portent and aptly drawn is the metaphor in which Iago mutters his dark purposes. Othello and Desdemona are at the summit of their happy trust in one another.

Desdemona:

The heavens forbid

But that our loves and comforts should increase.

Even as our days do grow!

Othella:

Amen to that, sweet powers!-

I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here, it is too much of joy:

And this, and this, the greatest discords be (kissing her)

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago:

O, you are well tuned now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this music. As honest as I am."

To anyone who has touched a stringed instrument, the discord that results from setting down the pegs by which the strings are tuned will be so evident that Iago could hardly have chosen a figure more painful to suggest his dark designs.

#### IV

We must not stop over many of these references to musical instruments. More important matters await us. But we should be neglecting some of the most striking passages in the plays were we to pass over a few scenes in which the turning-point of the

action is expressed in musical terms. The most important of such scenes occurs in "Romeo and Juliet." The immediate cause of the street quarrel between Romeo and Tybalt is the accusation by Tybalt that Mercutio "consorts" with Romeo: "Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo" ("Romeo and Juliet," III, 1). The testy Mercutio, punning on the word 'consort,' twists it to mean "play together upon instruments" as did musicians. He at once associates this idea with musicians of a despised sort, to be found in taverns and pot-houses. "Consort!" he cries, "What, dost thou make us minstrels?"—insulted by his own construction of the word as we might be were we called, contemptuously, "circus clowns." "An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick" (drawing his sword). Mercutio, looking for trouble, finds it in a musical pun.

We need but remark, in passing, that Shakespeare is as carefree about musical as other anachronisms. Playing in consort, or concerted playing, was not a familiar pastime of Mercutio's fourteenth-century fellow citizens as it was of Shakespeare's sixteenth-century friends. In none of the plays does Shakespeare have a qualm about transplanting Elizabethan popular music into whatever land or time pleased him. He who could give Bohemia a seacoast and Venice confiscatory law against the Jews,

could not be troubled about musical anachronisms.

Another cogent set of musical allusions is that in the speech of Richard II in the last of his scenes. Hearing music, Richard thus bewails his feebleness in statecraft:

Ha! ha! keep time how sour sweet music is When time is broke, and no proportion kept! So is it in the music of men's lives. And here have I the daintiness of ear To check time broke in a disorder'd string; But, for the concord of my state and time, Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.

The pertinence of this illusion needs no commentary.

Before leaving these evidences of a familiar knowledge of popular music on the part of both Shakespeare and his audiences we may look for a moment at some of these lines in which the poet reckons a skill in music among details indicative of culture and education. We should not, however, be deceived by that oft-repeated rhapsody of Lorenzo's. "The man that hath no music in himself. . . . . . . is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." This may or may not have been Shakespeare's opinion. Remember, Lorenzo was in a particularly romantic frame of mind

that moonlit night, and moreover, his lady had just said that she was never merry when she heard sweet music ("Merchant of Venice," V, 1). Lesser poets than Shakespeare have successfully thought themselves into the minds of their creations. Recall how Byron, in "Manfred" (III, IV, 1), declared his love of solitude and night:

> For the night Hath been to me a more familiar face Than that of man.

And Byron's nights are not traditionally thought of as spent in

lonely watching on the mountain top!

On the other hand, Shakespeare does elsewhere, in characterizing the crafty and the cruel, account the lack of music a bit of evidence:

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays

As thou dost, Antony, he hears no music. . . . .

("Julius Cæsar," I, 2.)

We may possibly have here evidences of a good character as Shakespeare appraised them—but, be it remarked, good character in an Elizabethan, not a Roman!

Elsewhere are numerous mentionings of music as a part

of good breeding.

. . . trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all her grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.

Such is Gower's enumeration of lovely Marina's charms ("Pericles," IV, Gower). And Othello, in jealous torment, remembers the graces of Desdemona: "I do but say what she is: so delicate with her needle; an admirable musician: O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. ("Othello," IV, 2.)

While we hurry over these references to the need of music in the well-bred mind, we may give a passing glance at what may be

designated as Shakespeare's philosophy of music.

If music be the food of love, play on; Give me excess of it, that surfeiting The appetite may sicken and so die. ("Twelfth Night," I, 1.)

Lines that grow threadbare with much quoting, the hint in them is not yet exhausted by playwright and producer. The love scene

is, to our own day, not commonly without its accompaniment of soft and distant music.

"Give me some music," demands the impatient Cleopatra, "moody food of us that trade in love." ("Antony and Cleopatra," II, 5.) There is an indubitable mystery in the effect of music on the spirit of man, whether or not he be in love. Primitive peoples have recognized this power in their use of music with religious rites.

Mune oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

("Measure for Measure," IV, 1.)

And the cultivated man, likewise, liberated from superstition, has his philosophy of the place of music in human affairs.

Preposterous ass, that never read so far To know the cause why music was ordained! Was it not to refresh the mind of man After his studies or his usual pain? ("Taming of the Shrew," III, 1.)

A text there, let me observe: "Music was ordained to refresh the mind of man after his studies," pertinent to the argument about the place of music in academic curricula!

#### $\mathbf{v}$

While we are busy with the elucidation of obscurities in musical allusion in Shakespeare's plays or are trying to read out of and in to his several texts philosophies which he may or may not have put there, we come upon at least two speeches, directed at that unstable mixture of pride and humility known as the musical temperament, which need no explanation These two speeches alone advise us that the poet had been tried in patience and wearied in spirit, even as you and I, by the apologetic vanity of singer and player when asked to perform. Somewhere in the bright lexicon of counsels to amateur musicians these speeches might well be written down as mottos for behavior. It is Jaques, he who claimed he had not "the musician's melancholy, which is fantastical" ("As You Like It," IV, 1), who provides us with a cold observation that might, with salutary effect, be repeated often in the company of musicians. Amiens, requested to continue his song, apologizes: "My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you." To which Jaques pithily observes: "I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing." And the first Page, in the last act of the same play (V, 3), gives hearty advice, which is useful to us: "Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying 'we are hoarse'; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?"

#### VI

There is but one aspect of the study of Shakespeare's lyrics that I wish to touch on. The study of the lyrics is, moreover, chiefly a literary, not a musical subject. Many of them, perhaps all of them, were written to fit tunes well known to Shakespeare's public; popular songs, the originals of which have, in part, been unearthed. Some lyrics, to be sure, were given settings by contemporary composers. But the popular musical idiom is evident in the structure of them all.

There emerges, however, from a study of the whole body of the lyrics and of their uses in the plays, a question bearing on the most part important musical development in modern times. It may be briefly stated thus. Did Shakespeare have any of the feeling for the close union of music and drama, so strongly felt by his great Italian contemporary, Tasso, that led to the origin

of opera?

Modern music owes its initial impulse to the poet. It was the poet and the amateur of Italy in the late sixteenth century, who, half consciously, half unwittingly, released music from the impasse of ecclesiastical tradition. The crucial event was the search by the Florentine dilettanti, gathered about Giovanni Bardi, for a dramatic speech. Primarily, the concern of this group of scholars and poets was the reconstruction of what they imagined to have been the method of delivery of Greek drama. They sought to revive the past: their success lay in sending a new stream of life into the future which still flows with strong current. Instrumental music, solo singing, modern harmony, and the concert attitude, have drawn their nourishment from that stream.

That the source of this new current should have been in Italy, rather than in France, Germany, or even England, is the more surprising since in no country was tradition in musical usage stronger than in Italy. Palestrina, the musical head of the church, had but recently rebuked those who sought to employ music for other purposes than "the service of the most high God." The ecclesiastical tradition, powerfully constrained by Flemish teachings, prevailed wherever music was seriously cultivated, whether in the church or out of it.

In Italy, as in other European countries, music had, from earliest Christian times, been loosely associated with drams. The Mystery and Miracle plays included popular songs. In the 16th century, in order to effect a closer union of music and drama, the Italians had invented the madrigal play. These plays, proceeding in a series of madrigals, were, of course, dramatically absurd. When, for instance, one character appeared alone, three or four others stood at the sides and sang with him in order that the necessary voice-parts might be present.

The complete rupture with all existing conventions governing musical speech was brought about by the poet, not by the musician.

It was fortunate for the cause that the count (Bardi) and his friends had at heart that among their coterie of artists and amateurs they numbered only two, or at most three, professional musicians. The remainder of this Art and Historical society consisted of nobles, patricians, savants, improvisators and actors. If the professed musician had predominated, we have not much doubt that the laity would never have had the courage to override the acknowledged masters in the art, and set at naught all grammar and tradition as they were compelled to do and did do. (Naumann: Hist. of Music, Vol. I.)

This new dramatic speech—the supposed revival of Greek cantillation—was effected in the "stile recitative," or reciting style, which permitted the solo voice to follow the sense and the intonation suggested by the text. Out of this "stile recitative" opera quickly developed. And opera had in it the seeds of modern music.

Is there any evidence that Shakespeare, the most obviously musical of dramatic poets living at this moment, so critical in the subsequent development of music—is there reason for believing that he sensed or employed any means for bringing the two arts closely together? Here is a question to be discussed on the grounds of internal evidence alone. Shakespeare makes no direct statements on the subject, though the sonnet in "The Passionate Pilgrim," "If Music and Sweet Poetry agree," is often cited "even in Germany," says Elson ("Shakespeare in Music," page 93), "as a proof of Shakespeare's appreciation of the intimate relations of poetry and music." This sonnet, however, is, I believe, generally considered the work of Richard Barnsfield. Moreover, were this sonnet genuine Shakespeare we should not have a very definite hint from him as to his view of the agreement of the two arts:

If Music and Sweet Poetry agree
As they must needs, the Sister and the Brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other,

One God is God of both, as poets feign.

This brother and sisterly agreement was not enough for the musical dramatist. One God might be God of fairly disparate

offspring-witness the progeny of Jove!

If the musical reference in the plays be studied as a whole, with a view to its relation to the text, it will be found to fall into three fairly well defined classes. First, there are the stage directions. These are, commonly, such indications as "Flourish" or "Flourish of Trumpets or of Cornets." "Alarum" and "Alarum with Excursions" (excursions meaning parties of men running about) are frequently used, and there are numerous indications of instruments, such as, "Trumpets," "Trumpets sounded within." These directions are almost without exception indications of the entries of royal or other important persons, or accompaniments to fighting (for detailed, statistical account of these matters, see Naylor: "Shakespeare and Music"). "Music" or "Music within," or "Singing," are also used.

These references to music, however, do not help us in our present enquiry. Music of the sort indicated by these directions would be pertinent to the text simply on account of association in the minds of the hearers. Fanfares, horns, alarums, all suggest military operations or regal pageantry. In a sense they constitute

a kind of audible stage setting.

The second classification of musical references is one which we have already examined in brief detail. The allusions to musical instruments or musical technicalities in the text as a basis for metaphor, simile or punning constitute a kind of musical atmosphere without being necessarily very closely allied to the

meaning of the scene in question.

Lastly, there are the lyrics and the directions for songs. This class of references implies a far greater body of actual music than the others. As I have suggested, the bulk of this music was simply adaptations of popular music or songs written in the popular idiom. This is essentially no more intimate an association of music and drama than had been effected centuries before in the popular plays, or than was in current practice in the German Singspiel or in the use of Vaudeville in French popular plays or in the Sacre Rappresentationi in Italy. Of music

designed especially to fit the particular spirit of a text, or of a true musical declamation approaching the "stile recitativo," we have no traces in Shakespeare.

We, have, however, strong evidence that Shakespeare grew into an increasingly exact appreciation of the unity of his lyrics with the spirit of the scenes in which they appear Had he been so sensitive a musician as has in divers places been alleged, it seems reasonable to suppose he would have demanded a more

appropriate music for his plays.

Examine a few lyrics and their settings chosen from the early and the late plays, and this growing sense of the unity of song and scene becomes apparent. In "Love's Labours Lost" the references to ballads and dances indicate pieces well known to Shakespeare. Dr. Johnson thinks that a song is apparently lost from the third act where a stage direction indicates singing. But lyrics in the present form of the play come at the end, and have little other connection with the text than to give it a jolly conclusion. One of them:

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for then sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

does, to be sure, have slight reference to the celibate vows of Ferdinand and his friends, vows sworn to and broken within the action of the play. And the second lyric, following the first immediately, sings the joys of domesticity:

When icicles hang by the wall, And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail.

The lyric in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Who is Sylvia," so well known to us in Schubert's setting, has, indeed, a slightly closer connection with its scene than the two just quoted with the play in which they occur. Sylvia—a character in the piece—is serenaded in terms flatteringly personal to her. This loose connection with plot and characters is also found in "Under the Greenwood Tree" ("As You Like It," II, 5), in "Will you buy any tape" ("Winter's Tale," IV, 3), "Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more" ("Much Ado," II, 2), "Tell me, where is fancy bred" ("Merchant of Venice," III, 2), and "Take, O take those lips away" ("Measure for Measure," IV, 1).

There is, however, no small number of lyrics that have not even this loose connection with their scenes. "Hark, hark, the lark" ("Cymbeline," II, 3), "O, Mistress Mine" ("Twelfth-Night," II, 3), and "It was a lover and his lass" ("As You Like It," IV, 2), these lyrics, and others that might be listed, are

decoration-pleasant diversions in their scenes.

But when we come to a play which is among the last, namely, "The Tempest," we find a unity of plot and lyric and musical allusion far greater than in any other play "The Tempest" almost induces us to believe that its author sensed the possibilities of a play in music—Opera in musica, as the Italians called it. Certainly it is a very striking example of the use of music in a play. Rarely, if ever, has music been used incidentally in a play with greater cogency or more apt suggestiveness. The atmosphere of mystery and magic is suffused with music:

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet are, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again. . . . .
("Tempest," III, 2.)

Light, whose source we cannot trace, is full of mystery: much more so music, since it not only suggests the supernatural, but speaks to the emotions as well. "Singing," "Soft and solemn music," are often indicated in the stage directions, and Ariel rides continually on the wings of song. Moreover, there is not a lyric in the whole play that is not an integral part of the action and atmosphere. Ariel, invisible, leading Ferdinand to the part of the island which Prospero has indicated, goes before him singing:

Come unto these yellow sands (I, 2),

and answering Ferdinand's mourning for his father, Ariel continues:

Full fathom five thy father lies (I, 2).

Later, Ariel warns Gonzalo of the plot against him, singing:

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake! (II, 1.)

Likewise, Caliban carries on the spirit of the scene and reveals his own nature in his drunken songs: Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring.

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca -Caliban,

Has a new master—get a new man. (II, 2.)

#### VII

Aside from this growing sense of the unity of music with the drama, I cannot find that Shakespeare, as a musician, was influenced by the concerns of the professional musician of his time. As I indicated at the outset, his interest in music was that of an observant, retentive-minded Elizabethan gentleman. His knowledge of music, phenomenal as it may appear to us, was the

popularly current knowledge of his society and time.

I suspect that Emerson's observation, that great men confide themselves with child-like trust to the genius of their own age, has been evoked by more than one student who has just looked up from an intensive study of his Shakespeare. Shakespeare belongs to the ages, because, for one reason, he was so thoroughly child of his own age. The minutiæ of his age lie reflected in those of his works that seem most nearly ageless, and he has escaped the yoke of the temporal by a whole-hearted absorption in the temporary. This has all been pointed out voluminously. Shakespeare's plots, Shakespeare's craft, Shakespeare's theatre, Shakespeare's language, and a dozen other aspects of his art, have been shown to be superficially like that of his contemporaries. The essential Shakespeare lies, it seems, somewhere in the use he made of stuff, musical and other, his generation put into his hands.

### MUSIC IN CHINESE FAIRYTALE AND LEGEND

### By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

#### INTRODUCTION

HE fairytale of every land and race is a protest against the material, a denial of the commonplaces of existence. expresses that yearning on the part of the human soul whether imprisoned in a white, red, yellow or black bodily envelope —for the vistas of the fantastic and supernatural opening out from Keats' "magic casements" And musical allusions are of frequent occurrence in the fairytale, for music is the most imaginative, volatile and immaterial of the arts. The halls of the trolls, whose golden splendors are hidden within Norse mountains; the crystalwalled dragon-palaces beneath the China seas, all those spreading kingdoms of fairytale which escape the limitations of finite geography, have their music, a superlative of that of ordinary life. And, since all fairytales hark back to the primitive in mankind, as the phenomena of necromancy is their diurnal incident, incantation one of their most accepted forms of action, the unreal and the magical their familiar ambient, it would be strange were musicwhich is of magic origin -not often instanced in various connections in these stories man's imagination has devised to voice dreams and aspirations discounted by materialism.

In their love for music as well as in the richness of their literature of fairytale, myth and legend, the Chinese are surpassed by no other race. The magic fiddle of German and Scandinavian fairytale, is paralleled by the green jade flute which the Princess Toys-with-Jewels (in the Chinese story of "The Fluteplayer") plays in her lofty Phœnix tower. And the heroines who sing in the fairytales of China, have voices every whit as well trained—according to the traditions of Middle Kingdom bel canto—as any we may encounter in the fairytales of Ireland, Hungary, Italy or Spain.

The Jesuit missionary Père Amiot, who was a capable performer on the clavecin and the transverse flute, who studied Chinese music and talked with Chinese musicians during his long stay in the country, toward the second half of the eighteenth century, tried to charm them by his performances of Rameau's les Sauvages and les Cyclopes, and the most melodious flute compositions from Blavet's collection, but all in vain. He was told that

The airs of our music pass from the ear to the heart, and from the heart to the soul. We feel and understand them: those which you have played for us do not produce this effect upon us. The airs of our ancient music were quite another matter, it was enough to hear them in order to be enraptured.

The degeneracy from ancient musical tradition to which allusion is made in this remark of an eighteenth-century Mongolian music-lover is not, perhaps, to be taken too seriously. We may consider it one of those truisms of all contemporaneous criticism, which regrets the glories of a distant golden age whose perfection seems the more perfect the farther it recedes into the mists of legend and myth. No doubt but what, even at the period of the great Hoang-ti, who is supposed to have reigned 2700 years B. C., learned musicologists of his time shook their heads over the decay of their art, and sighed for good old times even more ancient, before the modernisms of their own day had tampered with the heritage of their ancestors.

The standard of present-day Chinese popular music, the music of the streets, is musically as low as our own, and textually probably more objectionable in some respects, though it could not possibly be so in others. But there is temple music, there are occupational songs, and folk-songs in the truest sense, whichespecially in such Indo-Chinese lands as Annam and Java are melodically quite lovely, even to our ears, though a rhythmic rather than a tonal harmony, the peculiarities of oriental vocal tone-production, and the exotic character lent by the use of the five-tone scale and hizarre instrumental timbres foreign to our ears. may obscure their charm. Then, too, with regard to Chinese music as alluded to in the fairytale, we must remember that all fairytale employs the superlative degree. Its jewels are larger, more radiant, than those of actuality, they are endowed with mystic properties and magic powers; its gold is the gold of enchantment, its springs are the fountains of youth, its medicines are productive of miraculous cures, its birds are rocs, its fishes human beings who languish beneath a spell, its beasts are werewolves and dragons. It is peopled by magicians, king's sons, heroes who are changed from beggars to possessors of untold wealth in the twinkling of an eye, by princesses of devastating beauty, by ghouls,

vampires, ghosts, corpses that are quick, gods, fairies and phantasms. Hence the music spoken of in the Chinese fairytale is sweeter than that of ordinary life. Just as the fairytale in its most characteristic moments is raised to a plane of glamor and poesy far above earthly levels, so its music approaches the music of the spheres, has a subtler charm, a more eloquent loveliness than any

springing from a purely mundane source.

There is a sad little Teuton fairytale by Grimm called "The Singing Bone." It is the tale of a younger brother slain by his senior, who buried the body bencath a bridge which led over a stream. Years afterward a shepherd who was driving his flock across the bridge, saw a snow-white bone lying on the sand below, and thought it would make a good mouthpiece for his horn. So he whittled it into shape, fitted it to his horn and began to blow the latter. No sooner had he done so than the bone itself began to sing, to the shepherd's great astonishment, and told in its song the cruel and traitorous details of the murder. And again and again, when the shepherd put his lips to his horn, there came forth the song which denounced the fratricide, until it reached the king's cars, and brought about the punishment of the wicked brother.

In essence there is only one Wunderhorn, one magic horn of fairytale, for all that its mouthpieces, which determine individual racial tone-color and quality, are many. Yet though it be by way of translation that we come to the Chinese mouthpiece which (as "The Singing Bone" is fitted to the shepherd's horn in Grimm's story) we here use for the purpose of giving an idea of the place occupied by music in the fairytales of the Middle Kingdom, its song is true to its own peculiar racial self, and its music not to be mistaken for any other.

#### MUSIC IN CHINESE MYTH

Music, like so many other developments of Chinese civilization, has always had something of the immutable about it. It was systematized, crystallized in traditional forms, and, once fixed has seemingly been established for all time. Chinese theorists still classify musical sound according as it is produced by means of skin, stone, metal, clay, wood, bamboo, silk or gourd, they still retain the picturesque ancient names of the five tones of the scale: "The Emperor," "The Prime Minister," "The Subject People," "State Affairs" and "The Picture of the Universe." And we find numerous references to the celestial origin of music and



The "Weaving Malden," seventh daughter of the Jade King, who spins the cloud silk for the King and Queen of Heaven.—From The Chinese Fairy Book.

Courtesy of the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York )

descriptions of the music of the gods and immortals in Chinese fairytale and literature.

In the celestial realms of the Jade King, the Lord of Heaven, above the great four-square sea where fish with golden scales clove the green waves, and in which the Jade King's daughters (of whom the seventh is the Weaver Maiden, who weaves the cloudsilk of the skies) disported themselves, "countless magic birds flew up and down, singing." And we have singing maidens on the moon as well. An emperor of the Tang dynasty once sat at wine with two sorcerers, and when he expressed a wish to visit the abode of the Moon Fairy, one of them threw his bamboo wand into the air, where it straightway turned into a bridge, along which the emperor and the necromancers made their way to the palace of the Moon Fairy, with all its wonders of silver pagoda towers and crystal walls And the Moon Fairy called upon her maidens, and they came riding up on white birds, and danced and sang beneath the magic cassia-tree. And the music of the heavens is described most poetically in the tale of "King Mu of Dschau." It seems that a magician came to the king from out of the West, one who could pass through fire and water, rise into the air without falling, and change himself into a thousand different shapes. The king, who had a deep respect for necromancy, treated him with great honor. built a lofty tower for him to dwell in, and sent him the loveliest of maidens be could find, clad in silks, adorned with jewels and scented with fragrant herbs, to fill the tower-palace and "sing the songs of the ancient kings" for the sorcerer's pleasure. And then, one day, the magician bade the king take hold of his aleeve, and they rose through the air to the magician's palace in the skies.

It was built of gold and silver, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones. It towered above rain and clouds, and none could say whereon it rested. To the eye it had the appearance of heaped-up clouds. And what the senses perceived was altogether different from the things of the human world. It seemed to the king that he was truly in the midst of the purple depths of the ethereal city, the harmony of the heavenly spheres, where Great God dwelt himself . . . the sounds which met the king's confused ears he was unable to grasp.

Later, on another magic journey, the divine Queen Mother of the West entertained King Mu at her castle by the jade fountains. She gave him rock marrow and the fruits of the jade-trees to eat, "then sang him a song and taught him a magic formula by means of which he could gain long life." Here we have, definitely, an allusion to the magic song, the song of incantation, which we find beneficently used on this occasion; but of

which so many maleficent examples occur in the literature of Greek and Roman antiquity, as well as in the modern tribal practice of peoples as remote from each other as are the negroes of

the Congo and the North American Indians.

In the white-jade palaces and the peach-gardens of immortality of Chinese myth, there is as much music to be heard as in the golden streets and temples of the Christian New Jerusalem: the divine Nu Wa, who first instituted matrimony, and also established the laws of music (is she credited with both accomplishments because, theoretically at least, they represent systems of purest harmony?), is, from a Chinese standpoint, quite as musical as Saint Cecilia. And of the Eight Immortals who dwell in the Chinese heavens, at least two are singers. One is Dschang Go. reputed to have been a white but before he turned into a human being, and acquired the hidden knowledge in primal times. When the Tang dynasty first came to the throne, Dschang Go appeared in various cities as a venerable white-bearded ancient. "with a bamboo drum on his back, riding on a black mule. He beat the drum and sang." Lan Tsai Ho, another of the Immortals, hung about the market-places in a torn blue gown and with but a single shoe, and sang a song of the nothingness of life. And in the story of the "Priest of Lauschan," in which a Taoist magician, at the request of his disciples, compels the Moon Fairy to appear, and dance and sing for them, "her voice was pure and clear as a flute." "Sky o' Dawn." a divine star-god who spent eighteen years on earth as the confidant of a Chinese emperor, ".... could whistle admirably. Whenever he whistled with full tones, long drawn out, the sun-motes danced to his whistling." And there is a Chinese fairytale called "Help in Need," in which a semi-divine princess, the daughter of a Dragon-King, hard pressed by an unwelcome suitor of her own immaterial kind, appeals to a provincial governor for a loan of the souls of such of his soldiers who have fallen in battle, to aid her to withstand the hosts of her admirer When they cannot make head against them under the ghostly leader who commands them, the governor burns incense before an altar, and lends her the soul of his best living general, whose spuit is thereupon translated to the city in which the princess dwells. The princess bids him to a banquet of honor: "She sat there erect. surrounded by painted maid-servants of incomparable beauty They plucked the strings and blew flutes . . . wine was served, and the meal was brought in to the sound of music." After he had defeated her foes, the distinguished captain's soul returned to the body which had been lying inanimate during the period of its

absence on the couch in his tent in camp. In the tale of "The Outcast Princess," also of the race of dragon-beings, another admirer has an opportunity of enjoying music of celestial origin. At a festal banquet which is held beneath the surface of the Sea of Dungting, to celebrate the destruction of the viliain (who in this case happens to be the lady's husband) Liu I, who eventually succeeds him, enjoys a feast for ears and eyes.

Music and the dance lent charm to the meal. A thousand warriors with banners and lances in their hands stepped forward. They carried out a war dance. The music expressed how Tsian Tang had broken through the enemy ranks, and the hair of the guest, as he listened, rose in his head with terror! Then, again, the sound of strings, flutes and little golden belis was heard. Clad in red and green silk, a thousand maidens danced around. The return of the Princess was expressed in tones. They sounded like a song, like sobbing, like sadness and lament, and all who heard were moved to tears.

There is indeed a sufficiency of music in the divine and semidivine abodes of the gods of Cathay. Many, if they formulate thoughts anent the music of a biblical paradise, might be inclined to conceive it, vaguely, as a spiritualization of the Ambrosian or Gregorian chant (certainly not the type of religious music represented by the average sacred song of the day), sung by myriads of white-robed and white-winged angels, assisted by all the accompanying instruments which biblical statement, ecclesiastical tradition and the more profane imagination of the Renaissance painters have established as belonging to the scene the harp, the trumpet, the sistrum, the organ, the flute, lute, violin, and even the bass viol. Orchestrally we would seem to have an advantage over the polytheistic Mongol, yet semi-celestial and celestial regions whose scheme admits of the introduction of the pantomime and ballet in connection with instrumental and vocal music, which allows the programmatic as well as the absolute in tone, which has the voice of the phonix and the chime effect of golden bells to lend variety to its choruses, might to some seem preferable, musically, to those whose program is an eternity of choral laudation.

Unfortunately we have as yet no authentic musical exhibits from either source by means of which to establish a comparison; a musical ouija-board might suggest possibilities. Or, now that the radio has been enlisted in the service of spiritism, why should we not listen (after the ultimate perfection of electrical wireless transmission) to such music as the blessed spirits may make! A definite knowledge of what they might have to bear

through the ages of ages might easily offset earthly differences of race, color and creed in the case of true music-lovers, who might look on musical variety as the spice of eternal as well as mortal life. But thus far we are at a loss. That emperor of the Tang dynasty who visited the moon, and who there listened to the song of the moon maidens, "... bad the songs which he had heard on the moon written down, and sung in his pear garden to the accompaniment of jasper flutes." But no echo of them has come down to us from the past.

#### Two ODD CHINESE MUSICAL LEGENDS

Perhaps the most interesting proof of the rôle played by music in Chinese fairytale and legend, and, by induction, in Chinese life itself, is afforded by the two colorful stories of "The Fluteplayer" and "The Music of Destruction," which we give in full. In both music is the true motive, the pivotal point about which the narrative turns. In "The Fluteplayer" the tale and its characters move from terrestrial to celestial regions; in "The Music of Destruction," while spirits are involved, the earth remains the scene of action.

#### THE FLUTEPLAYER

It once happened, in days long since past, that a young daughter was born to a Prince of Tsin. And when she was born a rock was brought to the prince which, when it was split open, disclosed a lump of green jadestone. When the little daughter's first birthday came around, a table laden with a great variety of gifts, including the precious jade stone, had been prepared for the child, but the stone was the only thing which she would take from the table, and the only thing with which she would play. And, since she would not allow it to leave her hands, she was named "Toys-with-Jewels." As she grew up she became lovelier in face and in form than any other maiden, and proved to be greatly gifted. Since she played beautifully upon the syrinx, and understood how to compose melodies without ever having taken a lesson, the Prince of Tain had the most skilled of all his artisans carve a syrinx out of the green jade-stone. When the maiden blew it, it sounded like the singing of the phoenix, and therefore the prince honored and loved the child, and had a palace many stories in height built, wherein to guard her This palace was called the Phœnix Palace, and the high tower which rose before it was known as the Phoenix Tower. When Toys-with-Jewels was fifteen years of age, the Prince of Tsin thought of finding her a husband. But Toys-with-Jewels entreated him and said. "Let it be no other man but one who knows how to blow the syrinx sweetly, so that his playing and mine may sound together. Such an one I would take, but another I should not care to have." The prince had his people seek everywhere for a player on the syring, but without success.

Now one day it chanced that Toys-with-Jewels was in her palace. She rolled back her curtains and saw the heavens were clear and cloudless, and the moonlight as radiant as a mirror. She commanded her maids to light the incense, took up her green jade syrinx, and seated at the window, commenced to play. The tones of her melody were so clear and high that it seemed as though they must have been heard in the very heavens. A faint breeze stirred continuously, and suddenly it seemed as though someone without were accompanying her melodies, now near, now far it sounded, and secretly aroused Toys-with-Jewels's astomshment. When she ceased blowing, the music of her unknown partner stopped as well, only its overtones trembled for a moment in soft echoes on the air. Toys-with-Jewels stood for a moment at the window and a sadness as though she mourned for something she had lost overcame her. Thus she stared out of the window until midnight, when the moon had gone down, and the incense had burned out. Then she laid the syrinx in her bed and reluctantly went to sleep.

And while she slept she dreamed that the gate of the South-Western Heavens opened wide, and that a cloud-radiance of five colors, glowing and shining like the day, streamed forth from it. And a handsome youth, with a headdress of stork feathers, came riding down from the heavens on a phornix, stood before the Phornix Tower and said to her "I am the spirit of the Taihua Mountains, and am your destined husband. On the Day of Mid-Autumn we shall meet again." Then he said not another word, but drawing a flute of some red precious stone from the girdle shout his hips, leaned against the balcony and began to play. Then the bright-colored phœnix best his wings and danced, and the singing of the phœnix and the tones of the flute sounded together in harmony through all the heights and depths, sweetly their sound fell upon the ear, and filled it with an entrancing echo. The soul and the thoughts of Toyswith-Jewels became confused. "What is this melody called?" she asked. "It is the first movement of the melody of the Taihau Mountains," replied the handsome youth. "Is it possible to learn it?" again saked Toys-with-Jewels. "Are you not already my promised wife? Why should I not be able to teach it to you?" said the youth. He went to-This so terrified the maiden that she ward her and took her hand awoke, her eyes still filled with her dream

When the day had dawned, she told her dream to the prince, and the prince repeated it to his minister Meng Ming, and sent the latter out to the Taihua Mountains to investigate the matter. There a village elder told Meng Ming what follows "Since the middle of July a strange person has appeared in this neighborhood. He has woven a hut of reeda for himself on the sparkling hill of stars, and lives there quite alone. Every day he is accustomed to descend in order to buy wine which he drinks in solitude. And he plays his flute without interruption until evening. Its tones can be heard throughout the whole region. Whoever hears them forgets all weariness. Whence the stranger comes none

of us know "

Then Meng Ming began to climb the mountains, but when he had reached the sparkling hill of stars, he really saw a man who were a head-dress of stork's feathers. His face appeared to be carved from a precious stone, his lips were red, and the expression of his countenance so free and

so celestially happy that he seemed to be living in a world beyond that of man. Meng Ming at once suspected that this was anything but an ordinary human being. He bowed and asked his name. "My father's name is Schao," replied the youth, "and my given name is Sche. Who are you? And why do you come here?" "I am the minister of this land," replied Meng Ming. "My lord and master is about to seek a husband for his daughter. Since she blows the syring with great art, he will take none other for son-in-law but one who is able to play together with her. Now the prince had heard that you were deeply versed in music, and has been thirsting to look upon you. Hence he sent me out to take you to him." Said the youth, "I hardly know anything about the various tonalities, and aside from this negligible flute-playing I have no art. I do not dare to follow your command." "Let us seek my master together," replied Meng Ming, "and then all will be made clear."

So Meng Ming took him back with him in his carriage, first made his report, and then led Schao Sche before the prince that he might pay homage to him. The prince sat in the Phirnlx Tower, and Schao Sche east himself down before him and said. "I am a subject from the countryside and from the hills, and an altogether ignorant man. I know pothing of court ceremonies, and beg that you will treat me mercifully and forgive me." The Prince of Tain studied Schao Sche, and noticed the free and happy expression of his countenance, which seemed truly celestial. And he took a lively pleasure in the arrival of the stranger, had him seat himself heade him and asked. "I hear that you know how to play the flute admirably. Can you also blow the synns?" "I can play the flute, but not the syrinx," replied Schao Sche. "I had been looking for a man who could play the syrins, but the flute is not the same thing." Turning to Meng Ming he added, "He is no partner for my daughter," and commanded that he be led away. Then Toys-with-Jewels sent a serving maid to the prince with the message. "Flute and syrinx both obey the same law of mune. If your guest can play the flute so admirably, why not let him show his art?"

The Prince of Tim took her advice, and ordered Schao Sche to play. Schao Sche took up his flute, made of a crimson precious stone, the jewel was radiant and oily, its crimson gleam was mirrored in the eyes of those present. It was truly a rare treasure. Schao Sche played the first movement slowly a clear wind arose. At the second movement colored clouds came flying from all four points of the heavens, and when he played the third, white storks could be seen dancing opposite each other in the skies. Peacocks sat in pairs in the trees, hundreds of birds of different kinds accompanied his music with the harmony of their songs,

until, after a time, they dispersed.

The Prince of Tain was highly delighted. In the meantime Toys-with-Jewels had witnessed the whole miracle from behind a curtain and said. "In truth, this is he who ought to play with me." The Prince asked Schoo Sche. "What is the origin and the difference between flute and syriax?". "In the beginning," replied Schoo Sche, "the syriax was invented. But then men found that greater simplicity was possible, and out of the pipe of four reeds they made the pipe of one reed, the flute." "And how is it," again asked the Prince of Tain, "that you are able to lure the birds to you by means of your playing?". "The tones of the flute

resemble the song of the phornix," returned Schao Sche - "The phornix is the king of all the hundreds of species of birds. Hence they all believe that the phoenix is singing and hasten up. Once, when the Emperor Sun discovered the mode Schao Schao, the phornix himself appeared. And if it is possible to lure the phoenix by means of music, why not the other birds?" The Prince of Tsin noticed that the speaker's voice was full and sonorous, grew more and more content, and said. "I have a favorite daughter whose name is Toys-with-Jewels. She has so great an understanding of music that I would not willingly give her to a deaf man. Hence she shall be your wife " Schao Sche's face grew sober, he bowed a number of times and said. "I am a peasant from the mountains. How might I venture to enter into a union with the noble princess?" "When my daughter was but a child," answered the prince, "she swore that none other than a blower on the syrinx should be her husband. Your flute, however, penetrates heaven and earth and conquers every living creature: it is better than the syring. Then, too, my daughter once dreamed a dream. This is the Day of Mid-Autumn, and the will of heaven is plain Hence, do not refuse!" Then Schao Sche cast himself on the ground and spoke his thanks.

Now the prince wished his soothsayer to select an auspicious day for the nuptials. But the soothsayer said "This is the Mid-Autumn Day, no time is more propitious. The moon shines full in the heavens, and all men on earth breathe joyfully." So the prince at once had a bath prepared, and had Schao Sche led to it, that he might cleanse himself. And when he had changed his garments he was taken to the Phonix Castle, where he was united with Toys-with Jewels. The following day the Prince appointed Schao Sche a mandarin, but he paid no attention to his duties, for all his official rank, and spent all his time in the Phonix Castle. He are no cooked food and only, from time to time, drank a few goblets of wine. Toys-with-Jewels learned from him his secret of breathing, so that in the end she too was able to live without food. In addition he taught her a melody by means of which one could lure the

phænix

Half a year had gone by when, one night, the pair were playing together in the moonlight. Suddenly there appeared a violet-colored phornia, who stationed himself to the left of the Phornia Tower, and a crimson dragon, who uncoiled himself at its right. Then Schao-Sche said: "In the upper world I was a spirit. Then the Ruler of the Heavens sent me down, when the books of history had become disordered, so that I might order them. Thus, in the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Djou Schuan-Wang on earth, I was born as a son into the family Schao. Up to the death of Schuan-Wang, the historiographers were incapable. But I arranged the books of history from the beginning to the end of the period and ordered them, so that they might be continued. And because of my labors with the history books the people called me Schao Sche But all this happened more than a hundred years ago. The Ruler of the Heavens commanded me to rule in the Hua Hills as a mountain spirit. Yet, since this marriage with you was already predestined, he brought us together by means of the tones of the flute-Now, however, we may no longer remain here on earth, for dragon and phoenix have come to bear us away. We must depart.

Toys-with-Jewels first wished to bid her father farewell; but Schao Sche said "No, those who wish to become spirits must turn away their thoughts from all that is earthly. How could you then still cling to a relative?" So Schao Sche mounted the crimson dragon and Toys-with-Jewels the violet phænix, and they rode away from the Phænix Tower through the clouds. And that same night the phænix was heard to sing in the mountains of Taihua.

When the maid of the princess reported what had happened to the Prince of Tsin the following morning, he first lost all power of speech. And at last he wailed: "So it is true that such happenings as this, with spirits and genies, really take place? If a dragon or phænix were to come this moment to carry me off, I would leave my land with as little regret as I would fling away an old shoe." He sent out many men into the Taihua Mountains to look for the two musicians. But they had disappeared for good and all, and were never seen or heard of again.

In essence the story of "The Fluteplayer" is a prose hymn in praise of music: in the guise of a fairy tale or legend, it emphasizes the truth of the divinity of music, its powers to raise the soul from mundane levels to celestial altitudes of bliss. Is there, in any fairytale literature, a more lovely development of the thought in story-form? If "The Fluteplayer," however, dwells on the magic power of harmonious sound, its ability to transfigure man and control the winds and birds, in "The Music of Destruction" another phase of its compelling influence is described, one more sinister, evoking tempests in place of rose-colored clouds.

#### THE MUSIC OF DESTRUCTION

In the days when Ling Kung had but just been crowned Prince of We, he undertook a journey to pay his neighbor, Prince Ping Kung of Djin a visit. For the latter had caused to be erected so magnificent a palace that the princes of every land visited him to wish him joy. The name of the palace was Se Ki. Now when Ling Kung in the course of his journey reached the Pu river, he took quarters for the night in an inn. Yet he was unable to sleep, although it was in the middle of the night, for it seemed to him that he could hear the tones of a zither. He flung a mantle about him, sat up in bed, and leaning against his pillows, listened intently. The sounds were very faint, and yet clearly to be distinguished. Never had he heard the like: it was a mode to which mortal ears had never before listened. He questioned his suite, but one and all declared that they had heard nothing

Ling Kung was used to music and loved it. It chanced that he had a court musician, Kuan by name, who was gifted in the finding of new modes and tonalities, and who knew how to compose the melody of the four seasons, so that it really seemed to be spring, summer, fall and winter, according as he played. Therefore Ling Kung was very fond of him, and took him along with him wherever he went, and wherever he stayed. And now he sent his retinue to call Kuan. Kuan came. The song that

the Prince had heard had not as yet ended. "Do you hear it?" asked Ling Kong, "it sounds like the music of the evil spirits!" Kuan listened intently, and after a time the sounds ceased. "I have noted it in my memory in a general way," said Kuan, "but it will take another night before I can write it down." So Ling Kung remained another night in the same spot. At midnight the song of the rither once more arose. Then the court musician took his own rither and practiced, until at last he

had absorbed all the beauties of the song he had heard

Now when they arrived in Djin, had paid their homage and respects, and the ceremonies were over. Ping Kung had a festival hanquet prepared on the Se-Ti terrace. Wine had already flowed freely when Ping Kung said. "Long ago I was told that you had a musician in We, by the name of Kuan, who was gifted in the discovery of new modes and ton-ahitim. In he not here to-day?" "He is in the cellar-room beneath the terrace," replied Ling Kung. "Then I beg that you will have him called for my sake," answered Ping Kung. Ling Kung called and Kuan came up on the terrace. At the same time Ping Kung had his own court musician, Kuang, sent for, and since he was blind he was led up the terrace steps. The two flung themselves down at the head of the staircase and greeted the two princes. Then Ping Kung asked. "Tell me, Kuan, what new modes are current nowadays?" Kuan replied. "On the way hither I heard something altogether new. I should be glad to have a nither in order to play it for you."

At once Ping Kung commanded his retinue to set up a table, and to bring the old aither made of the wood of the Indian gum-tree, and iny it down before Kuan. First Kuan tuned the seven strings, and then began to move his fingers and play. And after he had heard no more than a few tones, Ping Kung began to praise the melody. Yet Kuan had not even finished the first half before the blind musician Kuang laid his hand on the aither, and said. "This melody of the downfall and destruction of the empire is one you should not play! Stop playing it!". "What do you mean by this saying?" inquired Ping Kung. And Kuang answered. "When the cycle of the preceding dynasty was nearing its close, a musician by the name of Yiang invented a mode which hears the name of meme. This is that mode. The Emperor Djou heard it, and it made him forget all his wearmess. Yet soon after he was dethroned by the Prince Wu Wang, whereupon the musician Yiang fled with his rither to the East, and leaped into the Pu river. Now when it chances that one who loves music passes the spot, this melody sounds up from the water. If Kuan has heard it on his way, it could only have been by the Pu river."

Ling Kung was secretly surprised at the truth of this speech. Ping Kung, however, asked "What harm is there if this song of a dethroned dynasty be played?" "Djou lost his empire through sensual music. This is a melody of misfortune, and should not be played." "But I am fond of new music," cried Ping Kung. "Kuan shall play the song for me to its end." So Kuan once more tuned the strings, and in his play he pictured all the conditions of the soul between immobility and movement. It sounded like talking and weaping. Ping Kung, in glad excitement, asked Kuang. "What is this mode called?" "It is called Tring Scheng," replied Kuang. "Tring Schang is probably the saddest mode of them all," and Ping Kung. "Tring Schang is and, indeed," replied Kuang.

"yet still more end is the mode Tring Tes." Then Fing Kung asked. "Can I not hear Tring Tes?" "Impossible," Kuang at once answered. "If former rulers heard it, it was because they were virtuous and upright men. In these days rulers have but little virtue, and they may not hear this tonality." "But I am passionately fond of new music," cried Ping

Kung "Do not dare to refuse me this"

So Kuang had no choice but to take up the gither and play. No sooner had be finished the first movement, than a swarm of black storks came flying from the South, and gathered upon the gates and beams of the palace. They could be counted eight pair. Knang went on playing. Then all the storks flapped their wings and sang. They settled down in rows on the steps of the terrace, and stood eight on either side. Kunng played the third movement, the storks stretched their mecks, flapped their wings, sang and danced. The melody resounded to to the very heavens, and to the Silver River (Milky Way). Ping Kung clapped his hands in the excess of his delight, all the crowded festival tables swelled with pleasure, and above and below the terrace all the spectators leaped about admiring the marvel. Ping Kung with his own princely hand seized a beaker of white jude-stone, filled with the costliest wine and handed it to Kuang, who emptied it. Then Ping Kung sighed and said. "We can go as far as Tring Toe, but there is nothing higher " "There is something higher," answered Kuang, "and it is the tonality of Teing Kino" A profound terror passed through Ping Kung. "If there be aught higher than Tsing Tse, then why do you not let me hear it?" "Tring Kieo," said Kuang, "cannot be compared with Tring I dare not play it. Once, in the grey primal days, the Emperor. Huang To gathered together the demons and spirits on the Taishan Mountain. He drove there in his elephant wagon, to which crocodiles and dragons were harnessed. The paladin Pi-Fang sat by his side, the paladin Tie-Yu went before him. The Prince of the Winds swept the dust from his way, the Rainman moistened the roads for him, tigers and wolves preceded him and demons and spirits followed after Monstrous serpents lay in the path, and physnizes covered the skies. And there a great gathering of the demons and spirits invented the Tring Kido mode. Since that time the virtue of princes has decreased. They are no longer able to hold the apirits and demons in subjection, and the empire of mortals is entirely cut off from that of the spirits. Now, when this tonality is played, the demons and spirits gather once more, evil and misfortune comes of it, and good fortune disappears." But Ping Kung cried. "Since I am as old as I am, I will, for once, hear the Time Kion mode." And if it were my death, still I should not regret it." Kuang obstinately refused to play, but Ping Kung leaped up and forced him to do his will

So Kuang was no longer able to withstand him, and again took up the sither and played. At the first movement, black clouds came up out of the western skies, at the second a sudden tempest arose, tore down the curtains and awept the goblets and dishes from the tables. Roof-tiles flew through the air, the pillars on the terrace burst asunder. Then there resounded a swift thunderholt and a crash. A tremendous rain poured down and flooded the terrace beneath several feet of water. The mundation spread to the interior of the terrace, and the retinue of the princes fied in terror. Ping Kung and Ling Kung timidly hid themselves behind the door of a near-by room. Finally the tempest and rain stopped, the retinues once more reassembled and supported the two princes when they stepped out on the terrace. That very same night, however, Ping Kung was overtaken by a great fear, his heart began to beat violently, he became ill, his thoughts grew confused, his will-power paralyzed, and not long after death overwhelmed him.

The antiquity of these tales is more or less proven by the instruments used in them. The fact that the flute played by the princess's lover in "The Fluteplayer" is made of a "red precious stone," shows that the instrument is a Hsiao made in the olden days, when flutes were carved from copper, marble and semiprecious stones in the belief that they were less liable to be affected by changes of temperature than the wood, bamboo, of which they are now made. The same applies to the syrinx of the princess, which must have been one of the instruments said to have been invented by the Emperor Shun -the P'ai-hsiao, a collection of Pandean pipes, ten tubes gradually decreasing in length and roughly tied together with silk cord. In view of the details of this story, and that of "The Fluteplayer," it is worthy of note that this P'ai-hsiao is peculiarly associated with that legendary bird the Feng-hugng or Phornix, the sounds emitted by it being supposed to represent his voice, and, as the instrument now appears, in a carved and ornamented frame, its original ten tubes increased to sixteen in number, its frame is shaped to typify the mythical bird with wings outspread. The "old zither made of the wood of the Indian gum-tree" in the tale of "The Music of Destruction," is probably the Ch-in, one of the most ancient of Chinese stringed instruments. and one which has been called "the most poetic of all." This tale, like its companion, is supposed to hark back to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and the fact that the musician "tuned the seven strings," shows that innovation had already played its part in changing his instrument; for when Fu Hsi first invented the Ch-in in the dim past, in order that its music might "check the evil passions, rectify the heart and guide the actions of the body" (quite a program for a zither!), it could boast of no more than five strings. Most interesting, in connection with these ancient instrumental forms, is the support lent by the story of "The Music of Destruction" to Combanieu's theory of the magic associations of all early music, and music's supposed power to call up demons and bring about convulsions of nature. This again, however, is simply an obverse expression of the Chinese belief that music is the "expression of the perfect harmony existing between heaven, and earth and man"; that is, of course, music in its purest and divinest sense. As the greater includes the less, this presupposes, as the story shows, a music of evil, which if played, evokes malignant demoniac forces, and lays a curse upon those who hear it.

# FURTHER MUSICAL ECHOES FROM THE PAGES OF CHINESE FAIRYTALE

If we take up a rather unique volume of Chinese fairytales, "The Chinese Fairy Book," one to which we have already had recourse in our considerations, and whose fascinating diversity of content and quaint poetic flavor will come as a surprise to many an American reader, and turn its pages, music echoes and rechoes in the text as we progress. In the story of "Old Dachang," in which a disembodied spirit weds the daughter of a mortal, and bears her away with him to a secret vale where their days pass in blessed content and happiness, we find musical allusions which fall gratefully on the ear, and unite with vivid bits of scenic description in creating a picture of colorful charm. It is the brother of Old Dachang's wife who has come to visit her and catches his first glimpse of his brother-in-law's home.

Before the village there flowed a deep brook of clear, blue water. With his guide he crossed a bridge of stone which led them to the gate. Here trees and flowers were mingled in colorful profusion. Peacocks and cranes flew about, and from the distance sounded the music of flute and strings. Pure tones rose to the skies. A messenger in a purple gown received the guest at the gate, and led him into a hall, magnificent beyond measure. Exotic perfumes filled the air, and little bells of pearl were chiming . . .

Later, when the spirit brother-in-law, his wife and mother take a little outing, riding through the air on phoenixes and cranes, "colored clouds rose in the courtyard and a delightful music sounded forth." And even Du Dsi Tschun, a profligate who proceeds to run through one fortune after another, as soon as his magician benefactor bestows it upon him, in the tale of "The Kindly Magician," at least shows musical good taste, since "he always surrounded himself with singing-girls," though the statement must be qualified by the fact that in China the singing-girl does not invariably rely upon her voix de tête alone to charm the susceptible heart.

To turn to worthier music-lovers, we have the "art" fairytale of "The Flower-Elves," one of the most exquisitely poetic of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York,

all Chinese nature fairytales. In it the twelve lovely maidens who are the incorporations of the peach, the flowering prune, and other young trees of the lonely scholar's garden, and who are hospitably entreated by him at a little nocturnal banquet, mingle the fragrance of the blossoms they symbolize with music.

The moon shone brightly, and the flowers exhaled intoxicating odors. After they had partaken of food and drink the maids rose, danced and sang. Sweetly the sound of their singing echoed through the falling gloam, and their dance was like that of the butterflies fluttering about the flowers. The scholar was so overpowered with delight that he no longer knew whether he were in heaven or on earth.

In the tale of "The King of the Ants," a charming Lilliputian fancy, in which a host of little ant-men in every respect minuscules of human kind, invade a scholar's study with all the pomp and circumstance of a king with court and retinue, music is not forgotten, for all that its strain is an attenuate one. Tents are put up on the edge of the saucer which holds the scholar's purple writing-ink, and a banquet is prepared.

A great number of guests sat down to table. Musicians and dancers stood ready [in ancient Chinese music, as in that of the Greeks, sweet sound played a prime part as a regulator of the movements of the dance]. There was a bright confusion of mingled garments of purple and scarlet, crimson and green. Pipes and flutes, fiddles and cymbals sounded, and the dancers moved in the dance. The music was very faint, yet its melodies could be clearly distinguished

Here the "pipes" and "flutes" mentioned are probably the P'ai-hsiao and Hsiao already described. The "fiddle" is the Chinese violin, the Hu-ch'in, with a hollow cyndrical body whose upper end is covered with a snake skin while the lower remains open. It has four silk strings, and the bow passes between the strings in playing, which calls for quite a special technique. There is also a two-stringed Chinese violin, the Erh-hsien, but this is principally affected by the lower classes, and it is only fair to suppose that royalty—which in every age and clime has favored the best in its court music—would do the same in the ant kingdoms of fairytale, and that hence the Hu-ch'in was the instrument used. The cymbals, or Po, supposed to be of Indian origin, are made on the principle of cymbals the world over

In the tale of the wise man Dschang Liang, who ate no food, concentrated in spirit, and frequented the society of the four whitebeards of the Shang mountain until, at will, he loosed his soul from his body and became one of the immortals, we hear of a

Chinese equivalent of the angelic cherub. Dschang Liang once met two boys who were singing and dancing:

Green the garments you should wear, If to heaven's gate you'd fare, There the Golden Mother meet, Bow before the Wood Lord's feet!

When Dschang Liang heard this he bowed before the youths and said to his friends. "Those are angel children of the King Father of the East. The Golden Mother is the Queen of the West. The Lord of Wood is the King Father of the East. They are the two primal powers, the parents of all that is male and female, the root and fountain of heaven and earth, to whom all that has life is indebted for its creation and nourishment. The Lord of Wood is the master of all male saints; the Golden Mother is the mistress of all female saints. Whoever would gain immortality must first greet the Golden Mother, and then bow before the King Father. Then he may rise to the three Pure Ones and stand in the presence of the Highest The song of the angel children shows the manner in which hidden knowledge may be acquired.

Here we have another instance of the intimate association of music with the Chinese spiritual world, either for good or for bad, in this case the former.

The fairytale of "Old Dragonbeard" introduces another instance of banquet music, for a festival, a banquet without music, seems an unheard-of thing in Chinese actual life as well as in its fairytale.

Flagons and dishes and all the utensils were made of gold and jade, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Two companies of girl musicians blew alternately upon flutes and chalumeaus [the Chinese shepherd pipe, Ch'iang-ti] They sang and danced, and it seemed to the visitors that they had been transported to the palace of the Lady of the Moon. The rainbow garments fluttered, and the dancing girls were beautiful beyond all the beauty of earth.

In the tale of "The Golden Canister," we find a musical allusion of some subtlety. It is a tale of the feudal age in China, of a certain Count of Ludschou who

had a slave-girl who could play the lute admirably . . . Once there was a great feast held in the camp—Said the slave-girl "The large kettledrum sounds so sad to-day; some misfortune must surely have happened to the kettledrummer". The count sent for the kettledrummer and questioned him. "My wife has died," he replied, "yet I did not venture to ask for leave of absence. That is why, in spite of me, my kettledrum sounded so sad." The count allowed him to go home.

The esteem in which the lute-player and lute-music were held in shown by the poem by Po-Chu-I (A.D. 772-846), which Herbert A. Giles has Englished in prose. It is not a fairytale, but is so essentially musical and charming that we cannot forbear presenting it.

By night, at the riverside, adjeus were spoken, beneath the maple's flowerlike leaves, blooming amid autumnal decay. Host had dismounted to speed the parting guest, already aboard his boat stirrup-cup went round, but no flute, no guitar was heard. And so, ere the heart was warmed with wine, came words of cold farewell beneath the bright moon, glittering over the bosom of the broad stream. suddenly across the water a lute broke forth into sound. Host forgot to go, guest lingered on, wondering whence the music, and asking who the performer might be. At this all was husbed, but no answer given. A boat approached, and the musician was invited to join the party. Cups were refilled, lamps trimmed again, and preparations for festivity renewed. At length, after much pressing, she came forth, hiding her face behind her lute, and twice or thrice aweeping the strings, betrayed emotion ere her Then every note she struck swelled with pathos deep song was sung and strong, as though telling the tale of a wrecked and hopeless life, while with bent head and rapid finger she poured forth her soul in melody Now softly, now slowly, her plectrum sped to and fro, now this air now that, loudly, with the crash of falling rain, softly, as the murmur of whispered words, now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and pearlets dropping upon a marble dish. Or liquid, like the warbling of the mange-bird in the bush, trickling, like the streamlet on its downward course. And then, like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, so for a moment was the music fulled, in a passion too deep for sound. Then, as bursts the water from the broken vase, as clash the arms upon the maded horseman, so fell the plectrum once more upon the strings with a slash like the rent of silk.

Silence on all sides not a sound stored the air. The autumn moust shone silver athwart the tide, as with a sigh the munician thrust her plectrum beneath the strings and quietly prepared to leave. "My childhood," said she, "was spent at the capital, in my home near the hills. At thirteen, I learnt the guitar, and my name was enrolled among the primas of the day. The massive himself acknowledged my skill, the most beauteous women envied my lovely face. The youths of the neighborhood vied with each other to do me honor, a single song brought me I know not how many costly bales. Golden ornaments and silver pins were smashed, blood red slorts of silk were stained with wine, in oft-times echoing applicate. And so I laughed on from year to year, while the spring breeze and autumn moon swept over my careless head.

"Then my brother went away to the wars my mother died. Nights passed and mornings came, and with them my beauty began to fade. My doors no longer thronged, but few cavaliers remained. So I took a husband and became a trader's wife. He was all for gain, and little recked of separation from me. Last month he went off to buy tea, and I remained behind, to wander in my lonely boat on moon-lit nights over

the cold wave, thinking of the happy days gone by, my reddened eyes

telling of tearful dreams."

The sweet melody of the lute had already moved my soul to pity, and now these words pierced me to the heart again. "O lady," I cried, "we are companions in misfortune, and need no ceremony to be friends. Last year I quitted the Imperial city, and fever-stricken reached this spot, where in its desolation, from year's end to year's end, no flute or guitar is heard. I live by the marshy river-bank, surrounded by yellow reeds and stunted bamboos. Day and night no sounds reach my ears save the blood-stained note of the nightjar, the gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have, and village pipes with their harsh discordant twang. But now that I listen to thy lute's discourse, methinks 'tis the music of the gods. Prithee sit down awhile and sing to us yet again, while I commit thy story to writing."

Grateful to me (for she had been standing long), the lute-girl sat down and quickly broke forth into another song, sad and soft, unlike the song of just now. Then all her hearers melted into tears unrestrained; and none flowed more freely than mine, until my bosom was wet with

weeping.

"The Monk of the Yangtsee-Kiang," who became a great Buddhist teacher and saint, in one part of his life-tale is endeavoring to apprize his imprisoned mother that he stands without her door. "The woman was sitting at home, and when she heard the 'wooden fish' beaten so insistently before the door, and heard the words of deliverance, the voice of her heart cried out in her." This Mu-yu, or "wooden fish," is a hollow block of wood shaped somewhat like a skull or a fish, and said to have been invented during the eighth century, in the reign of the Tang dynasty. It is painted red, is of all sizes, from a foot up, and is beaten by means of a drumstick. The Buddhist priests use it to mark the rhythm in the recitation of prayers, or to call attention to themselves when begging from door to door.

In the art-fairytale of "The Heartless Husband" we have as heroine a beggar-king's "Little Golden Daughter," who is "... a skilled dancer and singer and can play upon the flute and zither." This, in addition to numerous other accomplishments, is to show that no expense had been spared in her bringing-up. In the tale of "Giauna the Beautiful," dealing with the advantages of a human youth with a family of "talking foxes" (spirit beings generally inimical to man, but in this case friendly), Kung, the young scholar, has been correcting the essays of the youthful "talking fox" who has become his pupil, in the latter's home. The pupil's father has retired "after a few beakers of wine," and the fox youth turned to a small boy and said. "See whether the old gentleman has already fallen asleep. If he has you may quietly bring in little Hiang-Nu."

A "little Hiang-Hu" might, perhaps, suggest quite other connotations were the fox youth an American college student, intent on relaxation after serious study. But the Chinese aspirant to the rewards of learning is eager for—music!

The boy went off and the youth took a lute from an embroidered case. At once a serving-maid entered, dressed in red, and surpassingly beautiful. The youth bade her sing "The Lament of the Beloved," and her melting tones moved the heart. The third watch of the night had passed before they retired to sleep.

We might close our considerations anent music in the Chinese fairytale with some citations from "Rose of Evening," surely one of the most poetic, most delicate and tender that the imagination has divised among any of the nations. It is a tale of one of the vouths who, at the Dragon Junk Festival, are trained to sit on a board floating in the water, attached to the tailend of the festival junk, and there turn somersaults, stand on their heads, and perform all sorts of tricks. Often these hapless youngsters are drowned. and it is the custom to give the parents of those boys who are hired for the purpose the money in advance, before they are trained. Then their subsequent death is on no one's conscience. Aduan, the hero of the tale, falls into the water and is drowned. Aduan did not know he had been drowned," and makes his way to the court of the Prince of the Dragon's Cave, beneath the Yellow River. There he finds music, enough and to spare. The description of the tones and rhythms of this subsequent world seem to beg the composer to write their music for all to hear. "Mother Hia" teaches the drowned urchins of the Yellow River, assembled beneath its waters, the dances which make the delight of the riverprince's court, and Aduan, in his turn, learns them from her. "She taught him the dance of the flying thunders of Tsian-Tang River, and the music that calms the winds on the Sea of Dung-Ting. When the cymbals and kettledrums reëchoed through all the courts, they stunned the ear. Then, again, all the courts would fall silent." We are given an account of the dances at the court of the Prince of the Dragon's Cave.

When all the dancers had assembled, the dance of the Ogres was danced first. Those who performed it wore devil-masks and garments of scales. They beat upon enormous cymbals and their kettledrums were so large that four men could just about span them. Their sound was like the sound of a mighty thunder, and the noise was so great that nothing else could be heard. When the dance began, tremendous waves spouted up to the very skies, and then fell down again like star-glimmer which scatters in the air.

The Prince of the Dragon's Cave hastily bade the dance cease, and had the dancers of the nightingale step forth. These were all lovely girls of sixteen. They made delicate music with flutes, so that the breeze blew and the roaring of the waves was stilled in a moment. The water gradually became as quiet as a crystal world, transparent to its lowest depths. When the nightingale dancers had finished, they withdrew and posted themselves in the Western courtyard.

Then came the turn of the swallow dancers. These were all little girls. With the one among them who "danced the dance of the giving of flowers with flying sleeves and waving locks," Aduan falls deeply in love, her name is "Rose of Evening," Aduan, too, plays a solo rôle in this ballet under the water.

... Aduan danced alone, and he danced with joy or defiance according to the music. When he looked up and when he looked down, his glances held the beat of the measure. The Dragon Prince, enchanted with his skill, presented him with a garment of five colors, and gave him a carbuncle set in golden threads of fish-beard for a hair-jewel.

We cannot follow further the various adventures of these Chinese fairytale lovers, save to remark that they have a happy ending, and to point out that -after Aduan has once more reached the land of mortals, and to all appearances is a mortal himself—the fact that he casts no shadow betrays that he is a departed spirit, an idea which has analogies in Norse and other European fairy-tales, and an offshoot of which is embodied in Richard Strauss's opera, Die Frau ohne Schatten. But who can deny the color, the poetic charm of these and other musical allusions, the scope they afford for vivid and lovely tonal painting, their rich possibilities of harmonic development?

## THE CHINESE FAIRYTALE MOTIVE IN MODERN OCCIDENTAL MUSIC

While the Chinese motive in general has been largely exploited in modern music—for musical Orientalists have been keen to take advantage of the exotic possibilities of the pentatone scale, and the inspirational possibilities of Chinese poetry, as it is known to us through Cramner Byng's beautiful English versions of many of the older Chinese poets—the Chinese fairytale, specifically, has not furnished as great an incentive to the tone-poet. The most outstanding examples of the use of a Chinese fairytale motive in modern music, perhaps, are Gozzi's "Turandot" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," both tales from the "Thousand and One Nights," Chinese in their milieu, in other words, introducing the Chinese motive as an exotic in a Saracenic ambient; and Hans

Andersen, the Dane's, fairy story of "The Nightingale," also localized in the Flowery Kingdom. In a more recent development of a Chinese subject in opera-form. Clemens von Frankenstein's Des Kaisers Dichter ("The Emperor's Poet"), produced in Hamburg, November, 1920, the composer's text-book, by Rudolf Lothar, deliberately ignored the poetic fairytale which the Chinese have woven about the death of the poet in question, Li-Tai-Pe. to present more prosaically human details of his life-story. Tai-Pe, the Omar Khayyam of the Celestial Empire, according to history, fell overboard one day when intoxicated and, to put it plainly, drowned while drunk. His admiring compatriots, however, embellished this tale and the legend runs that Li-Tai-Pe deliberately cast himself into the flood and was horne away into the beyond, not on an alcoholic tide, but on the backs of dolphins, who introduced him to the wonders of the dragon-king's palace beneath the waves.

Gozzi's Arabian-derived fairytale play Re Turandote attracted the attention of Carl Maria von Weber, in Schiller's translation and adaptation, however, who, in 1809, wrote the seven incidental numbers of which one—a march, the overture, founded on a genuine Chinese theme which the composer discovered in Rousseau's Dictionnairs de murique—is still played. Ferruccio Busoni, a modern of moderns, has also strongly reacted to this Chinese story, in the dramatization which Karl Vollmoeller dedicated to him, and which its author describes as "a modest attempt to cast good metal anew, closely following the Italian of the sardonic nobleman (Gozzi) whose bones have been mouldering by the blue lagoons for over a hundred years." His reaction took the form, first, of a suite of eight orchestral numbers illustrating the play for the original Reinhardt production, and more recently (and utilizing some of the thematic pieces of his symphonic suite) of an opera, Turandot. As Busoni himself has said: "The continual colorful alternation of passion and playfulness, of the real and unreal, of the diurnal and the exotically fantastic, was what most tempted me in Gozzi's Chinese fairytale for the theatre." Yet Busoni has not attempted to gain his exotic effects by too close an adherence to original scales or themes. His aim has been to secure the feeling, the illusion of a Chinese music, and this atmosphere he has succeeded in obtaining. His orchestration, in many cases, has been sufficient to establish the Chinese color, as for instance in the grotesque "Truffaldino's March," by the employ of wood-wind, brasses and percussives, and an entire elision of the strings. Vollmoeller's own indications for the music-"From the

right the sounds of a march with kettledrums and tambourines . . . a troop of female slaves beating tambourines"—eliminate

etrings.

In Hans Andersen's "The Nightingale" we have an art-fairytale of a peculiarly moving and human sort, one which, though due to the invention of a Scandinavian and only placed in a Chinese setting, is above all human in a broad and eclectic fashion. That by reason of its delightful opportunities for the development of exotic effect it should have appealed to Stravinsky for operatic treatment is not surprising, and it is worth any serious student's while to see how brilliantly the latter has exploited the strange colors and bizarre modal capabilities of the Chinese five-tone scale. (In this connection, C. Stanley Wise's "Impressions of Igor Stravinsky," in "The Musical Quarterly," April, 1916, may be consulted to advantage.)

Among Chinese fairytale subjects which have appealed to the modern composer for musical treatment, that of "Aladdin" is popular. Admitting that it is Chinese by way of Arabia, it is the supposed Chinese element and not the Saracenic one which the composer has invariably stressed. There can be no other real reason than the one that of the two exotic color schemes the Chinese promises the most, for there are plentiful vestiges of Mohammedan song and instrumental music in those lands which once made up the empire of Haroun al Raschid—Egypt, Arabia, Syria,

Mesopotamia, Tunis, Algiera.

A particularly fine development of the "Aladdin" story in music is Edgar Stillman Kelley's Chinese orchestral suite "Aladdin" (the writer still recalls with pleasure the impression it made upon him many years ago, when it was first performed in New York at a concert of the Manuscript Society), in which the pentatone scale and such elementary harmonic combination as genuine Chinese music is capable of, serve as a nucleus for the building-up of an imaginative structure of lofty beauty. The first movement of this suite, "The Wedding of the Princess and Aladdin," is based on actual Chinese themes (Kelley obtained them from native players in the old Chinese quarter of San Francisco, long before the great earthquake and fire swept it out of existence) and is, to quote Rupert Hughes, "a sort of sublimated 'shivaree,' in which oboes (probably taking the place of the Khan-tzu, the small oboelike instrument which is a favorite at Chinese weddings), muted trumpets, and mandolins (to approximate the Chinese P'i-p'a, the popular ('hinese 'balloon guitar') join in producing the merry and colorful uproar that is characteristic of Chinese wedding-music."

The second movement, "A Serenade in the Royal Pear Garden," is more purely lyric. As Hughes puts it, it "begins with a luxurious tone-poem of moonlight and shadow, out of which, after a preliminary tuning of the Chinese lute" (or, rather, the Sanheren, the three-stringed Chinese guitar, a favorite instrument of the street ballad singers) "wails a lyric caterwaul, alternately in 2-4 and 3-4 tempo, which the Chinese translate as a love-song. Its amorous grotesqueness at length subsides into the majestic night." The third movement, depicting in tone "The Flight of the Genie with the Palace," the plucking of Aladdin's wonderful castle from its proper place, and its majestic projection through the nocturnal air to the bleak desert surroundings where the magician awaits it, is handled with dramatic skill and high imaginative power. Kelley's orchestral device to picture the sweep of the genie's pinions as they cleave the skies-liquid glissandi on the upper harp-strings, the violins, divisi, and prolific of chromatic runs which afterward subside into sustained harmonics of the most delicately flute-like quality-has been compared to Wagner's inspiration which dictated the use of clear bell-notes to typify the leaping flames of his "Feuerzauber." In the last movement, "The Return and Feast of the Lanterns," the composer obtains a bravura finale for his suite by using his original Chinese thematic material in contrapuntal and fugal development, in an elaboration of technical device and richness of instrumental interweaving justified by the character both of his subject and the exoticism which he endeavors to evoke. The gong Lo, which, though Kelley uses it to typify the opening of temple gates, is an instrument "popular merely, and not required for imperial worship," might perhaps have been more accurately represented by the T'e-ch'ing. or "single sonorous stone," a stone cut in the shape of a carpenter's square, and suspended from a frame, employed "only at religious and court ceremonies." There can be no question that Kelley's "Aladdin" Suite is one of the finest imaginative musical reactions to the Chinese fairvtale motive.

Another recent American musical development of the same theme for the operatic stage, of which the writer has been privileged to see some highly interesting orchestral and lyric pages, is that of the young American composer Bernard Rogers, one of Bloch's most talented pupils, whose symphonic dirge "To the Fallen" (Pulitzer Travelling Scholarship) was given in November, 1920, by the Philharmonic. His idea of presenting "Aladdin" musically in the form of an opera, one which, like Kelley's symphonic suite, avails itself in part of Chinese folk-themes, and

develops them with imaginative freedom and in rich and colorful orchestral garb, is one which may well appeal. That the story is one that might lend itself to operatic treatment will hardly be denied. While it is, of course, too early to say much of a score which at present is known only to a few of the composer's friends, those who have seen portions of it agree that the work is one which does credit to his power of invention and technical equipment.

Of the collectively numerous songs in which the Chinese motive, either in poem or in musical treatment, or in both, occurs, there is in the majority of cases no fairytale subject involved. In some instances, as in that of Edgar Stillman Kelley's perennially popular "Lady Picking Mulberries," we have a purely humorous song written in the five-tone scale. Bainbridge Crist has developed Chinese nursery song in his "Chinese Mother Goose" ditties. In settings by Huë, Bantock, our own regretted Charles T. Griffes, and numerous others, in which the ancient poets of China have been drawn upon, we have poetic motives which, save for exoticisms of phrase or expression, or the occasional reflection of amatory or other moods more subtly Oriental than those of our own philosophy of life, are not so very different from our own

song poems.

In a recent group of six particularly lovely melodies by Julius Röntgen, Chinesische Lisder-of which three are settings of poems by the Li-Tai-Pe who is the subject of von Frankenstein's opera-we have reactions to amatory poems, and not a single fairytale subject. That the Chinese fairytale subject is not altogether without representation in the field of the solo song, however, is evinced by occasional examples. There is, for instance, a very original, expressive and atmospheric song-setting by Richard Hammond, recently published, a little four-page melody, "The Moonbirds' Song" which, in its minuscule way, is a perfect exemplar of how a fairytale poem may be treated musically. It is a tale of a Chinese emperor who climbs to the moon "on a sorcerer's bamboo wand," and to whom, in a world of silver spells, the Moon Fairy appears and bids the white moonbirds dance and sing for him beneath the cassia-tree. In vain the emperor, returned to his pear-tree orchards, searches his memory in order to play the moon-music on his ebon lute. Its charm is lost, he can no longer recall the celestial sweetness of its accents, for " . . . the string of dreams is mute, that gave their song its soul." This poetic fancy Mr Hammond has handled with a very real charm of imagination, has lent it that quality of the mystic and magical which breathes in the verse. While using the pentatone

scale he has infused a simple and plaintively tender melody with delightful reflets of harmonic color, supplying a gracefully nuanced and atmospheric drapery of accompaniment, in which there is a suggestion of the Chinese flute, a background for his melody. A group of piano pieces by the same composer avail themselves of poetic motives drawn from "The Chinese Fairy Book" already adduced in preceding pages, with an originality of invention that proves their value of musical suggestion. One, "The Stone God," tells a legend of G'uan Di, the Chinese god of war.

In Ju Dschou there dwelt a man who was a drunkard and a gambler, and who continually abused and beat his mother. He had a little son, no more than a year old, whose grandmother once took him out for a walk in her arms. Suddenly she made an awkward movement and the child fell on the ground. It became ill in consequence of the fright it had. The grandmother feared her son's wrath and fled from the house. When her son came home and saw that his boy was ill, he asked his wife how it had happened. And when she had told him he fell into a fury and hunted for his mother. He caught sight of her just as she was about to take refuge in the temple of the god of war, and tore her from the threshold of the sanctuary by her hair.

Then the stone statue of the god of war rose without warning from his sitting posture, took the knife from the hand of the figure of Dachou Dang [his trusty captain, whose statue is placed behind his own in the temples] stepped forth from the door of the temple and hewed the man's head from his shoulders. The prest of the temple, who saw what had taken place, hastily rang bell and beat gong, and read from the holy books. In the streets and in the marketplace the people heard of what had

happened and crowded about the tempel in astonishment. There they saw the god of war, the knife in his right hand, the severed head in his left. With one foot beyond the threshold, the other within it, the statue stood, immovable as a rock. And ever since that time the statue of the god of war stands thus on the threshold of his temple in Ju Dschou, in token of his power.

Mr. Hammond has turned this fantastic tale of just retribution into a little keyboard drama of tense effect, the massive chord progressions which typify the movements of the stone image climaxing in the stroke of justice, lending an added picturesqueness of the bizarre and barbaric by reason of the exotic harmonies, a sound-evocation that establishes the exotic locals, which places the entire concept without the occidental pale.

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So practical a being as a French Inspector-General of Instruction (Émile Hovelaque, in La Chins) declares

... it seems as though all China were nothing but an immensely extended chamber of hallucinations, a vast magic space enclosed on all sides, illumined only by the fairyland lamps and lanterns of flowerboats and optum pavilions and where a single dream runs its unbroken course.

And it is just the vagueness, the richness, the exotically colorful and fantastic quality in the Chinese fairytale which offers the occidental composer so rich a field for poetic musical exploitation. Nor need he approach this fallow land of the exotic by the route of the "Thousand and One Nights," when volumes like "The Chinese Fairy Book" lead him at once within its confines. The Bagdad of the caliphs is no more; but the "Thousand and One Nights" are imperishable, and music still draws beauty from their fant of inspiration.

font of inspiration

The Porcelain Pagoda of Nankin lies in ruins, the famous pagoda covered from top to bottom with its precious tiles of green and of striped porcelain, whose one hundred and fifty bells chimed above the teeming city, and whose one hundred and forty lamps, to quote a Chinese writer, "when lighted illumined the three and thirty skies, laying bare the good and evil of mankind, and never withholding their light from man's distress" Yet its memory, which inspired Longfellow, has not departed. It is, now that it lies in dust, a more glorious tower of fairytale than in the days of its actual existence; its lamps more radiant, its

... porcelain bells that all the time Ring with a soft melodious chime

sing but the more sweetly now that we hear them only with the ear of fancy. May they, spirit of an exotic fairy realm, lead the occidental composer whose fancy is tempted by fresh fields and pastures new, to investigate possibilities which are lavish in musical suggestion—the Chinese fairytale.

## SOME CONVERSATIONS

## By SYDNEY GREW

WAS once in conversation with a man of vigorous mind and energetic speech, who had heard me utter a culogy of music. I had explained Shakespeare's "the man that hath no music in himself," and had established the common factor between this and various statements concerning music made by Browning, Whitman, and Coleridge, arriving at the conclusion that music was either as the origin or as the end of all things of thought and feeling. The occasion was a public lecture; I had taken care, as I believed, to make quite clear what I meant by the word music, which was something more than "the science of harmonical sounds" of the dictionary, or the substance it is held to be by thinkers of the type of Dr. Roget, who, in his "Thesaurus" allocates its terms thus:

Class.. ,.. . . . Matter Section ..... Organic

. Sensation (as against Vitality) Subsection.

Subsection.

Department .... Special
Subdepartment Sound (as against Touch, Heat, Taste, Odour

Musical Sounds (as against Sound in General, Group. ..... Specific Sounds, and Perception of Sound)

But this man, who came to me after the meeting in a mood of admirable directness and candour, had not thoroughly understood me. The main points of his remarks and questions were:

"But why music at all? Where does it come from, and what does it signify? If it is so universal an activity, why was it so late in appearing in the world; why has nine-tenths of the world still no interest in it; and how does it come about that nearly every man in history of first-class mind was unmusical? And why are you musicians (apparently) so incomplete as menexcuse my saying this! You are ignorant of many other matters, quite as completely as we are ignorant of music, and you are so complacent regarding your ignorance."

"A modern musician," I said, "is not so ignorant of things outside music as you imagine. And even in the older times a musician knew probably all that was of permanent value and universal character of things in general. Men like Palestrina, Bach, and Beethoven, were quite as wise as men like Pius IV. Luther. and Pitt. A great man is great in all directions where greatness is possible or desirable. If he ignores a certain matter, it is because that matter has been proved to him to be of no special importance. or to be a part only of something else which, you will find, he entirely understands. In the case of Bach, for example, who lived at the end of a period of acute religious controversy, music was made to contain the essence of religion, for the reason that Bach, as musician, was interested only in essentials. dentals and superficialities of religion are in the books of controversialists and expounders. Bach's music lives, and with it religion lives; but those books are dead with the men who wrote them. Yet Bach arrived by study and thought at these essentials. not solely by some process of immediate inspiration; there were over seventy big theological works in his library, and he had read them all—Calovius, Luther, Müller, Scheubler, Gever and a host of others. And Bach was a master of current religious practices; we can reconstruct the beliefs and ideals of seventeenth and eighteenth century Lutheranism from a study merely of how Bach uses congregational music in his cantatas. More than this, we can trace in one of his works, the B minor Mass, a power of thought and apprehension greater than that of any one short of Luther himself;-the Mass is a living monument to universal religion, a demonstration of the fundamental and eternal unity of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. You know from the newspapers to-day that a composer and professional concertpianist has become the elected head of his nation "

"But you musicians are not fully sincere," the man said. "You all seem to regard your art chiefly as a means of livelihood. That is natural enough, because a man can't live without a business. But notice that I say chiefly; I mean it actually is a practical and business matter with you. And you are greedy when you have the chance. Look at the enormous fees of your popular performers. You are notoriously small-minded as a bodyopinionated, and terribly jealous. Even when you appear sincere, you are so only in the way ordinary people are straightforward and honest, say, for their own ends and credit, not for love of abstract goodness and justice. You yourself said this afternoon that music is a spiritual art, that its substance is the essence of the collective human soul (I think that was your phrase), and that it is the one art which knows no racial barriers, the uniter of all things. And you quoted some fine phrases from the poets, whom, I may tell you, I believe in and love, except that when they

speak of music I can't help putting what they say down to ordinary poetic ardour. Read this, and tell me how it is to be

explained away."

He handed me a slip of paper, on which was copied a sentence from Dr. Burney, an eighteenth century historian and critic of music, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The sentence was a typical "elegant" statement of the cause and purpose of music: "Music is an innocent luxury, unnecessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing."

The man did not wait for me to speak, going on at once;-"Evidently your Burney thought music, which you say is vital, essential and spiritual, is but a matter of the senses, or at least that some musicians think so. Now I am a plain, average man, quite well read, interested in a good many things, and not at all wrapped up in my business. I have a gramophone and a player, and I go to concerts. I am here this afternoon, you see; and if I could find well-written books on music. I would read them. would far rather believe you than Burney. I have definite tastes in music for all that I have no idea of its whence, whither, and wherefore. I like Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the fifth and seventh symphonies of Beethoven, and Wagner's overtures, and sometimes I almost cry when I hear the violin well played. But I can't bring my musical experiences into line with the rest of my life, and I constantly come up against the limits of my understanding and capacity to appreciate. This isn't so in other matters. I can take Francis Thompson as well as Browning, and I can read Strindberg or Nietzsche as well as Thackeray or Meredith. What's the matter with music-or with me, to be modest"

I answered, "Ignorance, I suppose, on your part, and lack of opportunity to remove your ignorance. You began to read when about ten years old, and you have always read, or thought, or talked on an average, I expect, three or four hours a day. You were probably turned twenty before you began to go to concerts, and altogether you don't hear more than fifty pieces of music a year, apart from your player and gramophone, and with those instruments you do not have more than some ten to twenty hours a week, if that. For another thing, knowledge is systematised in all departments of thought except music. Most subjects have their facts and significances set out for general observation in non-technical terms; but music is still, so far as literary discussion goes, mixed up with technicalities. Some good people have written about music; but music is still not correlated to life.

Altogether, every person interested in music, remains a separate individuality, and the only help he can have is from himself. This must always be the case with music, from one standpoint, because one has to find it in the same sort of way one has to find love and religion; but since music is the great art of the unity of things, it is not right from this other standpoint, and the conditions ought to be reversed."

"My trouble is," he said, "that music reminds me constantly that I am, so far as music is concerned, a plain man, and all the time I want to be a man of discernment. I am not, as you can see, exactly a plain man in other things. How ought I to develop my musicianship? By scientific study, or intellectual

observation?"

"You may not," I told him, "respond to music intellectually, any more than to poetry. It has intellectual pleasures, no less than poetry, history, language, or science, and these have to be known by you if your musicianship is to expand continuously. But if these are the limits of your response, you are not responding to music as a musician. Call to mind your experiences with poetry. You know of the pleasure that comes constantly from the colour and firmness and softness of words, the delight of rhythm and rhyme, and the happiness of meeting fine expressions of fine thoughts these are your sensuous and intellectual experiences of poetry. Now what lies beyond these? Something you can't put into words, and I can't phrase for anyone else. But we all know that what lies beyond these is the sudden and indubitable sense of absolute truth, a consciousness of contact with goodness and nobility, sometimes as manifested in the poet himself, and sometimes as manifested to exist in humanity generally. You may respond to music only by that power in you which realises the loveliness of loveliness and the goodness of goodness. This is what I said this afternoon, and so if I continue I shall merely repeat myself. If you have ever responded fully to poetry, you have a soul, and your soul has been moved, and you are potentially a musician. The difference between poetry and music is that music is all the time what poetry is occasionally. As to music being 'unnecessary' Burney might as well have said that thought was unnecessary, to our existence. And as to musicians lacking generosity, kindliness, and large-heartedness-well, musicians are but human beings. They live for the most part an intense life, and sometimes an emotional one, which may foster egoism. And many people who make music their profession are not musicians. The strictest disciplinarian is not necessarily

the best soldier. General Wolfe was a superb fighter and a military genius; but he was a man first, and on the night he went to take Quebec said he would rather have written the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' than have won that campaign. If you read the lives and letters of the true musicians, you will find that they lacked nothing of perfect humanity. Often, of course, a great musician will dislike the music of another great musician, and that without any personal consideration to influence him; but there are general reasons for such dislike."

"Then I suppose," said the man, "Shakespeare and Whitman and Browning are not speaking just out of poetic warmth when they speak about music. So I must believe them in this as I do in other matters. But tell me, am I a musical man?"

"You are," I said, "not only a musical man, but you are representative of the type that makes art-music possible in a town. You are the sort of man professional musicians ought to work for, because you are their permanent market as distinguished from the 'chance' market which you as a business man know to be useful, and in a measure certain, but not reliable, or capable of expansion. If they educated you as you want educating, they would put an end to their troubles, and no longer be worried for an audience."

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On another occasion I had a lengthy talk with a man of different type. This was a middle-aged man, a bachelor, slightly independent of the need to work for a living, but occupying a salaried curator-like post in a more or less private establishment for the development of pictorial, musical, and dramatic art. He was a wide reader, but would speak little of what he read beyond a general statement that his pleasure lay chiefly in classical and modern drama, poetry, and the modern psycho-analytical fiction. I did not, indeed, perceive in him a capacity for enthusiasm on any of the occasions we were together. The cause was perhaps some lack of sympathetic agreement between my nature and his. Yet I imagine that even with men of similar turn of mind. though he might speak more freely, he would never speak energetically, with the enthusiasm of whole-hearted surrender to mental, spiritual, or sensuous impressions, or in any way to the end of self-revelation. I consider that, in the main, his individuality was colourless, with little of the qualities that make for expansion.

This man said he was entirely unmusical. He said music either bored him or seemed foolish. "But when I was a young man, I tried to be interested in it. I went to Ralph Saxon's orchestral concerts for two or three seasons, and listened very closely to the Beethoven symphonies. I went twice to performances of Elgar's 'Gerontius,' and for a long while I attended opera. The only works that interested me in those years were 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' and some eighteenth century Italian operas. In the Wagner operas the music was often a nuisance to me; and I never had interest in any orchestral works. 'Siegfried' struck me as an absurd creation, and I did not stay to the end. I do not listen to the musical performances given in our Academy here. When I tried to follow the performance of the Bach Mass in B minor given two years ago by the Musical Union, I found it the most meaningless work I had ever been brought into

contact with. I am content to call myself unmusical."

"I believe," I said, "that no man is 'unmusical.' If the man has intellectual interests of any sort, he can find points of agreement and sympathy between music and whatever may be his particular source of pleasure—that is, if he knows how to look for these." I spoke of this at length, but without my acquaintance giving the ideas a general acceptance. And then I said: "You have been unfortunate. What prevented your enjoyment of music twenty-five years ago was the unsatisfactory (especially for you) character of the performances at Saxon's concerts. Saxon was not a good conductor, especially of Beethoven. He had no fine asthetic sense, no depth of feeling, or fine understanding, and he had no rhythmical reliability. He was deficient even in ordinary practical musicianship, and would be too quick in rapid movements and too slow in adagios. I myself, though only an elementary student then, knew that Saxon looked on music from the scientific point of view. And so he did not put Beethoven to you either in the pure way of music, or in the personal, intimate way of poetry. You would feel that the symphonics were arbitrary things, going this way or that just as the composer fancied, and not in obedience to a compelling raison d'être. Saxon had a public, and kept it, for the simple reason that a music-lover must have music of sorts, and is roughly satisfied however it is given him. But just as Saxon did not satisfy the cultured musician, so he could not satisfy you, who were neither musician nor music-lover, and he did not develop his public. He could not educate people like you, and help them to find their latent musicianship. That is why after ten or fifteen years

his concerts declined, and why, when Dr. Carter came along with his energy and fine Catholic tastes, and especially his modernism, Saxon's career came to an end. If Carter had been Saxon, and your two or three years attempting to find yourself in music had been guided by him, I am sure enough the results of your experience would have been different. Music depends on how it is performed to us, as well as on what we take to it."

"I don't think that Carter could have done differently with me," he said, "because even Richter did not. Richter was, I understand, a great man. I went to one of his concerts in 1906. chiefly because I saw that one of the pieces was written to a story out of Washington Irving's 'Tales of the Alhambra.' (The piece was the 'Zorahayda' of the Scandinavian composer Svendsen.) I was then making a chronological reading of Irving, and thought I might see some meaning in the music. But I was just as disappointed as with the symphonies. What you call programme music is more meaningless to me than the other sort. I tested Granville Bantock's choral setting of 'Omar Khayyam' in the same way-this was during the same year, and I thought it a criminal maltreatment of Fitzgerald, from the way it pulled the text about. It annoyed me as much as Strauss's 'Don Quixote' had at a Saxon concert. The only work I liked at the Richter concert was the 'Flying Dutchman' overture. I liked, in a way, a piece by a Russian composer named Glinka, for it was written on two Russian folk-songs. And I was a little moved for a moment at the end of the Choral Symphony, where the choir sang 'Sing then, of the heaven-descended daughter of the starry realm.' I had just finished a period of Schiller reading, and felt Beethoven had caught the spirit of the poem But I know I would rather have heard the Russian tunes played simply on a piano, and I remember thinking that the Schiller poem ought to have been arranged for plain singing by a large chorus, and not mixed up with a mass of other music. But I liked Beethoven's tune. I often hum it." He did so now, producing a compound of "God save the King" and the "Marseillaise" in a minor key.

I said, "The fact that you have any ideas at all about music, and that you have ever been moved by it, however slightly and questioningly, proves that you have some musicianship. But, all through, you have been unfortunate; and because it did not win you, music also has been unfortunate—there are thousands like you living in this town. You had no guidance, and were allowed to wander into places and circumstances that, for you, were

harren. You should have been taught how to associate music with other things. . . ."

"What psychologists call the appercipient process," he inter-

rupted.

"Yes; the process that helps you to identify an unfamiliar

phenomenon with others already familiar."

"But," he said, "how does this fit in with my dissatisfaction when I tried to like music written to a literary subject? Surely I had then a familiar subject with which to collate the unfamiliar one? Programme music annoyed me, whereas pure music only bored me."

"Your objection goes to the very root of the greatest problem of musical æsthetics and philosophy of art in general," I said, "and we can't talk about it now. But I can give you a hint. You remember how displeased you may have been with some particular actor's Hamlet, or some English poet's translation of Goethe and Homer. Can you see that Bantock's translation of Omar into music, or Svendsen's translation of Washington Irving, is just as likely not to please you? Programme music is a personal reading of a subject on the part of the composer, and may be wrong interpretation according to another individual's personal reading. Programme music is one of the most ambiguous things a composer can touch, or an inexperienced music-lover come into contact with, because it is a concorporation of the definite and the indefinite, or at least of the individual and the general. Take religious emotion, for example. Bach effected a perfect expression of religious emotion, but Handel failed when he touched the Passion, and Beethoven produced only an absurdity in his 'Mount of Olives.' But this is too big a subject. Even with good luck and proper guidance you yourself might not have become a complete musician, but you might have been made into a useful member of musical society, and music, understood in part by you, might have created a new energy in your own studies and interests. Did you try reading about music?"

He answered, "I did; but when the books or essays were not scientific, they were so poor in the way of art, or they revealed such ignorance of thought and philosophy in the authors, that I could not read them. It seemed to me that an art which could not produce personality in its critics and expounders of the order of Coleridge and Renan and Walter Pater, or even Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, or Walter Bagehot, could not itself be an art of vitality and importance; and so I absolutely abandoned read-

ing about music."

"And after all," I said, "you do not find your life empty. But it would have been far more full if your tale of music were different. Your generalisation concerning musical literature is over-sweeping, yet unfortunately more true than not."

In a later conversation, the talk returned to Elgar's "Gerontius." My acquaintance was not a Roman Catholic; indeed, Christianity was for him, as for many independent readers of history and philosophy, no more than a phase in the continuous growth of religion. He said that what repelled him in the oratorio was the emphatic dogma, the incorporated ritual, the crude notions of hell and devils, and the prevailing egoistic position of the composer. "I could not forget my own beliefs and ideas while listening to the work," he said, "as I can when such matters happen to appear, say, in Elizabethan drama. The music tried to dominate my own personality, and that I object to. I want to be able to observe a subject in detachment."

"You respond to a dramatic presentation of idea and character when set out in terms of the intellect," I said, "but not when set out in terms of the emotions. You can't therefore yield your-self to pure impression, or dramatise your personality into the character of what is set before you, unless that character has affinities with your personality. Many musicians are the same as you, and even in music. Tchaikovski, for instance, disliked Bach, and Mendelssohn had a small opinion of Schumann."

The man thought for a moment, and then said, "I don't understand you."

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One Good Friday evening a man spoke to me. I was carrying a copy of the St. John Passion, and the man said, "You've evidently been to the concert to-night. Excuse my troubling you, but I have been as well, and have been bored into irritation. The music struck me as the last thing! I like a good song and lively instrumental music, but not such a mixture as this Bach Passion;—the concert was half Mission Service and half the 'Messiah,' with the best bits left out. What was the matter? I have liked Bach once or twice on other occasions."

I answered that everything had been wrong with the concert, and that the occasion was one of those that do great harm to music—not harm to music itself, I modified, but to music as a force working for good in average men, by repelling such men when they have gone to satisfy a growing curiosity. I said: "Your

position to-night has been like that of a man who, interested for the moment in Shakespeare, has gone to a performance of 'Julius Cæsar' given by an Amateur Dramatic Union. The performers to-night were incompetent. The conductor is an elderly organist, who—so far as I have noticed in twenty years—never has any deep emotional thrill from music. He can't feel the power even of the chorales, which is why they sounded to you like mission hymns. He has not told his choir and orchestra, who are all amateurs, the difference in style between the dramatic choruses like 'Crucify' and the other sort of chorus like 'Rest here in peace,' which is the sort we call madrigal. When the choir happened to sing well for a few minutes, it was in the way of simple music, not Bach, and still less the Passion. You have been to a concert where music of character was done in a style without character. The solo singers were as incompetent as the rest."

"And so," said the man, "actually I've been let in? The

Society offered shoddy goods?"

I answered, "But did you yourself do your share? Did you prepare for the concert by looking up what a Passion is, how it became a particularly advanced form of music, and what are its values and significances to-day, when religion and thought are so different from two hundred years ago? I see you did not. Therefore a good performance would have been almost wasted on you—good seed cast on unprepared ground. The Society sold you bad goods, but you went and bought what you could not use in any case."

This concert-goer, I heard later, developed into a reader of musical history and biography, and became a cultured student of non-scientific tastes and interests.

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Many men of a good order of mind, and perhaps of first-class mind, are unmusical, and conscious of their state. But such men have always a capacity to respond to beauty, both intellectual and sensuous; and their musical defects are due to some aural deficiency or peculiarity of mind or soul. There is a tone-deafness as well as a colour-blindness. The tone-deaf man cannot become musical The mentally deaf—if there are any such by inner constitution—may or may not become musical; the matter rests on opportunity and training. Their position without aid or education is as that of the illiterate man reading Spencer's "Psychology."

I was for a time acquainted with an elderly man who was physically tone-deaf, and as near to being mentally and spiritually deaf as I believe it possible to be. He had no interest in poetry. pictures, architecture, religion, ethics, sociology, or serious thought of any kind; but was a good photographer, a keen business man, a linguist, and a student of history in the way of the ordinary man who considers it well to read the "great" historians and scientists, as Gibbon, Buckle, and Darwin, Havelock Ellis, and Froude. He had passed his young manhood during the 'nineties, was one of the original worshippers of Rudyard Kipling, and remained convinced that Kipling was a true poet, the prime representative of the English mind. He was an easy-going materialist. His mood was apparently continuously one of alertness and brightness, but he would not inconvenience himself for a companion, in mind or body. If conversation took a course without interest to him, he would either ignore, interrupt, or deflect it. "I see nothing in music," he would say, "it doesn't touch me, and never has. What is it worth, anyhow? Define your music." His world of belief and acceptance was encircled by those last three words, for which reason he approached, as I have said, as nearly as is possible to the fundamentally and essentially unmusical. I once quoted some lines to him from the "Alastor" of Shelley, and said these expressed, as well as might be, what music was to the musician. The lines were:

He dreamed a veilèd maid
Sat near him, talking in low solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His minost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty.
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy.
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all his frame
A permeating fire. . . .

But my friend merely smiled at the idea, and began to talk intelligently of Grimm's Law.

## MOZART'S ORGAN SONATAS

## By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

O many of our readers it may be somewhat of a surprise to find the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart associated with that of the king of instruments. Much of Mozart's orchestral and chamber music is as familiar to us as that of Beethoven. With Mozart's writings for the pianoforte we are well acquainted. Probably we are not altogether ignorant of his compositions—solo or concerted for most of the important orchestral instruments of his day. But even to the fairly well read musician. Mozart's organ works imply nothing beyond the two fine Fantasias written for an organ actuated by clockwork, an instrument which was a prominent feature in a Viennese exhibition during 1790 and 1791, the last two years of the composer's life. Of these two Fantasias the greater is the second. that in F minor, composed on the 3rd of March, 1791. Its first movement and Finale reveal a mastery over the sonata and fugal forms which rivals any similar production of Beethoven or Back. respectively; while the Andante is one of the most exquisitely beautiful examples of the combination of the variation and rondo forms to which the classics can claim possession. But neither this work nor its fellow Fantasia were written for the modern organ. They serve to show what Mozart could have done in this direction had he possessed the opportunity, or allowed himself the chance. To be available for present-day performance these works need special arrangement. For pianoforte duet this has been accomplished by the composer himself; and for the modern organ, by the masterly hand of W. T. Best, the great organ virtuoso of the last century, and by Dr. E. H. Turpin, the late Secretary of the Royal College of Organists. There also exist one or two Continental arrangements not comparable to the foregoing.

This paper, however, is not intended to deal with music written by Mozart for mechanical organs. Nor is its object the discussion of any Mozartean compositions which may have been arranged for the modern organ or may be deemed suitable for such arrangement. Neither is it our intention to mention, except en passant, the organ parts contributed by Mozart to many of his choral works. These parts were never written out in full, but indicated either by a figured bass or by the direction col organo, with the insertion of senza organo when the use of the

instrument was to be discontinued. Indeed, it was not until the production of Beethoven's Mass in D, which occupied the attention of its composer from 1818 to 1823, that we have a choral composition with an organ part fully written out on two staves.

But if Mozart left no separate organ part to any of his choral works, and no organ compositions directly suitable for the modern instrument, he wrote a number of movements—seventeen, to be exact—for organ and strings, or for organ and small orchestra. These he called organ sonatas. Fifteen of them have been published by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, in the complete edition of Mozart's works. Two sonatas remain in manuscript—one in E, written in 1776, and another, in C, for organ, strings and

trumpets.

The purpose for which these works were written is not difficult to ascertain. Mozart, in a letter to the celebrated Italian theorist, Padre Martini (1706-1784), under date of September 4, 1776, when describing the music in Salzburg Cathedral, speaks of "the Sonata at the Epistle" These sonatas were, therefore, a kind of middle voluntary, rendered between the reading or intoning of the Epistle and the Gospel; or, according to Köchel, "between the Gloria and the Credo." The Martini letter above referred to was written just before Mozart's appointment, in 1777, as organist of Salzburg Cathedral, the church in which his father, Leopold Mozart, was chapelmaster. When, in 1781, Mozart resigned this poorly paid and badly conditioned position, these sonatas, or instrumental movements, were gradually abandoned. At last, in 1783, the Archbishop, a petty potentate of the meanest possible type, requested his then musical director, Michael Haydn, to insert a choral work in their place. From this circumstance arose the composition of about 114 motets, or graduals, for which the brother of the immortal Joseph is chiefly famous. Also to this cause is due the oblivion in which these organ sonatas of Mozart lay for more than a century; and, as a natural consequence of this neglect, the posthumous publication of the works, and their unfamiliarity to the majority of ordinary musicians. The earlier numbers of these movements were probably written by Mozart to assist his father and to please, or propitiate, the meanspirited Archbishop; while the later numbers were produced as some portion of Mozart's duties as official organist of the Cathedral.

Before we can justly estimate the value of these compositions we ought to know something about the instrument for which they were written, and the service for which they were designed, as well as the style and standard of the performance probably contributed by their composer at the first production of these

interesting movements.

Taking the organ first, we note that—as described by Marpurg, the eminent musical writer and theorist-the principal organ in Salzburg Cathedral was "a large organ at the back of the entrance." a position probably corresponding to that atrocious location known as the "west gallery" in churches of later construction. This instrument was used only "on grand occasions and for preludes." Besides this organ there were "four side organs in front of the choir, and a little choir organ below the choir." During the choral portions of the service one of the little organs was played. These smaller organs evidently had no pedals, or at best only a few pedal pipes. The larger instrument must have had a very imperfect pedal clavier, evidently with a short octave, i.e., the lower octave containing only the most important keys, the others being omitted to save cost or space, or both. This we infer from Mozart's description of his own playing-at Augsburg, in 1777—on an instrument erected by J. A. Stein, the celebrated organ builder and early pianoforte maker. "At first," says Mozart, "I did not quite understand the pedal, because it was not divided. With us D and E are above, where E flat and F sharp are here. But I soon got accustomed to it." That Mozart's largest organ had the lowest D and E on the pedal clavier constructed as "short" keys-"above," he terms it-is conclusive evidence of the poverty of this department of this instrument and the incompleteness of its lower pedal octave. It seems probable that the organ parts of the sonatas were played on one of the smaller organs, since the one "on the right hand side of the altar" had the stringed instruments placed close to it, the wind, brass, and percussion, when introduced, being placed on the opposite side of the sanctuary.

From these facts we may safely infer that the Salzburg and Viennese organs of that day had no adequate pedal-board. They were hopelessly behind the organs of Northern Germany, which, for more than a century, had responded to the execution of men such as Reinken, Buxtehude, and Bach. In many respects these southern German organs resembled the English organs of that period, in which the manuals were carried down an octave lower than at present, and an octave or so of pedal pipes was supplied, to be operated upon by pedal keys, and only of service when a holding note was required, such as the dominant or tonic pedal during the final section or the closing measures of a voluntary or a fugue.

In this style played most of the English organists of the later 17th and earlier 18th centuries. Thus W. T. Best, satirically describing the organ playing of Thomas Adams (1785–1858), a London organist justly celebrated in his day for his skill in extemporization, declared that "with his enormous contrapuntal talent," Adams "regaled himself by serving up one or two of Bach's '48', adding a droning pedal when his bunions were propitious." That both Mozart and Beethoven were accustomed to organs with inadequate pedal claviers is clearly demonstrated by the fact that no independent pedal treatment is continuously employed in any of their organ parts, such pedal notes as are required or indicated being generally of a sustained character, the whole organ part, when written out at all, being either expressed upon two staves, indicated by a figured bass, or even denoted by the expressions col organo and senza organo over the part for the 'celli and contra-bassi.

Concerning the type of service permitted by the Archbishop -who is famous or, rather, infamous for his disgraceful treatment of both Leopold Mozart and his gifted son, but especially of the latter—the Martini letter already quoted represents Mozart as saying that the service (?) "must not last longer than threequarters of an hour, even in festivals, when the Archbishop himself officiates." From which it would appear that in those "good old times" men were not only regulated as to the nature of their beliefs, but also concerning the times and seasons (as well as the length) of their devotions. The very obvious inference from these facts is that in matters moral, mental, or musical, priesteraft and sacerdotalism always have been and ever will be, as regards progress, the drag upon the wheel, and as regards purity the dead fly in the apothecary's "pot of ointment." In such a service as Mozart describes little attention was paid to "the rule of right" or to "the eternal fitness of things." Indeed, nothing seemed to matter provided the Archbishop was pleased, which he seems to have been only when there was plenty of brightness and vivacity about the proceedings. This type of person would probably have been interested in an American jazz orchestra. The programmes and performances of the latter would have been admirably suited to his musical calibre. As Mozart's organ works were written for the Salzburg organ, and under the conditions we have just been describing, it is not to be wondered at that, as we shall see presently, apart from the individuality of their composer, which is stamped upon almost every page of these works, there is almost nothing to distinguish these productions from their author's avowedly secular clavier or orchestral compositions.

Directly we begin to search into such meagre records as remain to us of Mozart's organ playing, we find immediate confirmation of our views as to the inadequate character of the pedal organ in all the instruments with which he was acquainted during his childhood and youth. For instance, in 1763, when only seven years of age, the little lad and his sister were taken by their father (himself a good organ executant on the limited organs of his acquaintance) on the second tour in which they were to appear as infant prodigies. At Wasserburg, in Bavaria, their carriage broke down; and Leopold Mozart relates that to fill up their time they made their way to the organ in the cathedral, where he "explained the pedals to Wolfgang." The child set to work on the spot, "pushed the stool back and preluded, standing and treading the bass, and really as if he had practiced many months." Now, as the little Mozart had constant access to his father's church at Salzburg, had the organ there been provided with proper pedals he would not have needed to have their use "explained" to him. On this journey there were many opportunities for organ playing. For instance, at Heidelberg, he played so admirably in the church of the Holy Spirit that the dean of the city caused the child's name to be inscribed on the organ—an instrument which disappeared some years after this event, having been sold to some country church.

Eventually the party reached England and, on the 27th of April and the 19th of May, 1764, Mozart played before George III and Queen Caroline on the king's private organ. This, of course, was one of the old English organs already described as wanting an adequate pedal-board. Further organ performances took place on the return journey-at Lille, on the great new organ belonging to the Bernardine fathers, and at Antwerp, on the organ in the cathedral. Of the specifications of these instruments no particulars seem to be available. Five years later, in 1769, Mozart played the organ a good deal while on a tour through Italy. At that time, however, very few if any Italian organs possessed pedal claviers worthy of the name. We have already alluded to Mozart's playing at Augsburg, in 1777. In November of the same year he was at Mannheim, and in one of his letters to his father speaks humorously of his "playing and extemporizing during service," but from the tone of his remarks it is pretty clear that only manual effects were aimed at.

After Mozart's rupture with the despicable Archbishop of Salzburg, in 1781, and his settlement in Vienna, he does not appear to have made any further use of his organ playing professionally. Indeed, there is but one important event of his life after that time in which organ playing figures at all prominently. This was in 1789, when he visited Leipsic, and, on April 22, played on the organ of Bach, in St. Thomas's Church: Doles, the Cantor, himself a pupil of Bach, drawing the stops for him. Here his performance created a great impression, Doles declaring his method and style to be such as to suggest to him the reincarnstion of Bach himself. How this was accomplished, on an organ with a complete pedal clavier and stops acting thereon, it is difficult to say, unless we believe that Mozart must have mastered the pedals almost instinctively, with that well-nigh supernatural facility with which he was undoubtedly gifted, and by means of which he was able to overcome every obstacle to his merely musical progress. The effect of his performance on this occasion was the more remarkable because at this time Mozart "had long omitted organ practice," yet, according to Mr. Edward Holmes --- "the school-fellow and friend of Keats," who died in America in 1859, and whose biography of Mozart has been characterized by Otto Jahn as "the most useful, complete, and trustworthy" then in existence-"the excellent organists of Lutheran Germany. men 'well up' in Bach's fugues and trios with obbliquio pedal, came about Mozart with the humble aubmission of their mechanical skill to the might of his science and invention." Here, perhaps, is the secret of the whole thing. Mozart, even if his pedal technique was imperfect, won through sheer force of artistic power and facility as exhibited in his wonderful extemporizations. The North German organists had information. Mozart alone possessed the necessary inspiration. The former were clever artisans, the latter a finished artist. Dr. F. J. Sawyer, of Brighton, England, to whose interesting paper on Mozart's organ sonatas, read before the Royal College of Organists in 1882, we ungrudgingly acknowledge our indebtedness, opines that Mozart's playing at Leipsic must have been very different from the organ parts of his sonatas. Which is very probable. Mozart knew his audience and, having the requisite ability, altered his style accordingly.

Although we have a good deal to say concerning Mozart's organ playing, and the probable condition of the instrument upon which he primarily and principally performed, we have not commented upon his organ training. Of this it is probable that the quantity was almost negligible. Mozart was more or less an organist "by the grace of God." His ability was innate rather

than acquired. What teaching he had came almost entirely from his father's "explanations." What tutors or text-books he used we cannot tell As Dr. Sawver remarks, when Mozart was a child of seven, Bach had been dead about 12 years; and there would be little possibility, in those days of heavy locomotion, of the great Leipsic Cantor's works being widely dispersed, especially as they were the production of a member of another communion. and designed for a service of a totally different character, in which formal organ solos in the course of the proceedings were practically unknown. Dr. Sawyer suggests that perhaps Mozart may have studied from works "then to hand of which we at present know nothing." Very probably. A vast amount of organ music, good, bad, and indifferent, has passed into what Thomas Carlyle once called "the oblivion of small potatoes"; while clavier music of the same period, possibly inferior, is preserved and, to a certain extent, cultivated. But, as we shall see upon examination of the organ sonatas, "the music Mozart studied had, comparatively speaking, no influence on his organ compositions . . . for in them we find no trace of anyone save Mozart himself, pure and simple." Indeed, the fact that these organ works are so highly original, and so remarkably Mozartean, is our principal reason for making them the subject of this paper, and our prime justification for occupying the time of our readers with their examination and analysis.

Amongst various features common to almost all these sonstas we first note that, strictly speaking, none of them are organ solos, all of them having accompaniments or obbligato parts for orchestral instruments. Secondly, we observe that the organ part to some of the sonatas is not written out at all, but merely indicated by a bass, figured or otherwise; and, further, that when written out only two staves are employed for the organ part. Then, with reference to the pedal, such meagre indications of that department as exist, consist entirely of holding notes in the lowest octave of the pedal clavier. Thus the general treatment is essentially manualiter, and, apart from occasional holding notes, could have been just as efficiently performed upon the harpsichord or piano. But Mozart was evidently aiming at a particular tone-quality, and while his notes might be expressed just as easily through another medium, his effects of tone-colour, miniature though they may be, would then be missing or obscured. As regards notation, and general laying out for the instrument, these works more closely resemble the organ concertos of Handel than the works of any other great master—with whose organ parts

we are familiar—who was contemporary with, or preceded, Mozart. Immediately after these sonatas came the organ parts of Beethoven who, in his written-out parts for the king of instruments, shows a great similarity of style to that of his predecessor, probably because having in mind an organ of somewhat similar construction and limitations

From what we have already said concerning the Salzburg service we shall not be surprised to find that Mozart's organ sonatas were—for the most part—as Otto Jahn, Mozart's great biographer, represents them, namely, "without a trace of ecclesiastical severity either in the technical construction, which is very light, or in the style, which is brilliant and cheerful." Continuing, this authority says:

They are all inscribed as sonatus, and all consist of a lively movement [to this, however, there is one exception, as we shall see presently -O. A. M.] of moderate length, in two parts, and in regulation sonata form. . . . The style has nothing that suggests a sacred performance. The tone is neither solemn nor devotional, nor the style severe. The tone and treatment of the commencement remind us of the smaller sonatas and quartets; the subjects are, sometimes, very pretty; the treatment is free and skilful, and, in the later pieces, not without touches of Mozart's originality. They are usually written for two violins and violoncello, to which the organ part was always added but never [?] obbligate, nor with any regard to executive display, it has often only its customary office of accompaniment to the 'cello, in which case a figured bass part is written. Even when the organ part is independent, it is for the most part limited to what the skilful organist can make out of the continuo; its independence is very modest, and it never aspires to a solo or any passages.

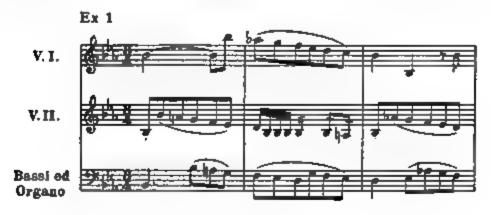
As we shall see later, serious exception must be taken to one or two of Jahn's statements. The organ part was sometimes obbligate, it did occasionally aspire to a sole, and it had a few separate pedal passages. In the later sonatas violoncellos and basses were expressly denoted, hence it is more than probable that both instruments were implied by the term "Bassi" affixed to the lower staff in the earlier compositions. It is, however, much to be regretted that these sonatas contain practically no slow movements. What Mozart could do in this direction we have already indicated in our reference to the Andante from his Fantasia in F minor for the mechanical organ.

As to the comparative insignificance of the organ part, Otto Jahn is correct as regards the majority of these works; only five —out of fifteen published—containing a fully written out organ part, the first sonata to be so treated being the ninth of the series.

In the case of the first five sonatas the dates of composition are doubtful. Most probably, however, they were written about 1774, or during the years 1773 to 1776, most of which were spent at Salzburg, varied by journeys to Munich and Vienna, Mozart, when at home, studying under his father's direction and writing assiduously. Like most of the other sonatas, the first five are scored for the usual first and second violins, with a third part marked Bassi ed Organo. Indeed, it is remarkable that all the organ sonatas, like some of the masses which Mozart wrote at Salzburg, have no indication whatever of a viola part. In the first three sonatas the bass is not figured. From this we are inclined to infer that Mozart, like Handel, filled in an organ part from memory, or extemporized the former as occasion arose. Very possibly, we venture to think, the extemporized part contained the material which would have been assigned to woodwind or brass had a fuller orchestra been available. Reference to some of these sonatas, particularly Nos. 9 and 10, in which the organ part is fully written out, lends confirmation to this view a very reasonable hypothesis which Jahn appears to have unaccountably overlooked. Dr. Sawyer, on the contrary, says, evident that the organ part, when performed, was far more full than the scanty organ parts of some of these movements would lead one to suppose." Perhaps it was more in the style of Mozart's Leipsic performances. At any rate, as every historian knows, the greatest extempore players often failed to commit their best thoughts to paper. The unpremeditated performances of such organists as Dr. E. J. Hopkins and Henry Smart were much finer than their published works, as we can testify from personal hearing in the former case, and this although the quality of some of Smart's organ compositions has, in their own particular province, never been surpassed. We are of opinion that, like Handel, Mozart did not take the trouble to write down in detail an organ part for a composition which he never imagined would receive anything more than a merely local performance, a part which he could easily remember, or, if forgotten, just as easily extemporize. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he ever gave these works the serious attention he bestowed upon his F minor Fantasia. Had he done so, he would probably have been reprimanded by the Archbishop for lengthening the service!

Proceeding from the general to the particular, we notice that the first sonata is, practically, the only slow movement of the series, probably an Andante (as suggested by the editor of the published edition), and a movement very closely resembling a

middle movement from an orthodox string trio. While one of the nine having no fully written out organ part, it shares with the first three sonatas the peculiarity of not having even a figured bass, the lower staff being marked "Bassi ed Organo" only. course, this might have meant that Mozart desired the bass part to be a continuo, not a figured bass, i.e., a part in which the organ was to play throughout, or continuously with the basses, and not to contribute a part independent of the latter. But to us this unfigured bass seems to afford almost proof positive that, in these first three sonatas at least, we have practically no indication at all of what Mozart's organ part was like. We venture to think that what he did at actual performance was to add to the score for two violins and the basses an organ part either previously thought out or instantaneously conceived. This is the more probable as we know he could do either with perfect ease, notwithstanding the fact that the string parts were wonderfully complete for a piece of three-part writing. To imagine that the organ merely acted as a continuo is to us almost unthinkable. There surely must have been an organ part supplied by the composer. This part very probably represented the missing wind and brass, and probably dialogued with the strings in much the same way as Mozart afterwards so cleverly illustrated in the additional accompaniments he wrote for Handel's Messiah, in March, 1789-accompaniments which have become well-nigh inseparable from any adequate performance of the great oratorio. The form of the first organ sonata is modern binary, shortened in this instance by the omission of the usual episode or bridge passage, also of the development. But, even in this apparently slender work, Mozart's contrapuntal gifts, for which he has never received full credit, come at once to the fore. In the little link, or "causeway," a section of two measures, which takes the place of the development, we have this simple but charming imitation;



The second of the undated sonatas, in B flat major, common time, an editorially suggested Allegro, is more extended in treatment, although still lacking a definite episode. It is also more active in character. In the second subject Mozart displays rhythmic and contrapuntal interest by this "point of imitation":



Still, the organ is indicated Bassi ed Organo, and we have again to exercise our imagination as to the exact nature of the part. There are many passages, however, in which, against the two violins and basses, the organ could fill up with charming effect. It is hardly conceivable that Mozart would allow such oppor-

tunities to slip.

In the third sonata, in D major, common time, we have another suggested Allegro, in character somewhat resembling the previous movement, and exhibiting the same features of orchestration and organ writing. The bridge passage is now slightly more in evidence, but the development is nothing more than an extended phrase of six measures, obviously derived from the first subject, and overlapped by the recapitulation of the principal theme. The music is exceedingly simple—the first subject being almost entirely founded upon tonic and dominant harmonies, and the second subject absolutely so. Here, as in the preceding works, the marks of expression are remarkably few. Also, with the exception of a few indications in the more cantabile first violin part of the second subject, there are practically no indications of any bowing whatever.

With No. 4, also in D major, and in common time, we have the same scoring as before. But now the part for Bassi ed Organo is figured, another indication that Mozart's organ parts must have been quite different, as regards material, from what may be gathered from the simple score. Here it is curious to note that in the first sonata to have a figured bass, the work, in the published edition, is entitled "for 2 Violins and Organ or Bass"; while the first sonata, in which no special part is indicated, is described as "for Organ with Accompaniment of 2 Violins and Bass"; and the second and third sonatas which, as already shown, are similarly scored, have the indication "for 2 Violins, Bass, and Organ." If these headings are original, and not editorial, they would seem to imply that the first sonata must have had an organ part of some importance, not shown in the score; that in the second and third sonatas the organ was optional; while in the fourth sonata the organ was obbligate and the basses ad libitum. Be this as it may, the fourth sonata opens with "a vigorous staccato passage," in octaves, immediately repeated in a harmonized form, with the melody an octave higher. Although expression marks are scanty, and phrasing more or less conspicuous by its absence, the general effect is much fuller, and the form considerably less rigid. One interesting feature, common to the sonatas of Haydn and the earlier sonatas of Clementi, is that the second subject, at least in its initial phrase, is largely reminiscent of the first, as though the writers were scarcely emancipated from the thraldom of the simple binary form. We quote the opening measure of both subjects:



The development is also interesting, being chiefly a sequential reminiscence of the first subject, passing through A and E, and G and D minors. Upon its recapitulation the first subject is so much modified by imitative treatment as to demand quotation:



A glance at Exs. 3 and 4 will show the importance of the unwritten organ part, the figuring in two cases at least, at \* and \*, indicating harmonies not fully expressed by the string parts which, without some fairly substantial filling up, would be likely to produce a somewhat thin and unsatisfactory effect. The recapitulation of the second subject is also lengthened by what is practically the repetition of its first sentence at a lower octave. The coda is formed by a reference to the initial phrase of the first subject. Here, strange to say, after the unison passage, the figuring of the dominant 7th-chord which marks the resumption of the harmony

is wanting in the bassi ed organo part.

In the fifth sonata the tempo indication is omitted, although the character of its contents would seem to imply an Allegro moderato. The key is F major, the time-signature simply triple, the form again modern binary, and the orchestration on the same lines as before. The bass is figured; and we have, as in No. 4, the inscription "for 2 Violins and Organ or Bass." One interesting feature is the melodious character of the second violin part, which, in the first subject, plays in 3rds or 6ths with the first violins, and, in the second subject, contributes an interesting melody of greater importance than that assigned to the upper part. The development is practically replaced by a short episode, modulating sequentially through G minor to F major. The movement ends piano, the only other sonatas resembling it in this respect being Nos 1 and 9. But more interesting than these facts is the occurrence, for the first time, of the words "Tasto solo," this indication lasting through the second, and through part of the third phrase of the first subject. Here the basses have the repeated tonic for five measures, and most probably Mozart's idea was that the organ should merely sustain the keynote during this reiteration, and thus add a fresh rhythmic feature to the whole, as well as impart simultaneously a sostenuto effect. The same passage, with a similar direction, occurs at the recapitulation of the principal theme. The words "tasto solo" mean a single "touch." or key, the keys of the old harpsichords, as late as the 18th century, being always known as "touches."

With the entry of the sixth sonata, in B flat, Allegro, common time, we meet with the first dated movement, in this case July. 1775. Consequently, this composition was one of those described by Mr. E. Holmes as "Epistle Sonatas," an instrumental piece prepared for the Archbishop's service and delectation, and for which the parsimonious prelate carefully abstained from offering the gifted young composer even the most scanty remuneration.

The general characteristics of this movement are much the same as those common to its predecessors; but, as Dr. Sawyer remarks, there is "greater freedom and scope left for the organ in the accompanying passages to the violins." The tasto solo is again introduced, the bass is more fully figured, the form is more extended, the development is of greater length and superior consistency, while altogether we seem to breathe, in the words of Dean Stanley, "an ampler, purer air." We quote the opening measures of the second subject, really a canonical imitation, 8 in 1, at the octave:



Two other organ sonatas were probably composed in 1775. The first of these, No. 7 of our series, is an Allegro con spirito in F major, common time, scored as before. Here the form departs considerably from orthodox procedure in that the first subject is really not recapitulated at all, the development being planned to lead directly into the modified recapitulation of the episode. Indeed, the only recapitulation of the principal theme with which we are favoured is found in the coda, which is, substantially, a repetition of the initial phrase of the first subject, with a forte instead of a piano conclusion, and with the organ part figured for the cadence chords instead of being, as before, tasto solo throughout. The episode and second subject, especially the latter, are of considerable length. This was probably the reason why Mozart omitted the recapitulation of the first subject lest, thereby, he might exceed the regulation 45 clock minutes prescribed by the Archbishop as the fit and proper length for the devotions of himself and his hirelings The use of the organ, tasto solo, to

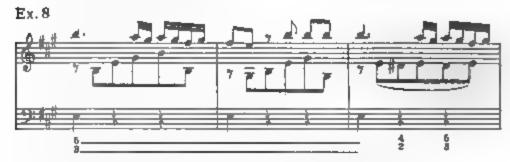
strengthen the basses, is remarkably frequent, occurring no less than nine times. The violin parts are more fully bowed, the figuring is more complete and detailed, and altogether the sonata is of a "larger growth" than any of its predecessors. The sequential treatment in the development, and in the modulations naturally effected thereby, is very interesting. We should like to quote, but must yield to the call of the second subject, which, in its recapitulatory section, opens thus, with imitation by direct and inverse movement:



Passing on to the eighth sonata, in A, Allegro, simple triple time, the last of the supposed 1775 group, we note that while the form and instrumentation remain as before, we have an interesting feature in the organ part, the latter being tasto solo against the steadier moving basses of the second subject, but playing in harmony over broken-chord groups such as



This, together with such figuring as



would seem to still further confirm our views of an organ part contributed by the composer, of which the figured bass was more or

less of a mnemonic. The development is also remarkable, being founded upon the initial notes of the second subject, treated, by inverse movement, as a subject for imitation:



After this, the upper parts are inverted at the octave, in the key of A minor, thus forming an interesting example of double counterpoint. We also note the greater length of the subjects, and the increased fullness of the harmony, the latter being largely due to the frequent employment of "double stopping" in the part for the second violins.

We now arrive at the ninth sonata, in F major, Allegro, simple triple time, the most interesting as yet examined, it being the first to have a detailed date and place of composition-in Salzburg, April, 1776—and the first to have an organ part written out on two staves and possessing an indication of registration. This latter is "Copula allein," a direction for the use of an 8' stop, a Hohl-Flöte of large scale, "filling up," says Dr. Sawyer, "much in the way that the wood wind in an orchestra would support the strings." Or, as Professor Prout says, "the organ seems to be used to supply the place of the missing wind instruments, for the part is just such as might have been written for two oboes with occasional notes for the horns." This confirms our previously stated supposition, namely, that if Mozart did not intend his organ part to be a solo, he probably designed it to take the place of the wind or brass instruments which, on the particular occasion of performance, his little orchestra might lack. We further note, that in the sonata now under discussion, it is only the upper staff of the organ part that is really independent. the lower staff being common to the basses and organ, and marked Organo e Basso. This part, with its detached and repeated notes, is altogether orchestral in character. Possibly the organ was intended to sustain during these repetitions. If so, it would be but a further confirmation of our previously stated opinion, that the organ part frequently fulfilled the functions of the absent wind instruments. We quote from the two measures preceding the cods to the end of the movement:



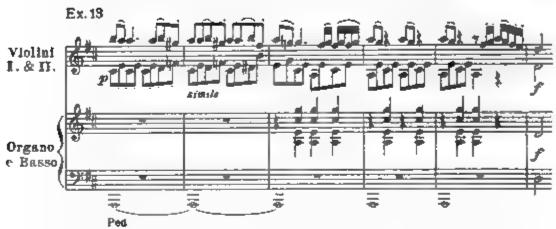
as this extract illustrates, at (a), the melodic use of the organ replacing the flute; at (b), the sustaining of the wood wind, and the repeated base above mentioned, for which latter the organ would probably substitute a holding tonic in the lower octave; and the concluding measures, in which, at (c), the organ approximates to the parts usually written for wind and horns. Further reproductions, in the organ part, of characteristic flute and horn passages, are to be found in the episode and second subject, but we cannot afford space for their quotation. All we can do just here is to urge our readers to purchase the score and study it for themselves. The form is finely laid out, especially the development, in which sequence and canonical imitation joined to beautiful part-writing exhibit an almost perfect combination:



Although bearing similiar indications as to the time and place of composition, Dr. Sawyer considers that "in many respects No. 10, in D, forms a contrast to its predecessor." key-D major tempo Allegro, time-signature common, and " in general brightness of character, this work closely resembles Nos. 4 and 5, but with an enormous advance as regards manner and matter, to say nothing of length. The scoring is, as in No. 9, for two violins and basses, with an organ part having an independent upper staff but sharing its lower staff with the orchestral basses, the whole being marked, as before, Organo e Basso. The form is still modern binary, the first subject "opening with a bold unison phrase on the tonic chord." After this the music assigned to the upper staff of the organ part doubles the violin in the octave above, almost exactly after the manner of the more acute wind instruments of the modern orchestra. The bass consists mostly of repeated notes which the organ could sustain if desired. The second subject commences with what Dr. Sawyer characterizes as "one of the most charming effects to be found in the sonatas." "The organ," he says, "like a horn, holds on to the dominant, E, the violins, staccato, giving out the elegant little second subject with its strange accented note on the second beat of the third measure, the whole passage being repeated," e.g.,



The development is chiefly founded upon a fragment, or figure, taken from the episode, treated imitatively between the first violins and basses, the second violins supplying a syncopated accompaniment while the organ contributes sustained harmonies in its treble octave. Tonally we pass through A, E and D minors, and work our way to D major over a dominant pedal assigned to the bass part and distinctly marked Ped., thus constituting the first use of the organ pedal we have as yet discovered. pitch of this note, AAA (in writing which the composer probably indicated the real sounds rather than the key played, although some English organs of this date had this key and others several degrees lower), shows the existence, on Mozart's organ, of a few pedal keys of little practical value except as holding notes. Above this pedal part of the music the upper organ staff is a reiteration of the chord of the dominant 7th, after the manner of the wood wind or horns:



In the recapitulation only one feature calls for notice. This is a remarkable use of the organ which, by holding a dominant A in the tenor octave, replaces the horns; and does duty for the wood wind by sustaining the same dominant note in the middle and treble octaves:



This passage is, really, Ex. 12 transposed into the tonic, so we have not quoted it in extenso. Dr. Sawyer describes it as "an early use of an inverted pedal"; but the note, strictly speaking, is not a dominant pedal, since, exclusive of passing-notes, there are no harmonies above it to which it is altogether foreign. It is, however, another confirmation, if such were needed, of Mozart's evident idea of using the organ as a substitute for the orchestral wind and brass. As a whole this sonata is, musically, the finest of the series, and the most interesting we have as yet discussed.

An unpublished sonata in C major, common time, Allegro, is said to date from this period. The next published work, No. 11, in G major, another Allegro in common time, was written at Salzburg during 1777. Here we seem to have taken what an Irishman once described as "a progression backwards." The organ part "has only a figured bass line, although the figuring is copious." But the form is well developed, and, as Dr. Sawyer again remarks, "from the fullness of the figured bass line, it is evident that the organ part, when performed, was far more full than the scanty organ parts of Sonatas 9 and 10 would lead one to suppose" With the exceptiom of occasional tasto solo passages and rests, the organ appears to have been intended to play pretty fully throughout. In one place, however, at the close of the development, we have another specified use of the organ pedal which sustains the bass D for two entire measures, the double bass ceasing on the first beat of these two measures, the 'cello reiterating the dominant in the middle octave:



It only remains to add that the bass throughout is quite orchestral in character; and, as such, needs modification to be really effective on the organ manuals, such modification being, as already remarked, in the direction of the substitution of sustained for repeated notes.

Another sonata credited to 1777 is No. 12, in C major, Allegro, common time. This is very interesting to us as being the first we have observed to contain parts for wind instruments (two oboes). for brass (two trumpets), and for percussion (kettledrums in C and G). The violin parts are fuller, more frequent use being made of double stopping; the form, although still modern binary, is considerably modified; while the organ part, although only a figured bass, sharing in a line marked Violoncello, Organo, e Bassi (? Basso), is very fully and carefully figured; in fact, the whole movement is more symphonic in character than any of its predecessors. Taking the form first, we are struck by the fact that the first twelve measures of the first subject are not recapitulated at all, their place being taken by a three-measure sequential section, overlapping in every fourth measure, and forming, with its repetitions, a real sequence modulating from C through F and G majors and A and D minors. Considerable freedom is also exhibited in the recapitulation of the second subject, while the development portion is replaced by a very short episode consisting of the sequential repetition, in C minor and major, of a six-measure phrase in D minor and major. Very probably the curtailments noticed were made in order not to exceed the time prescribed by Archbishop Hieronymus or Von Colloredo as proper for prayers and other performances. The organ part, though fully figured and frequently employed tasto solo, demands no special notice or quotation. To students acquainted with the earlier symphonies of Mozart the orchestral scoring will sound familiar. As such it should need no comment except to direct attention to the "Scotch snap" which concludes the second subject:



Sonata 13, again in C, Allegro, common time, probably composed in 1779 or 1780, is one of the three-Nos. 13, 14 and 15-

which were described by Otto Jahn as being "without a trace of ecclesiastical severity either in the technical construction or in the style." Perhaps so, but they make very pretty music notwithstanding; although, as Professor Prout says, they are "anything but what we are accustomed to consider sacred music." No. 13 is scored for two violins with an organ part written out on two staves, now for the first time quite independent of the orchestral basses. These latter instruments have a staff of their own, marked Bassi soliti, a term which might not inaptly be translated "business (or basses) as usual," i.e., the 'cellos and basses playing from the staff. The form is the usual orthodox binary, and we are at a loss to understand why Dr. Sawyer declares this movement to be "perhaps the least clear" of all that we have hitherto examined. This remark should surely have been applied to the preceding sonata. Dr. Sawyer further regards the third phrase of the movement as belonging to the first subject, whereas the first subject concludes with a full close at the end of the second four-measure phrase, the music immediately following constituting the episode This is shown by difference of treatment as well as by repetition of the third phrase by the 'cellos and basses in the lower octave. Indeed, the only departure from orthodox form is that the development portion is superseded by an episode, which latter, as we shall see presently, atones in instrumentation for what it lacks in form

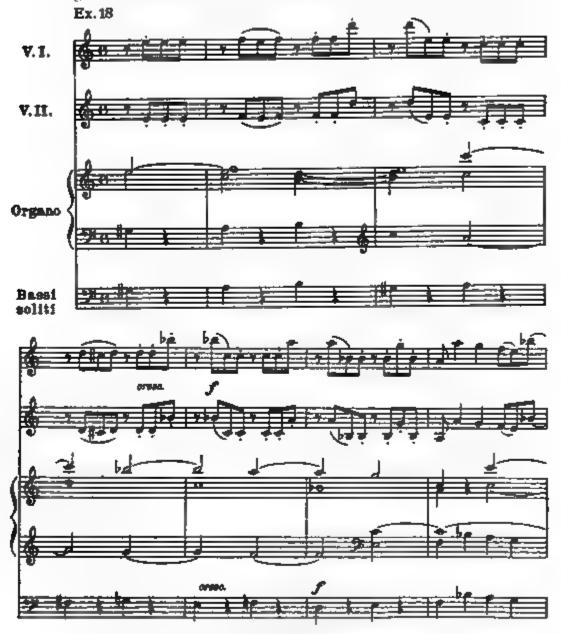
What strikes us particularly in the organ part is the employment, almost for the first time, of four-part instead of three-part harmony; e.g., quoting from the first episode or bridge passage connecting the two subjects, we have:



We have omitted the bassi soliti, as this part is similar to the organ bass. At the close of this "causeway" we have the note DD, specially marked *Pedale*, in the organ part. During the

second subject the organ again contributes four-part harmony, and, at the close of the exposition, the pedal is again prescribed, this time on bass G.

In the episode which we have already alluded to as taking the place of the usual development, we have this singularly interesting passage, involving suspensions, and further exhibiting the organ as a substitute for the wood wind:



As Dr. Sawyer says, "The sustained organ part, blending with the short, light phrases of the strings, forms an exquisite piece

of tone-colour." Attention should be given to the absence of any expression marks in the organ part. That particularly English invention, the Swell organ, the idea of the old English organ builder Abraham Jordan, in 1712, was not known in Germany until about fifty years ago. Hence the point of W. T. Best's allusion to the German organs of the '60s as "lifeless stacks of pipes." In the phrase following our quotation the organ is used quasi corni in a passage we regret we cannot quote. But, in the coda, not only is the organ employed as a substitute for the horns, but a peculiar feature of the notation of these instruments—the simultaneous employment of two clefs on one staff—is actually introduced:



On three staves this would be perfectly intelligible, which is more than can be said concerning the second note in the second measure, which is, really, middle G, but might easily be mistaken for bass B.

The 14th sonata of the series, in the same key, tempo and time-signature as the preceding, was probably written at Salzburg, in 1779, where Mozart had arrived after an extended visit to Paris, during which visit his mother, who had accompanied him, died from an epileptic attack. He was now formally installed as official organist of the Cathedral. Hence, perhaps, the more important character of the remaining sonatas, in the opinion of

Professor Prout "by far the most important of the series." The one now under discussion is, really, a miniature symphony, being scored for two oboes, two trumpets, drums, first and second violins, organ and basses. The organ part is written out on two staves, independently of the basses, and exhibits no small amount of effect and originality. The movement, which Professor Prout declares to be "charming throughout" and "well worth reviving," makes considerable use of a figure familiar to us from the initial notes of the Jupiter Symphony, and is, as Köchel remarks, "the longest and most developed of all the organ movements." Yet the usual development portion is practically omitted, or curtailed to a single phrase or link of a few measures leading from the enunciation of the second subject to the recapitulation of the first, and merely modulating from the dominant to the tonic key.

The first subject, to quote Dr. Sawyer once more, "is one of those bold yet simple strains that Mozart so often made out of the tonic chord." In the second subject the organ dialogues with the wind, has several interesting fortissimo entries, and some separate pedal passages of importance. Occasionally it has a simplification of the string parts, e.g., firm octaves instead of broken; but the bass often shows that the composer's intention was for it to be played upon the manuals and not upon the pedal clavier. Indeed, the latter would have been impossible on Mozart's defective and inadequate pedal-board. We have often spoken of the probable intention, on the part of the composer, that the organ, when playing from the orchestral bass part, should simplify the passage by employing sustained instead of repeated notes. Here is a full and complete vindication of our views, a passage quoted from the second subject, and showing the organ and basses only:

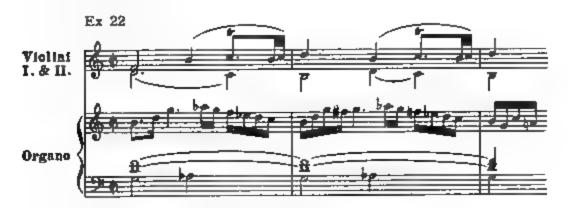


Regarding the general effect of the whole movement, we agree with Dr. Sawyer that "as written with brass, strings, and organ" it "must be undoubtedly grand". What a pity we have no organist of note willing to introduce this sonata into church or concert use!

Our efforts are now rapidly drawing to a close. We have arrived at the last of the published sonatas—No. 15 in C major. Allegro, alla brere time, and dated Salzburg, March, 1780. This was probably the last organ piece Mozart ever wrote, with the exception of the already mentioned Fantasias for the mechanical organ. Certainly it was the last organ piece written for the odious Archbishop, whose service he quitted forever in 1781. Dr. Sawyer describes this work as, "from the organ point of view, undoubtedly the most interesting of the whole series"; while Professor Prout considers that, "as music, the piece is very pretty, but not great, and distinctly secular in style." However this may be, the organ part is certainly important because, although only accompanied by violins and basses, it is written out in full on two staves and has occasional solo passages. Köchel suggests that "probably Mozart wrote this sonata for himself." We think not, as in this case a mere figured bass would have sufficed consider it more probable that the composer intended it to be played by some friend or deputy. Hence the care bestowed upon the notation of the part itself. This latter is more pianistic than organlike and is, in parts and when used independently, an almost exact reproduction of the style of so many of Mozart's smaller pianoforte works. In the general form we notice the substitution of a short episode for the development, as well as the freedom of the recapitulation. The announcement of the first subjectfirst by the strings, the organ playing tasto solo with the basses, and then by the organ, the strings accompanying reminds us of the concerto style. The fact that the orchestral bass part is figured, suggested to Professor Prout the idea that, in the tutti passages, the organ was employed to fill up the harmony To us it prompts the query as to whether there might not have been the employment of two organs (which we know Mozart's church to have contained), one for the obbligate or sole part, and the other for the repieno or filling up. The theme of the first subject is one of those flowing melodies in the production of which Mozart was unrivalled. Again we regret the impossibility of quotation and our having to rely upon description or suggestion rather than upon exemplification. In the second subject the organ is treated quan flauto, the violins "playing to it in 3rds below":



This flute-like treatment is also adopted in the middle episode. In the coda we have a pause over a 6-4 chord. This again suggests the clavier concerto; and here, we venture to think, Mozart introduced or caused to be introduced, if he did not play the part himself—a more or less elaborate cadenza. Only occasionally is the organ employed in full harmony. We quote from the recapitulation:



In the foregoing the basses play col organo.

Thus then the only works Mozart ever wrote for the church organ, and the only purely instrumental works for which he wrote an organ part. For these reasons alone these sonatas should be of interest to every musician. But there are other features in these compositions which should commend them to our acceptance. The originality, spontaneity, and personality of the composer are stamped upon every page. Further, the beauty of their form, the elegance of their general construction, the tunefulness of their melodies, the simplicity of their harmonies, and the smoothness of their part-progressions, to say nothing of the charm of their

orchestration, should be more than sufficient to arouse our interest even if these sonatas were some of many, instead of being, as they are, solitary examples of Mozart's writing for the church organ in combination with other instruments. And if these works are worthy specimens of Mozart's younger efforts in a certain style, something ought to be done to increase the knowledge of them, and deepen appreciation where knowledge already exists. The former, of course, can be obtained only by possession and study of the score, which, fortunately, is now so easily procurable. Then some effort should be made to perform these works, by no means a difficult task in these days, when every organist worthy of the name should be able to play, or at least to write out, a part from the figured bass, and when there are so many amateur violinists capable of giving, and willing to donate, their services to a performance for organ and strings. On the other hand we should imagine that there are many organists who, as Dr. Sawyer would say, "for a relief against the pure organ music, are glad for variety to combine other instruments with it." And failing the procuring of capable stringed instrumentalists, let the organist whose modesty permits him to imagine himself competent for such a task, himself arrange some of the sonatas for organ alone, as that prince of organ transcribers, the late Mr. W. T. Best, has done in the case of the Handelian concertos. The writer has been waiting for some such arrangement for years, and has delayed the production of this paper in the hope that such a volume would appear. Should it not do so shortly he will have to cast aside that distressing reticence from which he has so long and manifestly suffered and spring upon a long-suffering public an arrangement of his own. If any of our readers appreciate the magnitude of this misfortune we shall look to them to avert the catastrophe by forthwith committing to paper, and embalming in printers' ink, their own ideas of how Mozart's sonatas for organ and orchestra should be rendered available for a solo performance. There will be no more interested purchaser and peruser of the publication than the writer of this paper. Only we warn any one contemplating such a serious step that "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

But, seriously, the music of Mozart deserves more hearing in these days. It is essentially, and for the most part, the music of cheerfulness. We live in troubled times. To many life is dull, drab, and depressing. Like that of Biron, in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," the discourse of Mozart is "sweet and

voluble." There may be a doubt about its ecclesiastical fitness, but never a one concerning its beauty. Wherefore we can never play Mozart too much, because, as Algernon Sidney said exactly two centuries ago, "That is truly excellent which God has caused to shine with the glory of His own rays; wheresoever there is beauty I can never doubt of goodness."

# THE SMALL COLLEGE AS A FACTOR IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A MUSICAL NATION

# By ARTHUR L. MANCHESTER

I

### FALLOW GROUND

It has been said that we are in the midst of a period of musical reconstruction. The use of music during the war demonstrated its popular qualities and strengthened convictions regarding its social, spiritual and physical values But opinions differ as to the definite musical influence of the outburst of song which marked the musical activities of the war period. Whatever views one may entertain regarding this point, it must be conceded that some degree of progress was certainly made; for the spontaneous mass-singing incited by this movement involved many groups of people who had never sung before, awakening in them a love for music-making whose influence as a factor in musical development cannot be otherwise than stimulating. However small the direct musical results accruing from this mass-singing may have been, this indirect benefit is significant, constituting an entering wedge for further advance and attracting attention to music as a forceful element in our national life.

The incitement to extraordinary effort, engendered by wartime activities, has now lost its initiatory power. We are settling back into former paths of routine. In this resumption of former habits of activity and thought there is great danger that the musical impetus gained be lost and the beginning so well made end in a return to earlier apathetic indifference. It is obvious that, if we would build upon the foundation of enthusiasm generated by these wartime activities, the spirit so aroused must be intensified and given a trend that will lead to a permanent musical uplift. There are at work agencies designed to accomplish these results. Music is receiving a measure of publicity that is astonishing to older members of the musical profession. The voluminous programs of community bureaus and women's clubs are stimulating the physical, mental and social reactions aroused

by the war. These things have a popular appeal and cultivate a field which no other agency can touch so well. They enlist entire communities in definite musical activities and keep alive, and increase, a love for actual music-making. But their power to develop the musical knowledge and deeper musical appreciation on which a music-loving nation must be founded is distinctly limited. Such knowledge and appreciation is the product of sound music education which can be attained only by means of processes of musical training similar to those employed in producing an intelligent citizenship. Just as the embryo citizen is taken in hand by the public schools and encouraged to continue his studies through the high school and college, securing a systematic and broadly conceived knowledge of history, mathematics, literature, science and other subjects which discipline his mind, broaden his outlook, and touch, as far as possible, every phase of his later life, so, also, should he be taught music. To become a music-loving and musically appreciative nation our people must know more of music than can be learned from the singing of popular songs and the comparatively superficial performances of bands and orchestras in the way possible in ordinary community activities. As a point of departure these things are commendable, but unless they are an incitation to a desire for a larger and more thorough acquaintance with the nature and possibilities of music they fall far short of the goal in developing a musical nation.

To give permanence to the interest they awake and to insure further progress they must be supplemented by such educational facilities as will afford widest opportunity for the acquirement of the necessary knowledge of music as a science and an art. Every possible medium should be organized and made readily available for the accomplishment of this purpose. There already exist in organized form facilities for developing a comprebensive system of popular music education which can utilize the greatest publicity music has ever known and crystallize the enthusiasm fostered by community bureaus and the activities of women's clubs. Among the most potential of these agencies are the many colleges, ideally located in every section of the country, if their relationship to the work of music education can be made so clear and their responsibility for its successful accomplishment be so strongly impressed upon them that they will make a conscientious effort to meet the obligation. Their effective participation in such a scheme of nation-wide music education, however, must be preceded by a pronounced change in

viewpoint and a more liberal conception of their functions as instruments for the dissemination of a comprehensive and practical knowledge of music. College authorities must come to a realization of the true educational and spiritual values of music as vital elements of a cultured and intelligently appreciative citizenship. This realization must be so emphatic that they will be eager to devise and promote methods by means of which these values will be made available for the people generally.

The time is ripe for an aggressive attempt to open the eyes of college authorities to a recognition of their opportunity and responsibility. Two pernicious beliefs, one held by educators, the other by musicians, which have been obstacles in the way of securing unprejudiced consideration for music as an element of popular education, have been shattered. No college man, who really seeks to know the truth, can continue to believe that the practice of music does not demand the exercise of brain power. Nor can the observant musician still claim that music conveys its message only to the limited number who possess exceptional musical talent. The developments of recent years have laid bare the utter falsity of these misconceptions of music.

#### П

#### THE COLLEGE AND MUSIC EDUCATION

The place in our educational system occupied by what is denominated the small college is well known. So fully recognized is it that its usefulness has been seriously impaired by a multiplication of institutions calling themselves colleges but inadequate in equipment and financial resources, and woefully deficient in ideals. More than a half-million young people enter these institutions each year. This half-million students live in an environment of miniature world activities and intense community interests. They become permeated by the college ideals. Their modes of thought are so colored by the college atmosphere that their outlook on life is materially changed. After one to six years of such experience they return to their respective communities carrying with them the viewpoint and methods of their alma mater. These they infuse into the life of their communities. touching many times their own number and extending the influence of the college far beyond its own narrow limits power of such an agency cannot be other than tremendous.

Practically all these colleges maintain departments which profess to give a complete education in music. Not more than twenty per cent of this half-million student body are enrolled in the music departments of these institutions. The courses offered are prepared with the production of performers in view. They deal largely with the technical side of the work, leading to solo performance. A varying amount of instruction in theoretical subjects is included, but, in the majority of instances, nothing is offered that has for its purpose the education of the non-specializing music-lover. Thus the eighty per cent. of the half-million student body is untouched by the work of these departments. Beyond the giving of a few concerts, which the majority of them are unprepared to understand, much less appreciate, little or nothing is done to develop in them powers of true appreciation similar to those developed in literature. The educational value of the work done by the small percentage of college students who come under the direct influence of these music departments is questionable, for it is notorious that standards in these departments vary to such a degree that, as educational factors, they frequently are not only inefficient, but even positively harmful. Undoubtedly these institutions have exerted considerable influence on the music life of the country, but too often it has been baneful. As media for developing a truly musical nation they have signally failed. Here we have one of the most influential of all our educational agencies not only failing to measure up to its opportunities for promoting one of the most valuable of our civic assets, but, too generally, interposing itself as an obstacle in the way of true progress. Were the true functions of music education understood and emphasized in these institutions and the work in music so organized and directed as to present to the entire student body the essentials of music understanding and appreciation, this balf-million students. thoroughly imbued with a love for music and well-trained in its practical expression, would return to their respective communities and, coming into intimate contact with many times their number, would spread a gospel of music appreciation that would leaven the whole national lump.

There is a reason for the failure of the small college to do for music what it is so effectively accomplishing in other educational fields. In view of the admitted value of music as a national asset and the earnest efforts now being made to extend its beneficent influence, it is important that the cause for this failure be discovered. The onus for it has been pretty generally laid upon the

musician. He has been accused of being egotistic, narrow-minded. lacking in breadth of culture and too indifferent to subjects and conditions outside his specialty. He has been condemned as having misconceived the purposes and processes of music education and for entering too soon upon specialization in his overweening desire to produce performers and professional musicians. He has been criticized for limiting the operations and possibilities of music education to the comparatively small number who display exceptional musical gifts. In fact, the indictment against him covers every count of the failure of the small colleges to meet their responsibilities as disseminators of music education. That there is truth in these criticisms may be admitted, but if the characteristics and attitude of college authorities and the members of the liberal arts faculties be subjected to a similar scrutiny, would they, who dominate college attitudes and methods, escape unscathed? Let us attempt such a scrutiny, not with a spirit of captious criticism, but in an effort to learn the truth concerning the conditions which control the work in music in by far the greater number of small colleges.

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### THE COLLEGE ATTITUDE TOWARD MUSIC

The attitude of college authorities toward the music department practically determines, at the outset, its educational policy. In the majority of such institutions the music department is considered to be the money-making branch of the college business economy and is organized and managed with that purpose in view. Its courses are arranged to attract students who will pay substantial fees, bringing in immediate financial returns. members of the music faculty are engaged with this thought in mind and their box-office value is a predominant consideration governing their engagement. Anything in their professional equipment that lends itself to attractive advertising, not excluding any personal idiosyncrasies that may serve to increase the "pull" of this publicity, is an important item in their favor ability to turn out performers, their own degree of specialization and their promise of attracting pupils who will increase the revenues of the department, to the enrichment of the college treasury. are more seriously estimated, and more publicly exploited, than is their possible possession of progressive educational ideals and their ability to put these ideals into practical application with

the student body as a whole. So pronounced is this commercial attitude that it is not unheard of for a conscientious and forward-looking instructor in the music department who strives to broaden the musical policy of his college at the risk of possible loss of immediate revenue to be rebuked by the college head, courteously, of course, but none the less decisively. This commercial attitude dictates the amount of work assigned to each instructor. Thirty to forty hours of actual lesson-giving a week is not an exceptional assignment. Such a schedule leaves neither time nor energy for self-culture or for contributions to the broader educational

development of the department.

This commercial attitude is i

This commercial attitude is in strong contrast to the policy which obtains in the academic department of the same institution. Here it is expected that in working out higher educational ideals deficits may occur. Academic instructors are not supposed to pay their own salaries and provide a sizable surplus as well. They are limited in the number of hours of class-room work, conserving some of their time and energy for self-improvement. They are expected to continue their studies and collateral reading. They are encouraged to devote time and thought to the general educational activities of the institution and to do their part in stimulating cultural aspirations among the students. The attitude of the authorities here is truly educational. It recognizes possibilities beyond the routine of teaching and gives opportunity for their realization. Endowments are earnestly sought to cover deficits and supply means for extra-educational effort. The department carries on its work in an atmosphere of collaboration and mutual respect. From the stimulus of this atmosphere the members of the music faculty are excluded. Their subject too frequently is denied respectful consideration. It is classed among the educational superfluities, tolerated because there is a domand for it by those who are willing to pay generously to secure it. Instructors in music are not admitted to the faculty circle on a basis of educational equality. They are, perforce, made into specialists. Their department is a special one; it is a commercial, not an educational, proposition.

Yet when specialization is mentioned, it does not require much more than a scratching of the surface to discover that much of the criticism directed against musicians in this particular applies with equal force to their academic confrères. One of their own number has rather forcefully drawn attention to this fact in a recent issue of a leading magazine. Discussing "What do Teachers Know," he cites the procedure of the would-be Ph.

D. While the candidate for this degree is "boring, face down, into his problem, the world floats by in the clouds, and he is about as aware of its floating as a lamprey is aware of logarithmic functions." And, continues the writer, after investiture with the degree, he continues to develop his specialty still indifferent to the general subjects the ordinary man must know. So, it will be found, are many, very many, of those who are filling chairs in literature, history, science and languages in our colleges lack of sympathy with any movement which does not have its inception in their own department, their sometimes arrogant assumption that the sum of all intellectual endeavor is to be found in the subject in which they are interested, and their inclination to insist that a very large part of the college course be devoted to their subject, strongly inclines the criticized musician to wish for the use of the deadly parallel column, the actual characteristics, ideals and demands of critic and criticized being clearly set forth for comparison.

The musician who has been stigmatized as narrow and wanting breadth of culture and has repeatedly been assured of the versatility of his academic colleague, is somewhat puzzled when he hears that colleague openly boast of his ignorance of music. In view of the fact that music is practically omnipresent and has long been a part of the curriculum of the institution of which that colleague is a faculty member, he cannot quite understand the academic ignorance of the most fundamental of the mental and spiritual reactions of the average mind to music. As regards the nature of music itself, its scientific and artistic principles, and the mental processes by means of which music becomes a vital part of one's intellectual and emotional nature, his liberal arts colleague cannot seem even to comprehend that such processes are possible. He finds him apparently impervious to all attempts to demonstrate the exact nature and educational possibilities of music, and as he struggles on in his efforts to overcome the handscaps under which music teaching in the college has labored, he cannot avoid becoming impressed by a conviction that his liberal arts colleagues are dominated either by prejudice or by so intense an inclination to a specialization of their own that they in no wise differ from those whom they so freely condemn. The musician's efforts to utilize academic means for developing the cultural aspects of music will be met with an indifference and lack of cooperation that decidedly limit their success. He is expected to show interest in the lectures and similar cultural activities of the academic department, but similar activities

projected by him will emphasize the academic indifference. Catholicity of taste is demanded of the musician, but, so far as it is to include music, it evidently is not expected of members of the liberal arts faculty.

The commercial attitude of college authorities and the indifferent and not infrequent hostile attitude of the liberal arts faculty sufficiently explain the failure of the small college to perform its true functions as a developer of a musical nation. Were this attitude one of cordial interest and hearty support. and the determination of the college to make of music the educational force it should be, made clear by the authorities, the musician would be compelled to rise to the situation already anxious to do such work would increase and perfect their efforts, while those who, as yet, do not realize their mission as educators would be compelled to do so These conditions, however, do not include all that must be overcome. A third, fully as disturbing, confronts the head of a college music department. A pedantic adherence to certain pedagogic formulæ, revealing itself in the emphasis placed on the letter of acholastic law at the expense of the true spirit of education which deals with the formation of character and the sharpening of one's outlook on life. prevents a just estimation of music as an instrumentality in the development of the understanding and intelligent critical power and as an element in the adjustment of college students to the environment of later life. The craze for the cramming of facts. for exact information, for what is called scholarship, has loaded the curricula of our colleges with subjects which are a waste of time so far as any help they bring to the later problems of living is concerned. Even in so important a subject as literature long hours are spent on phases which no stretch of imagination can connect with the future welfare of the student. One is strongly tempted to believe that many of these courses are included in order to afford the Ph D, an opportunity to lecture on his specialty rather than to contribute to the humanistic development of the student. This pedantic tyranny is responsible for the action of a certain university in asking for the resignation of some of its instructors because they are not Ph.D's. Their work is satisfactory, their methods of teaching are not condemned, but they are to be discharged and Ph.D's, employed in their stead, because of the pedantic worship of a degree that is a badge of extreme specialization. When such a policy dictates the action of college authorities and exact information is valued much more than intelligence and a humanistic attitude toward life

and its problems, the introduction into college methods of an educational use of music which emphasizes and practically applies its cultural values is a remote possibility.

### IV

### ADJUSTMENT NECESSARY

Surely, here is a situation calling for correction. If music be possessed of power to elevate society, to assist the people to adjust themselves to their environment and to reduce friction in their contact with the experiences which grow out of conditions under which their lives are spent, it should be given the fullest opportunity to exert such power. And if, for the development of this power, a knowledge of music beyond the superficial singing of popular songs and the playing of jazz by bands and orchestras is necessary, so potential an agency as the college should do its part to make education in music possible to all who desire it. No single educational agency outside the public schools exerts so powerful an influence on a larger proportion of the population than does the small college. Its contact with its clientèle is made when they are at an age when maturity, beginning to assert itself. strongly reinforces the impressionability of youth. If the conditions here described exist to any degree, they should be removed and the small college made to function properly as a medium for bringing music education to the masses of the people. Improvement in isolated instances—and there are institutions fulfilling their musical musion-will not remedy the evil; readjustment must be inaugurated and carried forward as a definite and encompassing educational movement

The policy which converts the music department of a college into a purely commercial organization, minimizing its educational possibilities by making impossible the offering of courses that appeal to those who would know enough music to understand and appreciate it as they do hierature, must give way to the truly educational ideals of the academic department. Its instructors must be engaged because of their ability to develop music-lovers rather than half-baked virtuosos. Without lowering the standard of their especial musical equipment these instructors should be selected with reference to their grasp of educational processes and their sympathy with the extension of the musical message to the student body as a whole. Considered to be an integral part of the college's educational facilities, such

financial endowment of the music department should be sought as will render it more independent of tuition fees. The atmosphere surrounding it must be such as to animate it with the same educational inspiration as dominates the academic department. Both should be held in equal respect because of their equally important contributions to a well-rounded life. The instructors in the music department must be given the same consideration as is accorded to their academic colleagues. Pedantry must retire before larger and truer conceptions of educational efficiency.

# BACK TO DELIBES

# By CARL VAN VECHTEN

Ι

AM tired of the "Six." I am weary of Erik Satie. I am fed up with Malipiero. The music of Zoltan Kodaly has begun to pall on me. I have consigned all my Arnold Schönberg scores to the flames and I have tossed Alfredo Casella. into the dustbin. I have presented such examples of the genius of Goossens as I possessed to my grocer's daughter, and my erstwhile copy of Lord Berners's Three Little Funeral Marches is now the property of the corner policeman. I am gorged with Ornstein and Prokofieff. De Falla and Stravinsky are anathema to me. Béla Bartók is a neo-zany. I am sick of Greek tunics and bare legs, satisted with Oriental dancing, Persian, Javanese, Chinese, and Polovisian, surfeited with turkey trots, bunny hugs and fox trots, bored with tangos and maxixes, boleros and seguidillas. Argentine and Spanish dances of whatever nature have had my fill of "ball-room dancing," cakewalks, pigeonwings, clogs, jazz, and hoe-downs. Terpsichore has been such a favorite of late, literary, pictorial, musical, and even social, that the classic jade has become inflatedly self-conscious, afflicted with a bad case of megalomania. Personally, I wave her away. There is, of course, a reason for this reaction, a cause for this new litany: in cleaning out an old music cabinet to-day, I stumbled upon the score of Coppélia, the distinguished, spiritual, singing, luminous, lively melodies of Delibes rang again in my ears, the eyes of my memory focussed on the fluffed tarlatan skirt, the suggestive fleshings terminating in the pointed toe, and, quite auddenly, all "modern" music assumed the quality of fustian.

"Every dance recalls love. Every ballet leaves us sighing with regret," writes André Suarès. "The soul, ravished for an instant, is not satisfied it falls back into the milieu whither the spectacle has borne it, whither the music has carried it, inviting it to follow, but where the dance has not permitted it to remain. This mad Mænad becomes intoxicated in her own fashion; she burns only with the wine she drinks; she does not aspire to an internal intoxication, that which the vine of the heart opens to the spirit. She has no subjectivity, she is not meditative, she is wholly carnal and voluptuous; she is not even melancholy; her nature is light. Thus having humbly grasped the hand of music,

held music in her arms, the dance betrays the music. She asks music for his great heart, passionate and tender, of which she makes nothing She does not even offer music her own heart in return, because she has none to give. Like youth, she can only bestow élan and caprice. What is she then, for art and the supreme desire of man, but the most charming body, even if she is bereft of soul?"

The classic costume, the tutu, serves to accentuate this fantastic external quality of the ballet. What fascinations of the imagination it immediately evokes, metamorphosing the woman into a dragou-fly, a great moth, a dancing flower, suggestive of nymphs and banshees and far-away, faded, immortal things! The fluffy skirts and the tight bodice emphasize the wasp waist. the frailty of the arms and legs. Sex is both concealed and awakened The pointed toe gives the illusion to this mythological creature of an airy defiance of the laws of gravitation. She becomes, indeed, a beautiful insect, poised between heaven and earth. "The ballet," wrote Théophile Gautier in a happy phrase, "is music that one can see." He should have added, see in a dream, for surely, there is a sense of unreality about this art, created artificially and consciously by its devotees, which makes it, even through its very conventions and limitations, something curious and strange.

Turning the leaves of this faded score, I recall the names of dancers, some of them born and dead before Delibes's day: Maria Taglioni, with her wondrous glamour, Fanny Elssler, more piquant, Fanny Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, beloved of Gautier, Rita Sangalli, and Rosita Mauri, who forswore caviar because the Czar, at one of her representations, turned his eyes from the stage to converse with his companions. What pictures of pleasant periods are brought before the eyes of the mind by the very names of these ladies! And the names of these ladies and other lulling reveries are brought back to me by a glimpse of a tattered score by Léo Delibes.

The importance of Delibes, albeit he himself assuredly owed something to Auber and Offenbach, in the history of French music is not, perhaps, generally recognized. More frequently, probably, it is entirely ignored. It was a happy experience, therefore, to run into a review by Emile Vuillermoz, à propos of a recent Parisian revival of Le Roi l'a dit, in which he says:

Such works as Le Roi l'a dit and Lakmé have a considerable importance in our musical history — Delibes is the great forerunner of the "artist-writer" from which our modern school has evolved. — It is he who has given to our musicians the taste to dispose the notes of a chord,

the timbre of an orchestration, the voices of an ensemble, with an attentive ingenuity which multiplies discoveries with each measure. His influence, and that of Edouard Lalo, have been decisive on the musicians of our time.

The other debt which music owes to Delibes is not owed exclusively by France: it is an international obligation. Before he began to compose his ballets, music for dancing, for the most part, consisted of tinkle-tinkle melodies with marked thythm. Dancing in France, and often elsewhere (I am speaking, of course, only of the ballet), was not deeply expressive in its nature. Its spectators were satisfied with technical feats of virtuosity. Dancers were compared on their respective abilities to execute the entrechat and pirouette. Taglioni and Elssler, to be sure, transcended the technical limitations of their art, and evolved an imaginative and spirituelle contribution to the dance, which has been fully recorded in early nineteenth-century literature. But they accomplished this through their own personalities, aided by the mystical traditional costume, the garb of this new priesthood, which surrounded their movements with an element of fantasy. They were not assisted by the music to which they danced. For these sublime rites the simplest and most banal tunes sufficed more, music with any true verve or character was repudiated as actually likely to have a detrimental value on the effect produced. It was Delibes, who revolutionized this silly idea of ballet music, introducing in his scores a symphonic element, a wealth of graceful melody, and a richness of harmonic fibre, based, it is safe to hazard, on a healthy distaste for routine. Coppélia and Sylvia, then, are the forerunners of such elaborate contemporary scores as Tcherepnin's Narcisse, Debussy's Jouz, Ravel's Daphnis et Chloe, Strauss's The Legend of Joseph, and Stravinsky's Petrouchka. Beyond any manner of doubt. Delibes is the father of the modern ballet.

#### п

Clément-Philibert-Léo Delibes was born on February 21, 1836, at Saint-Germain-du-Val, a village situated in the Sarthe, near La Flèche. The death of his father having left the family without resources, his mother took him to Paris in 1848. He was admitted to the Conservatory, and at his first contest he won the second prize for solfège; the following year (1850) he won the first prize. During this period he was a choir boy at the Madeleine. He studied pianoforte with Le Coupey, organ with Benoist, harmony with Bazin, and advanced composition with

Adolphe Adam. In 1858, the latter used his influence to secure for his pupil a position as répétiteur at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He also became organist at St.-Pierre de Chaillot and elsewhere before his appointment at St.-Jean et St.-François, where he was organist from 1862 to 1871. This seems to have been a traditional occupation with French composers. César Franck, Charles-Marie Widor, and Camille Saint-Saëns were all organists in Paris churches.

Very early in his career, Delibes began to write for the theatre, modestly at first, operature and operas-bouffes, which have been forgotten. His first effort appears to have been Deux sous de charbon, produced at the Folies-Nouvelles in 1855. He wrote his operature for the Folies-Nouvelles, the Kursaal d'Ems, the Bouffes-Parisiens, the Variétés, the Athénée: Les deux similes gardes (1856); l'Omelette à la Follembûche (1858); Le Serpent à plumes (1864); l'Écossais de Chalou (1869), etc. Two of his one-act light operas, Mattre Griffard (1857) and Le Jardinier et son seigneur (1863), were written for and produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique. He also composed several choruses and a mass. In 1863, be became répétiteur at the Opéra and, in 1865, second chorus-master, under Victor Massé. In 1865, also, his cantata,

Alger, was performed

Having been commissioned to compose a ballet, La Source (performed for the first time, November 12, 1866), in collaboration' with Minkus, the Polish musician, his music proved so melodious and so much more distinguished and original than that of his confrère, that Minkus found himself completely eclipsed, while Delibes was asked to write a number, Le pas de fleurs, to be interpolated in the revival of Adolphe Adam's ballet, Le Corsaire, on October 21, 1867. His masterpiece, Coppilia, was produced May 5, 1870. His principal songs appeared in 1872, the year of his marriage to a daughter of Mme. Denam, an actress of the Comédie Française. These include the famous Les filles de Cadix and Bonjour, Suzon (on poems by Alfred de Musset), Aoril (Rémy Belleau), and Myrto (Armand Silvestre). Le Roi Pa dit was produced at the Opéra-Comique, May 24, 1873, and Sylvia at the Opéra, June 14, 1876. La Mort d'Orphée, a "grand scena," was performed at the Trocadéro concerts in 1878; Jean de Nicelle at the Opéra-Comique, March 8, 1880, and Lakmé at the Opéra-Comique, April 14, 1883. He wrote incidental music for a revival of Le Roi s'amuse at the Comédie Française, November 22, 1882, and a five-act opera, Kassya, on which Massenet

The second and third scenes, in this ballet in four scenes, are the work of Delibes.

put the finishing touches, including the composition of the recitatives, after the composer's death, was performed at the Opéra-Comique, March 21, 1893. For a time, under the name of Eloi Delbès, he wrote musical criticism for the Gaulois.

In 1877, Delibes was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1881, he succeeded Henri Reber, who had just died, as professor of advanced composition at the Conservatory. In December, 1884, he was elected a member of the Institute, succeeding Victor Massé, and in 1889 he was promoted to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor. He died at Paris, January 16, 1891, and a memoir by E. Guiraud was published in 1892.

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His operas, constructed according to a formula that was once fashionable, have faded a little. Lakme, with its bizarrely confused memories of Marie Van Zandt, Bessie Abott, Luisa Tetrazzini, and Maria Barrientos, retains some vitality and is still in the repertory of the Paris Opéra-Comique. Occasionally, this lyric perversion of Le Mariage de Loti is given elsewhere so that some florid soprano may warble The Bell-Song. Pauline l'Allemand was the first New York Lakmé; Adelina Patti, the second. Delibes's music has the monotony and clotting languor of the East. After the first act, all souls who are sensitive to suggestion are likely to fall asleep. Le Roi l'a dit has historical importance. I have already quoted M. Vuillermoz in this regard. I heard Jean de Nivelle at the Gaieté-Lyrique fourteen or fifteen years ago when Arlette was sung by Nicot-Bilbaut-Vauchelet, the daughter of the singer who created this florid rôle in 1880. Louis XI lyric drama is Delibes's contribution to Tannhäuserism. Russia, Germany, and France, all suffered from this quaint diaease.

Saint-Saëns once remarked with contemptuous bitterness: "French criticism has not reproached Delibes with not being a melodist; he has made some operettas." But the gift of melody is rare and it is a gift which the gods bestowed on Delibes to the partial exclusion of Saint-Saëns. It is not in his operas that this gift may be studied to the best advantage, although neither The Bell-Song nor the Barcarolle in Lakmé may be slighted. But the best pages in this opera are the ballet music, the exotic Terana, the Rektah, and the Persian dance, and it is in his music for the ballet that Delibes excelled and in which, as has already been intimated, he made certain innovations. Ballet music, heretofore,

had been subservient to the dancers and it was believed, it would seem (we may take Giselle for a typical example), that banality was essential to its success. Delibes's ballet music is piquant and picturesque, nervous and brilliant, shot with color and curious harmonic effects, subtle in rhythm, and, above all, his melody has a highly distinguished line. There is a symphonic texture.

Sylvia, ou la Nymphe de Diane, created by Rita Sangalli (who ten years later became the baronne de St.-Pierre) at the Paris Opéra, June 14, 1876, is an evocation to-day (it has recently been revived) of a period, it is Second Empire Greek, if you like, but the music remains as pumpant, as fascinatingly fresh as ever. A happy fragrance, a delightfully artificial, if somewhat heartless, charm hovers over this music. Les Chasseresses, the Valse Lente, the Cortège de Bacchus, all retain their peculiar seductions, and the pizzicati divertissement of the slave has achieved a world-fame. Delibes, aware of his limitations, or governed purely by his taste, deliberately excludes the barbaric and the savage from his work; everything is gracious and refined.

Coppélia, ou la fille aux yeux d'émail, is certainly his masterpiece. From the Prélude and the Valse Lents, to which the
adorable Swamida enters almost as soon as the curtain rises,
through the Czardas, the Mazurka, on to the end of the work, it
is a model of conciseness, witty music, and spirited and refined
melody. There are, to be sure, sentimental passages, but on the
whole, Delibes is less sentimental than Gounod. His tunes
usually move at a brisk pace. They have all the lustre of a polka
by Offenbach and something more in the way of glamour. Perusing this old score, I dream again of the languorous delights of the
ballet, the real ballet, and for a moment, I am no modern—It has
even occurred to me to wonder if any composer really gifted with
the power of creating melody has ever found it necessary to try
to create anything else.

### VIEWS AND REVIEWS

### By CARL ENGEL

LEBEIAN wisdom has it that you catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar. For once then a miracle has happened. The announcement that another surly critic was to mount the dangerously overrun reviewing stand, has been as honey in the mouths of many publishers. My desk and the chairs surrounding it are covered high with books and music marked "For To some of these is attached a neatly printed slip reading. "Please send two copies of the notice." I foresee disappointment, anger even, if the notice is not forthcoming, or if my innate sweetness is not always sufficient to prevent its having a slightly sourish aftertaste. Are we not creatures of sundry juices, among which verjuice has its part? And yet, I am naive enough to confess that nothing would give me greater happiness than if I could dispense to every comer critical drops of hydromel and nectar. Were I a soda fountain, there still would be the lemon extract.

The art of flinging custard pies into unsuspecting faces is as much the underpaid critic's who disports himself in the papers. as it is the overpaid "actor's" who performs before a camera. Contemporary pie-flinging of the critical variety has never had great appeal for me. But let it have taken place, say, thirty or fifty years ago (especially if it missed the mark!), and it begins to have absorbing fascination. There is a harmless satisfaction in discovering the errors of our fathers. Emboldened, we proceed in our mistaken ways and express opinions of which we are not at all certain. We are precipitated into a mood of hoatile suspicion, ready to challenge any and all who expose themselves to our critical searchlight Criticism, in some instances, is nothing but jewelled prose, or a form of auto-intoxication. In others, it is a thinly veiled brief "pro domu." Too often it is pretty bonbons and colored jujubes, so that one is filled with grateful admiration for the few grand figures who retain their independence and remain masters of the vitriolic style. Unworthy imitators resort to rude invective, unnecessary and unjust. But the general tendency is to write more for the effect on the reader than on the criticized, knowing full well that the latter has use only for praise.

The critic, first of all, is expected to write copy for the press agent or the publicity department. He is under the eye of the advertising manager. Next comes the critic as entertainer; he must carefully avoid being "esoteric," he should be "popularly educational," strictly refrain from talking the jargon of the craft or business he is criticizing, and above all be reasonably "smart." The circulation manager keeps a close watch on him. Last, and least appreciated, the critic who thinks it his job soberly to analyze a work or its performance and pronounce judgment to the best of his belief, or give advice according to his lights. Who, I ask, wants advice—unless it be synonymous with approval? If the journals correctly state that "Mme. B.'s intonation is insecure," or "The playing of Mr. H. is lacking in restraint," can you see "The World's Greatest Contralto" or "The Supreme Pianist of the Age" meekly go into retirement and correct their faults? The case is even more hopeless when we take a composition or a book that is finished and printed. Supposing the critic made some really pertinent suggestions that would improve the work. how are they to be utilized?

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Had I chanced to see the song "Philomel" by Mr. Eugene Goossens before it left the press of Messrs. J. & W. Chester, Ltd., I believe that not my great and sincere respect for the composer's accomplishments would have stopped me from telling him that I thought his song restless in design, unequal in merit. It might have been an excellent song. To my mind the treatment of the prosody is bad; there are places where the rhythm and outline of the voice-part do violence to the cadence and emphasis of the words. That is a regrettable feature in any song, especially nowadays, when we are supposed to be more careful in such matters What distinguished the first songs of Mr. John Alden Carpenter was the admirable handling of the prosody He never quite matched that standard. Mr. Goossens' song is interesting and typical inasmuch as it permits a guess at the way so many composers go about writing a song. In the beginning was the accompaniment or at least one of those pianistic patterns and harmonic progressions which are born of the fingers, not of the ear. Having stumbled upon it, found it to his liking, the composer adopts it as prop for a vocal phrase. But that phrase does not grow out of the metre or sentiment of the text, it is screwed

down, rigidly, upon the harmony and rhythm of the pianistic device. Some such procedure would explain Mr. Goossens' wrong accentuations, which not even quaint insouciance can excuse. Yet the very end of the song is poetic, delicate, and would have been unimpeachable save for the final high note, that sop to the singer who isn't a musician. "Philomel" and "Melancholy," two songs written by Mr. Goossens in January, 1921, may also be had with an accompaniment of string quartet. It is a pity that Mr. Goossens did not find something better for the line "Nothing's so dainty sweet," at the end of "Melancholy," than those cloying They are not dainty sweet, but sticky. ninth-chords. which Mr. Goossens has a perfect right to deny. The reviewer and critic may be ten times right; the only person who is really concerned in the matter, the reviewed and criticized, is apt to be the last to believe him. And he is only one against a fairly large number of readers to whom this fault-finding can be of no consequence whatsoever. Then why waste their time? Criticism in camera, before publication, is the kind which composers so sorely need. It is the kind that only broad-minded and sharpwitted brother artists can give to, and will accept from, each other It is this criticism that makes the correspondence of certain masters more valuable than textbooks and rules. Everywhere mutual admiration clubs are springing up which are doing their reckless advertising without ascertaining, as is insisted upon in food products or any honest merchandise, that the goods are one hundred—or, well, ninety per cent pure.

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The texts of the two songs which I have just touched on are by English poets of the sixteenth century. Have you noticed how the "modern" composer is fond of taking a long leap hackward for his poem? From Delius, Goossens, Peter Warlock down the whole list of contemporary British composers, there is hardly one who does not seek refuge, occasionally, from his own advanced position in a sort of "compromise modernity," apparently vouch-safed by the text. The reason, perhaps, is that the material of music has made so much quicker strides than has the manner of employing it. We use the last perfected appliance to spin the finest, softest yarn; but for the weaving of it we have not gone beyond the hand-loom. Undo the silken strands of Debussy, and the web resembles the mercerised products of Massenet.

Scratch the mottled gaudiness from Strauss, and you find the red lacquer of Wagner. Blow off the star-dust from Scriabin's phantasmagoria, and behold Chopin This is no disparagement. In music the modernity of means does not clash with the antiquity of style. There are railway stations for which no more appropriate facade was found than that of a Greek temple. When the Germans, some twenty years ago, were in the finest frenzy of their "Sezession," composers suddenly remembered and ruthlessly raided that collection of old German poems known as "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." It became an epidemic. Mahler, Thuille, Pfitzner, e tutti quanti, had a go at the enchanted horn, just as the British composers to-day are ransacking the attic of English literature for the minor poets of the past. The revolutionaries Peri and Caccini thought they had pulled the curtain from the classic drama. It was Monteverdi who proved that the opened door led into a new chamber of music.

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But I must not postpone any longer doing my duty, at least in a general way, by the publishers who have kindly sent me some of their issues. The perfunctory and arbitrary way in which I am forced to deal with them should discourage further shipments. I am quite confident that I shall be able, without their assistance, to keep an eye on what they are doing. For the present I am likely to see a good deal more than they may want me to see. I shall try to be discreet

We have made not a little progress, in America, since the year 1764, when no less distinguished a person than Paul Revere, in Boston, engraved the music for "A Collection of the Best Psalm Tunes." In the preface of it the compiler and publisher, Josiah Flagg, wrote: "It is hoped, it will not diminish the Value of this Book, in the Estimation of any, but may in some Degree recommend it even to those who have no particular Relish for the Musick, that however we are obliged to the other Side of the Atlantick chiefly, for our Tunes, the Paper on which they are printed is the Manufacture of our own Country." We still make excellent paper. The stacks of music round me are proof incontrovertible. (En parenthèse unless you have felt S. D. Warren's Cameo stock lap up the soft lead of your pencil, you know not what height voluptuousness can reach!) We are a little less dependent on importations from "the other Side of the Atlantick" for our

tunes. In fact, our tunes are getting to be almost as good as our paper.

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It is most gratifying to see that several American firms are bringing out fine, musicianly material for which the present state of our musical life will hardly encourage them to expect returns approaching even distantly the outlay they incurred on the engraving and printing. There are Messrs. J. Fischer Bros., New York, with a life-size piano concerto by Mr. Arthur Hinton, which is dedicated to the composer's wife, that sterling player Katherine Goodson. The tribute is appropriate, inevitable But such dedications are sometimes prejudicial. I should not be surprised if the dedicatee (perfectly good, but horrible word) were the only one who took the trouble to learn Mr. Hinton's piece. All the more praise for Messrs. Fischer, to whom more thanks are due for printing Mr. Pietro A. Yon's Concerto Gregoriano for Organ and Orchestra. Our organ music and organists are becoming increasingly ambitious. The presence of such foreign artists as macetro Yon, and the visiting Bonnet and Dupré, have been of stimulating influence. Not only in the church, but here and there in moving picture theatres do you hear astonishingly clever playing. Messrs. Carl Fischer have recently issued an analytical catalogue which prescribes for all the woes of the "movie" musician and lists a formidable array of compositions, all of them labelled for their uses in connection with specific "situations." Over the loaves and fishes the publishers have not forgotten the linen and the plate. They are rendering conspicuous services to art, even to that bugbear of "sound investment": advanced art. Fulty years have just elapsed since the first music appeared with the Carl Fischer imprint, fifty years which testify to the industry, vision and character of the founder. One can but honor the idealistic convictions which move ahead of the times and give us Mr. Leo Ornstein's remarkable Sonatas. Mr. O. G. Sonneck's fine songs Of Messrs G Schirmer one has a right to expect big things. It is comforting to see that their rush for the musical Klondyke was only temporary and did not weaken the main current of their traditional activities. Once upon a time the virtual head of their house was a certain Gustave Schirmer Jr. a man to whom music was a religion, not only a trade, a man who combined dignity with shrewdness, who could exploit an Ethelbert Nevin and befriend a Martin Loeffler.

premature death remains an incalculable loss. It is not generally known that it was Gustave Schirmer who enthusiastically seconded Oscar Hammerstein's opera venture and insisted on taking the impresario, in Paris, to hear "Pelléas et Mélisande." When, after the first act. Oscar announced that he had enough and preferred to take the air on the boulevard, convinced that the thing would bore the American public, Gustave Schirmer made him sit through the whole performance. You know the rest. Schirmer and Hammerstein are dead. Mary Garden is still very much "Pelléas" will probably outlive the three. But let us not forget to whom we, in America, owe our acquaintance with Debussy's opera and our own Mary. Mesars. Schirmer continue to give us Mr. Ernest Bloch's ripening works. The splendid Suite for Viola and Orchestra has been followed by the Violin Sonata in which young sap is mounting to the topmost branches of the tree of music, in which the grafting of new freedom on old restraint has produced flowers that for form and perfume have no equal. The work is dedicated to Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, the silver-tongued prophet of Bloch who has so brilliantly and sweepingly extolled him. I should like to write a study on "Bloch and Blueberries" (the title smacks of Huneker), mindful of a memorable walking trip, up Mount Monadnock, on which I went with friend Ernest; and I have an idea that in retracing our steps and conversations I could find much that would serve as a comparatively simple and primeval glossary to what is at a first glance so involved and obscure a manner of musical thought and speech. Yes, it is all as natural as lying at high noon with your back on a sun-baked rock, staring into the blue sky and bluer distance, pressing warm blueberries between your tongue and palate, and mulling over ancient cases of crabbed "blues," in the happy consciousness of momentary expansion, while your fingertips almost touch the little blue flower. Of course, that would be telling tales, not writing "critical appreciations.

It is fitting that Charles T. Griffes' slender but significant heritage should now be given to the world. The Piano Sonata is bold in conception, singularly clear and frugal in execution. It sounds like a challenge to fate. I remember how animatedly he discussed it when he lunched with me on his last visit to Boston to hear the Symphony Orchestra play his "Pleasure Dome of Khubla Khan." It was a Saturday; the Friday afternoon performance had highly pleased him. But he was ailing then. Hoarseness and a constant cough made talk difficult. After lunch I took him to a drug store and got him some lozenges. Not

he nor I thought it was to be our last meeting. Fate too eagerly accepted the challenge. But the name of Griffes is securely inscribed on the tablets of American music.

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The Ricordis find time to forget La Scala. They have gone beyond the plains of Lombardy and brought home, to publish very handsomely, Mr. H. Waldo Warner's String Quartet, Op. 15, and his Folk-song Phantasy for Strings, Op. 18. They could do no other than take "The Trio" of Mr. Warner (as it is announced), for which Mrs. F. S. Coolidge gave the composer her check for a thousand dollars. Mr. Warner has come into deserved prominence by his fluent writing as well as by his part in the London String Quartet. Britain may well be proud of him, his music is so British, in the best sense. No wonder London town waxed trate over Bloch's extraordinary string quartet and called it "ugly music." Messrs. Ricordi have gone again to England for Mr. Jos. Holbrook's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 59 did Mr. Holbrook go to Milan? The whimsical composer has given his concerto a title, "The Grasshopper." Now, I am rather fond of the little beasties. Last year, in Marblehead, I had four of them living with me Their names were Eugene, Minerva, Pelag and Philip. They made their home, supposedly, on a flowerpot But they roamed the chamber over. I had opportunity to study their sprightly nature. And only on the basis of knowledge thus gained, not on the unwarranted assumption that I know more about violin concerti than does Mr. Holbrook, am I inclined to question his success in portraying through tones and the antics of a solo fiddler the deep, though often abrupt, ways of my erstwhile companions.

Perhaps the most deserving of admiration, among all the music publishers of Europe to-day, is the "Universal Edition" in Vienna. If we, with our wealth of resources, pat ourselves on the back for publishing, now and again, a work of chamber music or an oratorio (generally a "prize" winner) which will be heard at least once in public, what are we to say of people who in the face of inconceivable hardships and despite every possible obstacle calmly go on issuing huge scores of Schönberg, operas of Schreker, and pantomimes of Bartók—not to mention a "Quarter-tone Quartet" by Haba? They are either heroes or fools. Director Emil Hertzka, the head of the concern, is almost a fanatic in his devotion to the cause of ultra-modern music. His fanaticism is

heroic, not foolish. The first startling piano compositions of Bartók, published in Budapest some ten or twelve years ago, contained hair-raising audacities. They antedate and beat anything the "Six" have done Bartók's latest pantomime, "Der holzgeschnitzte Prinz" (The prince carved of wood), is not less daring; yet there is a careful avoidance of freakishness for the sake of "originality." Whatever the piano score can tell us of this music, its "harshnesses" have a way of impressing one with the rigorous logic that evolved them. The orchestration will do much to soften them, perhaps too much. There are tunes in this music, indisputable, naked-not merely motives or acraps of The nudeness of their appearance, uncovered by meretricious garments of musical "batik," should not be interpreted as meaning that the action requires them to be so by its own dishabille. On the contrary, nothing could be more from the heels-upto-the-neck proper-I almost wrote silly. It seems the two sometimes go together. This rather foolish story (devised by the composer) is the only serious drawback that I can see. A princess who at first prefers the manikin prince to the one of flesh and blood; the fairy who sets the forest and the brooklet dancing; the prince who finally embraces the rueful princess after she has thrown away her crown and pulled the wig from her head-all this may be as deeply symbolical as it is grotesque. It served the composer in writing music that is expressive and pictorial, but I am afraid that it will not be an easy undertaking to put on any stage except the cubist one, on which nothing is impossible, without being necessarily beautiful or convincing. Like the music of most pantomimes, we shall probably meet it again, and very shortly, in the form of a concert suite. That is not a bad test. Let us hope that Mr. Bartók's music will soon be put to it by the enterprising Mr. Monteux, who has a healthy fondness for the ballet music of all nations and is endowed with sufficient imagination to make it effective in the concert-hall. I should like to hear. for instance, the preluder an organ-point C of 70 measures (Molto moderato, 1), during the first thirteen the chord of C-major is slowly built up, with the fourteenth measure a retrospective F# is added to the harmony, while the triad mounts to higher ranges. This mixture, pisnissimo and tentative, grows slightly in loudness and assurance. The F# ascends with the chord. At the thirtysixth measure, a fatidical Bb enters in the middle register the otherwise unchanged harmony Pulled tautly in both directions. by the F# and Bb, this triad over C is momentarily restored to purity and relaxation, only to snap back the next instant into

tantalizing ambiguity. That is the impression I get. Throughout the score, polytonality rather than atonality prevails. And in reading this music perhaps not the least enjoyment is that derived from tracing everywhere the experienced musician who stands with both feet firmly planted on the ground of technical skill and surety.

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Pluckier still is Mr. Hertzka's venture of publishing Mr. Alois Haba's String Quartet, Op. 7, based "on the quarter-tone system"! Haba was born in 1893 at Wisowitz in Moravia. Military service took him to Vienna in 1918. He studied in Prague with Viteslay Novak. In Vienna he joined the musicological seminary of Dr Paumgartner, and was known as a modest, industrious student. His meeting with Franz Schreker became decisive. He made a new start. What he had written so far counted no longer. Accepted by Schreker as a pupil, he began anew with Op. 1. When Schreker went as director to the Hochschule in Berlin, Haba followed him as stipendiary of the Mendelssohn State Prize. He has published a Piano Sonata, an Overture for Orchestra; his String Quartet Op. 4 was played last year at the chamber music festival in Donaueschingen. And what is one to say of this quarter-tone quartet without having heard it? Quarter-tones in themselves have nothing frightening for me. Years ago, thanks to the courtesy of the late Mr Gertz, I was able to experiment at the Mason & Hamlin warerooms in Cambridge with two pianos carefully tuned one quarter of a tone apart. Thus, between the two instruments, I had twenty-four tones to the octave. Two things these experiments taught me: first, that ravishing beauty of a new order slumbers in the scale of more than twelve notes; second, that the way to awaken it lies not along the roads which we have learned to travel in school. Convinced as I am of the sonorous possibilities that lurk in the quarter-tone scale, I joyously welcome Mr. Haba's initiative. I make not the slightest pretension to "hearing" all that I see on the printed page of this quartet. For the time being, my inner ear is slave to the tempered scale. But I recognize with disappointment that Mr. Haba's procedure is nothing but the walk along the old school path. The melodic contours are not newer because they are more chromatic. Some chords, in their truer intonation. will perhaps sound purer; others may surprise us by their novelty and charm; many, I fear, will sound just out of tune, which is

precisely what they are. Rhythmically, without doubt . . . melodically, in all likelihood . . . harmonically, to a great extent, this quartet is going to sound plain old-fashioned and not a whit different from a hundred quartets made in Germany within the last twenty years. The "thematic development" is there in all its dry and formidable eleverness. Frequent changes of time do not conceal the square-cut phrases. And to these reflexions I might add one more which so much of modern music suggests: I know a number of people—I am among them—who have seen the dogma of a religion crumble to pieces under the impact with modern life and science, and have attempted to fashion from the ruins new and practical tenets, without being able to rid themselves wholly of the inherited superstitions that survived from the wreck. It is the same with modern music. Age-worn harmonic creeds have failed us in the present hour. We are destroying them right and left. But we have not succeeded in ridding ourselves of atavistic superstitions that cling to the dogmas of music as they do to those of religion. Open any modern score, and you will be astonished to see on almost every page musical superstitions obstinately implanted and grinning at you with a sardonic smile. Most of our musical atheists, when cheering the devil, make from an old habit the sign of the cross.

With the advent of quarter-tones (preferably produced on a new keyboard instrument) we shall have to drop our superstitions if we want to get anywhere. We shall have to invent a new vocabulary, not to mention a new notation (Mr. Haba's, by the way, is quite simple and clear). Modern counterpoint will be as insufficient as is the faux-bourdon now. What a pity that by the time all these wonderful things are going to happen here below, I shall probably have long been mustered into the second

basses of the Angelic Oratorio Society.

While we are about this thrilling subject, let me call to your attention a little book by Mr. Willi Möllendorff (published by F. E. C. Leuckart, Leipzig, 1917). Its title is "Musik mit Vierteltönen," and it contains the sum of the author's experiences with the "bichromatic harmonium" of his own construction. The keyboard is ingeniously devised so that the span of an octave is the same as on our present piano. But beside the white and black keys, there are, on a level halfway between these two, additional brown keys for the quarter-tones. The necessary space for them has been "borrowed" from their white or black neighbors. The ascending scale reads as follows:

c, high c, c#, high c#, d, high d, d#, high d#, e, high e, f, etc.

In descending we have:

I, low f. e. low e, eb, low eb, d. low d, db, low db, c.

The enharmonic nature of our present scale remains, of course, unchanged. Mr. Möllendorff gives extensive illustrations how to modulate from the old keys to the new ones. There is, for instance, the modulation from c to high c, a quarter-tone upward; or that from c to low ab, two and a quarter-tone down. These modulations are systematically carried out from c to all the other keys, high and low. But all of these modulations move in staid four-part harmony; none of them introduces a chord for which the rules of the figured bass have not a cipher, though the number of scale-degrees has grown. Where no "common tone" exists between two chords, contrary motion puts things aright. The only new progression is the step of a quarter-tone, up or down; no other intervals or skips are used in quarter-tone modifications. Obviously, this is only a beginning, and perhaps a wrong one. It is barnacled with superstitions. Mr. Möllendorff has written "Five Little Pieces, Op. 26," for his bichromatic harmonium. I do not know them. If they are anything like his modulations, I suspect that they are eminently prim and grimly dull. But that matters little. We are in a transitory stage; new tools have to be fashioned. Andreas Werckmeister had to precede Johann Sebastian Bach, in order to make possible the 48 Preludes and Fugues. Ours is the Werckmeister period, and perhaps we are not even as far as that.

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The history of musical instruments, of their development and perfection, is graphically and instructively told in a beautiful volume recently published by Anton Schroll & Co., in Vienna. It is "Die Sammlung alter Musikinstrumente des kunsthistorischen Museums in Wien," with explanatory notes by Julius Schlosser. The illustrations are superb. Instrument-making would seem a lost art. Nothing could offer better proof than these treasures in the Viennese collection. Drab as our modern dress, so are the instruments of to-day compared with the artistry and crafts-manship displayed by the ancient and medieval masters of the

Orient and Occident. This book will set you dreaming. As you turn its pages, civilizations and dynastics pass your eye, from their dawning to their downing. How passionate the love for music must have been in those who so tenderly decorated the objects that produced it, until the outward appearance of the instruments was in keeping with the beauty they encompassed. Nor are freaks missing in this company There are curious automata of the late sixteenth century; the glass harmonica of Archduke Ferdinand; the tortoise-shell violin of Empress Maria Theresa (the work of Kowansky, in 1749); a marble violin wrought by Cesarini of Carrara, in 1687; Tieffenbrucker's Lira da gamba of 1590; a Padovan cittern, ancestor of the mandolin and favorite instrument of amorous screnaders; the magnificent cither of Ferdinand of Tyrol, made in Brescia, ca. 1570 What would we not give for gramophone records of the music that once poured from these precious shapes, forever silenced!

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Let us not wax sentimental over immortal strains that are dead, when we may grow passionate over moribund composers who are proclaimed immortal One of them, Mr. Erik Satie, has suddenly been hoisted to the eminence of a precursor. Having toiled long and patiently, and rather futilely withal, he has been posthumously discovered. I say posthumously, for that charming and indefatigable farceur, if not dead and buried, is leisurely dangling one foot in the grave. Let him continue in this position and go no farther; we all wish him many more years in which to enjoy what pleasures life may be able to afford so hardened a scoffer. His music, bare as a gnawed bone, seems to be picked from the excavation into which he is preparing definitely to retire, with the pretext that these fragments of worm-eaten cartilage are so many pieces of rare wrought ivory. This hoax is entertaining for a little while Manufactured wholesale and without respite, it becomes tedious. It was all very well ten or fifteen years ago when each of us for himself discovered Satie remember what fun I had on seeing for the first time the "Véritables Préludes flasques pour un chien" or the "Embryons desséchés" They had at least the merit of being unlike anything else in music. That was before there began to be so many of them, all more or less alike, that the element of amusing surprisewhich was their saving grace—existed no longer. Occasionally, as in the "Sonneries de la Rose+Croix." there were striking bits

of originality which made a noise like the famous blind hen under happy circumstances. Generally speaking, the music did not keep what the running comment and the often witty expression-marks promised. Still, it was all very interesting aswell, as a "human document," although that is a weighty term to tag such slender stuff with. One spoke of Satie then as one does of certain naughty Japanese prints which are indepensable to the adornment of every well and stylishly equipped garconnièrs in Paris. Now, when the painters tried to label some of Whistler's antecessors, they had no difficulty in pasting the ticket on Hokusai, Hiroshigi and the rest. It did not occur to them to hold up the lively caricatures which Japan provides so artistically for its risux marcheurs. However, Satie's musical caricatures are all of a sudden proclaimed the forerunners of Debussy and the (temporarily) jeune école! What nonsense. The fact that young Debussy once orchestrated two little piano pieces of Satie's proves only how unlikely it was that anything odd could escape the scent of the future discoverer of Debussyism. We do not hear that he made it a practice to provide orchestral raiment for any of the later skeletons which Satie added to his gallery of grotesques. Some years ago at a concert in Boston, Mr. George Copeland played with exquisite perverseness a "Gnossienne" of Satie's. The audience—at least the feminine part of it uttered at the close of the piece one of those unanimous sobs of suppressed and wicked delight, while the masculine contingent clapped approval in a most unbecomingly aggressive fashion. Right they were the piece was delightful, delightfully played. But they sobbed too deep and clapped too loud. Mr. Copeland. soft-hearted and misguided, repeated the number. The result was disaster. Never did anything sound so flat as this jou d'esprit twice told. The audience felt it and was ashamed. Not more than the polite tapping of a few fingers. There was a lesson to be learned. You can repeat Debussy's "La Terrace des audiences du clair de lune"; you cannot do the same with Satie perpetrating what amounts to a graceful or biting joke, as the case may be. Music has no caricaturists in the Japanese manner; it has no jovial Cruikshank or grand and bestial Rops. The reason is probably that it never, or at least seldom, occurs to a musician to turn carresturist unless every other mode of expression fails him and his craft is insufficient to attempt the serious. But those Nipponese who could be so charmingly profligate were consummate artists, first and last; Cruikshank was a master draughtsman, Rops a genius of the brush and burin. Satie knows a métier, but

his trade avails him little. Perhaps his philosophy scorns beauty, despises music. He dreams of an Aristophanic world, and finding his tools unequal to the task of perpetuating in classic satire the dream that obsesses him, he sticks out his musical tongue, thumbs his musical nose, and unwittingly sets a fashion for musical ill-breeding. All of it was of no account so long as Satie was left in the contemplation of his own umbilical centrality. But he has been rudely dragged from his joss-house, has been violently seized upon and set up in the rays of calcium which must do while his supporters are casting lots who shall be the messiah to follow the prophet and shed the rays of a new sun upon us all. Satie, the play-boy of the musical world, in his old age is crowned with a pseudo-academic halo. For the development of music it has about the same significance as had the canonization of Gaugin by the futurist painters. Both, Satie and Gaugin, were unearthed for the multitude long after "the few" had enjoyed them and laid them aside, post festum as it were, for genealogical reasons.

The satirist by profession flourishes most and is of greatest need in times of decadence. Greece and Rome knew him. The middle ages had their Brants and Aretinos. Why are they generally bearded? Their hiraute appendage may lend them dignity, but their pose of public castigator soon gets tiresome. Even Shaw, who stands high above Satie, makes you laugh until you yawn. Our musical Shawlets exert their soporific spell after brief acquaintance. To write little scraps of music in the manner of Henri Herz and Kalkbrenner is merely to remind us that anything which is device is fixed and stationary. Bungling and virtuosity are invariants. Only talent knows degrees. Mid-victorianism is another word for eternity. The "antimacassar" and the fig-leaf, protective devices both, are cousins germane. In imitating a composer you may copy his devices and never catch his spirit. Yet, a caricature above all else must breathe the spirit, in emphasized characteristics, of the model. Where is the fun in "Les cinq folies de Bétove," which no one but Satic could have written? Or has someone begun to parody the parodies of Erik? To end a piece with the scale of C major and mark it "jouer bête" is not humorous for the simple reason that it is "bête" to begin with and could not possibly be played in any other way. The titles of these five "folies"-and you can blame them for this whole long tirade-are "Le canard aux navets," "Filles du Calvaire-les Ternes," "Poisson d'Avril," "L'Ascenceur," and "Lampion." None of them is longer than two pages.

The programmatic explanations explain only one thing, and that concerns the author, but it may not be polite to reflect on it. All five are dedicated to the late Henry Bataille. It is to be hoped that they cheered his last hour, unless it must be feared that they bastened his demise. Perhaps I am an incorrigible dullard, but I am ready to injure my digestive organs by inflicting on them my oldest headgear, if there is anything funny or improving in the folly of Monsieur Bétove. Hold on! there is after all one note of humor, and that is provided by the publisher (Francis Salabert, Paris), who has taken good care to obtain copyright protection for the whole of our terrestrial and aqueous globe, "including Argentina and Uruguay." How it must vex the pirate publishers of Patagonia.

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Arthur Honegger, by implication or elimination, is regarded as the most talented of the quondam "Six." He is writing a good deal; more, in fact, than one can keep track of. He is not intoxicated with the fumes of cacophony unrelieved. Perhaps that has earned him the reputation of the greater gift. If he is the genius we want him to be, let us all pray that he may soon overcome his shyness and use his learning in the attempt of more daring feats. His "Pastorale d'été" (1921) for orchestra is lovely music, even too lovely in absorbed or inherited euphony. Such careful walking, such deliberate stepping is there in this atmospheric, lusciously tepid pastorale. Our old friend the basso ostinato (where would our radicals, liberals and conservatives be without it!), the patient organ-point, the sour-sweet progressions of fifths and fourths, a little counterpoint (for the looks of it rather than for the sound), and the irrepressible "thème populaire" -all are there, so many superstitions, so many stones on which to set a feeble foot.

At any rate, M. Darius Milhaud with his "Caramel mou, Shimmy pour Jazz-band (clarinette, trombone, trompette, jazz, chant ou saxophone ou violon à défaut, et piano)," is out for something new and vital, for folk-music in the making, not for museum pieces and ancient parlor tricks. A young Italian, Ezio Carabella, marks his "La morte profumata" for piano "Quasi fox-trot." Felix Petyrek's piano trio contains a "Rondo di Foxtrot." Mr. Casella has included a fox-trot movement in a string quartet, if I am not mistaken. I only know the first two of these four pieces in modo Americano, and I must confess that they do

not throw me into ecstacies. But it is good to see Jazz recognized in Europe as something more than the barbarisms committed in its name, while we who should be proud of having originated it, let misanthropic joy-killers spoil our party. "O Freunde, nicht diese Töne" -I am heartily in favor of abolishing the racket and din of the infuriated trap-man, the silly wriggling of neurotic simps. But save and cherish Jazz for what is best in it. I had a strenuous time defending good Jazz before the National Conference of Music Supervisors in Nashville, last March. What opprobrium was not heaped on me for my audacity by indignant upholders of Puritanic sanctimony. Yet I know better. I smoothed the wrinkles on some of the prettiest foreheads in the assembly, banished the fear of hell from out some of the best and gentlest hearts that I could almost hear beating with glad excitement as I followed my anathema of lewd and noisy revels with an impassioned, forensic plea for good Jazz. Go and hear the Victor record of "When Buddah smiles," and tell me where in the world to-day better dance music is written than right here in America. No official veto will keep the world from dancing. There have been edicts against terpsichorean indulgence at all times, in all places. Nor was the cause for them always so just as that which melomaniac King David would have offered.

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The music supervisors and teachers are all self-appointed apostles of musical righteousness. But do they all know a bad tune when they hear it? Their strong card is musical appreciation. Their intentions are admirable. That their methods are often questionable is due to lack of experience and good taste. They share those short-comings with other and equally doctrinal people. That they should proceed to teach musical appreciation, and prove so unappreciative of what is most directly affecting their pupils popular music-is not so easily forgiven. Why not begin musical appreciation at the beginning? Why not show the children the difference between a good and a bad popular tune? The children have to live with popular music as they must live with magazine literature and chromo-lithographic calendars. But there are magazines and magazines, as there are calendars and calendars. Chances are that the better ones will give the children. for the time being, actually more than would "Paradise Lost" or the "Disputation." And so a good popular tune, full-blooded and immediate, must mean more to them than a bloodless and dissected Song without Words of Mendelssohn or an Impromptu of Schubert preserved and presented in the medicated alcohol of

magisterial distillation.

Speaking of "Musical Appreciation," there is Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason's recently published volume "Music as a Humanity, and Other Essays" (H. W. Gray Co., N. Y., 1921), which contains varied and readable material, reprinted from sundry periodicals "with but slight changes." It is commendable that among these changes there should be certain excisions from Mr. Mason's report on the Berkshire Music Festival of 1920, as originally printed in The New Music Review, where his incomprehension of Mr. Carlos Salzedo's art and aims was expressed in really too crude and vicious a manner. Politesse avant tout.

Messrs. Gray are the agents in America for Mr Emile Jaques-Dalcroze's books on Eurhythmics. I well remember the short, jovial, agile man when I met him in my student days in Strasbourg. I tried to get a little orchestral routine by occasionally fiddling in the theatre pit. Thus I had the advantage of hearing Dalcroze's opera "Sancho Pansa," and the pleasure of counting rests in all sorts of metrical combinations. Perhaps I am rather grateful that my childhood fell into a time before eurhythmic evolutions, attended by callous feet, became compulsory. When Isadora Duncan, after one of her performances at Munich in 1904, bare-legged and red-toed, responded to the plaudits with a little speech and expressed the hope of seeing the day when we should all dance garbed as she was, I took a frightened look at that Bajuvarian audience and fervently prayed to Heaven never to let that day break while I lived. Heaven, so far, has been with me.

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I note the name of a new Japanese composer, Yoshii Tanimura, who is advertising his wares in French and English musical journals, informing prospective buyers that his music may be obtained from him directly at "Nakashinden, Koshikiwa, Taishamura, Mukogun, Hyogoken, Japan." Is it an address or an itinerary? While we are trying our utmost to add eastern clangor to our music, exotic color, these Orientals cast away their birthright for a pot of diatonic porridge.—Among Malipiero's recent works are three pieces for the piano, entitled "Omaggi"—homages paid, respectively, to a parrot, an elephant, and an idiot. Are we returning to symbolism, and are these pieces inscribed to the performer, the audience, and the critic?—In Wiesbaden, last

year, the French High Commissariat organized a series of concerta, at one of which a "Sonata" for piano, flute, oboe and clarinet by Darius Milhaud received its first performance. The composer was "at the piano." The program of the only orchestral concert consisted of compositions by Ch. M. Widor. composer was "at the baton." Thus the victorious French are endeavoring to ingratiate themselves with the vanquished .-Egon Wellesz, pupil and biographer of Schoenberg, has written an opera to a text by Jacob Wassermann, author of many books, one of which, "Christian Wahnschaffe," has been translated into English under the title "The World's Illusion." Wassermann is among the strongest personalities in modern German literature. Wellesz belongs to the most talented of the young Viennese set. The name of the opera is "The Princess Girnara." It is said to be a fantastic, mystical play, far removed from the common run of opera libretti. The first performance of it at Hanover, last year, was the occasion of heated controversies. The music, we are told, has returned to ideals which, in antiquity, it possessed to the highest degree, and which Gluck, Beethoven and Wagner, in turn, had to reconquer for it every time they were lost in the opera's attempt to be merely an entertainment. This leaves Debussy's kinship to Monteverdi out of the reckoning.—There are most laudable efforts made to acquaint us with curious innovators. "The International Composers' Guild" aims to keep us abreast with musical pioneers the world over. The three concerts of this association, last Spring, introduced to New York works by Edgar Varèse (the guiding spirit of the enterprise), Malipiero, Pizzetti, Louis Gruenberg, Carlos Salzedo, Honegger, Goossens, Emerson Whithorne, Kodaly, Kramer, Stravinsky, Satie, Poulenc, Acario Cotapos, Bernard van Dieren, Nicholas Myaskowsky . . . too many to name them all. "A good time was enjoyed by everybody."—Was it as a national protest against the international gentlemen that the "American Composers' Guild" was formed? Its first program listed compositions by Miss Bauer, Messra. Stoessel, Jacobi, Loeffler, Harmati, Gruenberg, Haubiel and Kramer. There were also, at the end, Messrs, Deems Taylor and Harold Morris. And one asks again "What's in a name?"-Josef Rosenstock and Ernst Kreneck are frequently mentioned in accounts from Vienna, always with significant praise. The music of the first is still unknown to me; of Kreneck

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Hardly, inamuch as several of the composer-members belong to both societies. Mr. Engel does not mention that his name appeared on the programs of the I. C. G. —R.

I have seen only one song, "Im Spiegel," written in 1921. I find it silly, drooling. The harmony of dissonance is an art, not a game of chance. Give me strident discord that hurts and bites; give me the caressing beat of a faint "rub" in over-close or overdistant registers Irritate, startle or bewitch -but do not bore me. When the history of this transitional period is written, will the historian dwell on the rôle played by the basso ostinato? An effective device, at times, it begets laziness, or is the staff for groping, lame advance. Take almost any piece of doubtful merit, written within the last five years, and the repeated bass, or stenciled rhythm, invariably points to evidences of inventive poverty. It is not the kind of repetition that we meet with in the Meistersinger or in Tristan, in Debussy or Ravel. It is something either lifeless to begin with, or it is done to death. Do you find charm in the 5th Impromptu for the piano by Francis Poulenc? Désinvolture—easy and graceful manner, as the dictionary circumscribes it -was a quality in which French composers long surpassed all others. It still forms, perhaps, an important part in the making of music. But it is becoming rarer, or is wilfully ignored. Learned pens are lauding the rugged style, the uncompromising counterpoint that is taking its place. But some of these modern methods are as ancient as Jubal.

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It is difficult, in a summary review, to do justice to a book which has been issued recently by Félix Alcan in Paris, publishers of many notable works on science in general, and on scientific aspects of music in particular. The title is "La Musique et la Vie Intérieure": the sub-title explains that it is to be an attempt at a Psychological History of Musical Art. Lucien Bourguès and Alexandre Denéréaz are the authors. A short preface, laying down aim and method, informs us that the book is the result of experiment and interchange of views carried on by both gentlemen; but M. Denéréaz, alone, is responsible for all that pertains to musical harmony and harmonic analysis. The book was ready for the press in 1914 when the war intervened. There are 572 pages of text, in-quarto. The musical examples reach the number of 988. Charts and diagrams abound; not of the least interest are the various plans by which the authors try to demonstrate graphically the filiation of the leading composers within the span of the last three centuries, showing the convergent musical thought

crystallised in the style of each master, and the lineal descendants that have, in some measure, absorbed that peculiar crystallization.

The book is truly stupendous, as much for the learning that it reveals, as for the stimulating theories that it develops. It is a book for which we have been waiting. Things that we have felt, intuitively, are here expressed in a manner which must carry conviction or set us thinking. It is written lucidly, often attaining to a level of fine animation and noble expressiveness. At times—as in the closing pages—there is poetic fervor. While it is not overladen with technical cant, it is no book that will prove readable to him who has merely a smattering of the French lan-The authors have much to say that is new and always say it eloquently. And how could it be otherwise; it is difficult to see how any one writing on a subject such as music, could succeed in being dull. Yet it has been done. Cheap "ravings" and sloppy effluence are equally fulsome. No one, taking up this stout volume, need have any fear of either, nor should the apparent profuseness scare him away. In reality, each subject is treated with utmost compression.

It is the first part of the book, dealing with the "psychological preliminaries," that is most drastically novel in its conceptions. The authors base all their investigations on what they call Bain's old law of diffusion: "Every time that any impression is accompanied by consciousness, the stimulated currents have a tendency to spread through the entire brain, and to communicate their movement to all the organs, including the viscera." For such currents, or nervous impetus, the authors have adopted the term "dynamogénie," which means, etymologically, the creation or acquisition of force. The whole organism is concerned in all emotional or intellectual experience. Within certain limits, "pleasure is nothing else than the consciousness of a dynamogenesis." Every piece of music determines in the organism of the listener a compound dynamogenetic rhythm, each instant of which is the total of all dynamogenetic factors, such as tonal intensity, pitch, duration, mode of sounding, tonal color, simultaneously combined and reacting in their succession. The authors lay great stress on the fact that no human being can escape these "visceral effects" or reactions of music. To experience them one need not be musically endowed or intellectually cultured; it suffices to have entrails in our belly. The greatest composers are those who, by strong dynamogenetic contrasts, have been able to touch most deeply this "soul of our entrails." And for example the authors boldly cite Ludwig van Beethoven. The

physical reactions to music are varied; we are just beginning to grasp their meaning. Many of us have learned to associate certain physical experiences with different types of music. There are chords that we feel and hear, not with our ears, but with our spine. Certain tone combinations make us close instinctively our eyes, their effect is so blinding. There are, in modern music, soft and subtle discords—not the laborious sprawling over the whole gamut—that produce a momentary, but sharply felt, pressure in the ear. This sensation of passing "stuffedness" is one of the pleasantest reactions I know. It is not proper only to music of our day. Wagner and Couperin have moments when they achieve as much. But I must tell you of the book in hand, not about personal idiosyncrasies.

What we have fondly believed and bravely maintained, the supremacy of music among the arts, is here again enunciated and proved by facts. Walter Pater vaguely sensed it. These Frenchmen definitely say. "Tones are irreducible to the qualities with which consciousness invests the perception of our other senses. such as colors, forms, odors, tastes.—Because of the fact that music addresses itself directly to the physical being, to our organism (without necessarily passing through, or appealing to, our intelligence) and because the psychological effects are nothing but reflections of physiological effects, music holds a profounder sway over us than any other art .- Music, without words, is absolutely unable (outside of musical signals or imitative noises) to express even the simplest event, for the very good reason that it is an event in itself, a motor-complex, consisting of undulatory movements of the atmosphere.—The listener may, in hearing a piece of music, 'feel over again' what the composer felt, but he cannot 'think over again' in any way the composer's thoughts. A 'program' may at best lead the listener's mind along a more or less parallel line, 'canalized' for his benefit."

After going at some length into the matter of overtones, fusion (as first propounded by Stumpf), tetrachords, etc., the actual history of music begins, dealing first with the Orient, ancient Greece and Rome. A second division is devoted to "The Musical Spirit of the Middle Ages," laying emphasis on the development of harmony, tonal sense, counterpoint and tonality. These chapters are obviously of a general character. With the third division, "Music during the Renaissance," the art takes on more individualistic traits. Excellent are the paragraphs devoted to Monteverdi, to "dissonance," and the tritone. This whole section is rich in sensitive analysis and intuition. "Music of the

Eighteenth Century" takes in Rameau, Handel, Bach, and Gluck. Incidentally, an important and helpful study is made of "the tempered scale" and of the beginnings in modern chromatic and enharmonic feeling. Through the remainder of the book, the leading figures of the classical period, of the nineteenth century, and such moderns as Richard Strauss and Debussy, are dealt with. Noteworthy are the remarks, interspersed in the chapters devoted to Weber, on "picturesqueness" in music; on "harmonic atmosphere" in Schubert; on the "geste romantique" in Berlios. "Le luxe sonore," the craving of the ear for ever fresher excitation, receives a separate inquiry. With Liszt and Wagner the psychologists reach their most interesting "cases." Modern mentality, modern morbidness find their echoes in France. in Germany and in Russia. Franck yields searching observations on chromaticism and "seraphism." Brahms on "pesanteur" (heaviness), Tschaikowsky on "amertume" (bitterness), Grieg on hallucinations. Moussorgaky on Byzantinism. Strauss on "disharmony " In the pages devoted to Debussy, the salient features of his music are made to stand out vividly. Psychoanalysis here draws for us a gallery of inward profiles. Music becomes a betrayer of character, kinship, ailing and failing. With a touch at once sure and delicate, the authors pull back the curtains from the latest prospects of music, affording a view into the nearer and more distant future, such as could have been gained only by exactly the kind of procedure they followed, albeit they disclaim the gift of second sight. While the reader may feel, occasionally, that Messrs. Bourguès and Denéréas, in order to score their point, to prove their thesis, are apt to strain a deduction, and while the musical historian may catch them now and then in some minor error, there can be, on the whole, no quarrel with their course. It is consistent, often original, and always gives evidence of keen instinct and clear reason. The purely musico-theoretic part of the book is eminently kindling. The development of music, in its relation to our inner life, is a thing that resolves apparent contradictions into concord, builds of vagaries a stable bridge and joins harmonious links unto an endless chain of tonal selfexpression beginning we know not where, with the frightened or jubilant cry of a cave-man; reaching, in untold ages, to the last of the human race. For another reviewer that stage.

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"Striking while the iron is hot, the editor of Music and Letters has followed up his first batch of song translations (which appeared in the July number with a further series of Schubert versions, some of them (we suspect) from the editor's own pen. One ('Cher allen Gipfeln') is by A. H. Clough. It is interesting to note that this version was sent in anonymously and 'passed on its ment like any of the others, whilst a translation of Ich hort' em Bachlein ransches by Longfellow, also sent in anonymously, was rejected. So let none complain of unfair treatment! We are glad to see that the scent is being followed up, and that translations of Brahms and Schumann are to appear in January and April respectively. Translations of the Frenchmen, especially Fauré, Duparc, Chausson, and Debussy, will also be welcomed.

'The papers in this number are all at a high level of general interest. Particularly opportune is Mr. Francis Toye's essay on 'The Plain Man and His Music,' in which he points out how the parrot-cry for 'individuality' has resulted in, and is resulting in, 'stunt' music that has no appeal save to the nervous excitement of a few jaded parasites and dilettantes. Think less of yourselves and more of tradition, says Mr. Toye, take care of the workmanship and leave the individuality to take care of itself.

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"Music and Letters in its October issue fully maintains its reputation as a quarterly, appealing to the musician and the amateur alike, who approach their art from the position of a broad general culture. Among a number of interesting articles there may be mentioned 'The Practice of Song Translation,' by the French entic, M. D. Calvocoremi, 'Music and Architecture,' by Mr. Paul Waterhouse, 'Written at Random,' a collection of brief notes on a variety of topics, by A. Brent Smith; and a reproduction, with musical illustrations, of a violoncello lesson by Casals."—The Scotimum.

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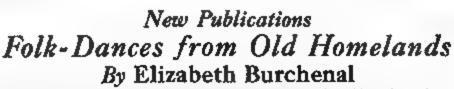
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